

Autobiography
of a Thief &c.



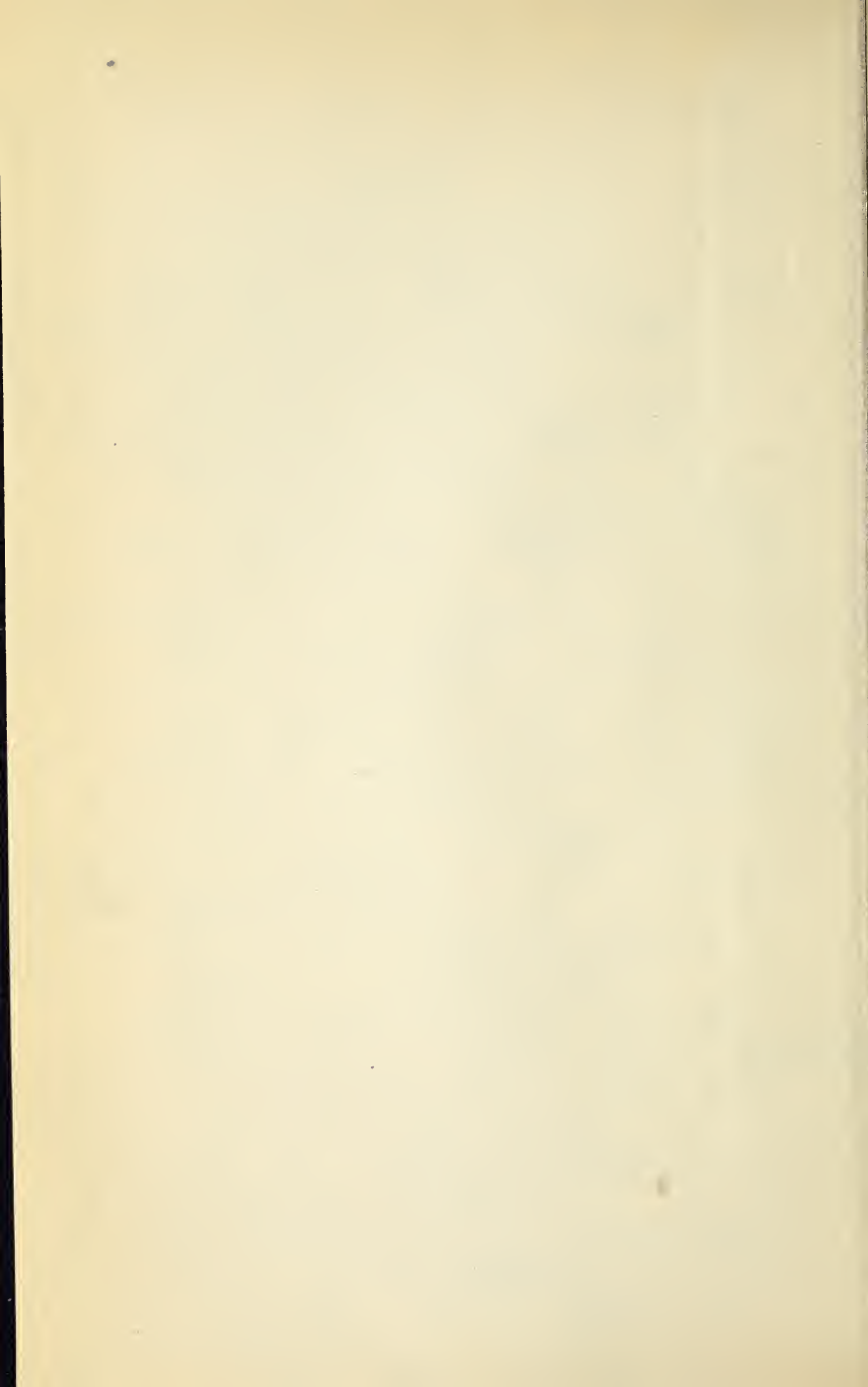
The Wandering Heir



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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF A THIEF

CHARLES READE'S NOVELS
LIBRARY EDITION

Cloth. 5s. each

PEG WOFFINGTON; AND CHRISTIE
JOHNSTONE
HARD CASH
THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH.
With a Preface by Sir WALTER BESANT
'IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND'
THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER
DID RUN SMOOTH; AND SINGLE-
HEART AND DOUBLEFACE
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A THIEF;
JACK OF ALL TRADES; A HERO
AND A MARTYR; AND THE
WANDERING HEIR
LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG
THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE
GRIFFITH GAUNT
FOUL PLAY
PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE
A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION
A SIMPLETON
A WOMAN-HATER
THE JILT, and other Stories; and GOOD
STORIES OF MAN AND OTHER
ANIMALS
A PERILOUS SECRET
READIANA; AND BIBLE CHARACTERS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A THIEF

AND OTHER STORIES

BY
CHARLES READE

LONDON
CHATTO & WINDUS

1924

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THE HISTORY OF THE

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- (2) The second part of the history is the story of the
- (3) The third part of the history is the story of the
- (4) The fourth part of the history is the story of the

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OF A THIEF



INTRODUCTORY

THE readers of "It is Never too Late to Mend" may remember that in chap. xxii. the chaplain set the thief to write his life honestly. He was not to whitewash, and then gild himself, nor yet to vent one long self-deceiving howl of general, and therefore sham, penitence; but he was to be, with God's help, his own historian and sober critic. Accordingly Thomas Robinson wrote this autobiography in — Jail; and my readers may have noticed that at first I intended to print it with the novel.

It cost me a struggle to resign this intention; for it was the central gem of my little coronet. But the novel, without the autobiography, was five ordinary volumes by printers' calculation, and a story within a story is a frightful flaw in art.

Moreover, I was attacking settled, long-standing prejudices. Prejudice is a giant, against whom Truth and Humanity need to be defended with great spirit, and, in some desperate cases, with a tiger-like ferocity: "A dur âne dur aiguillon." But there must be some judgment too; and, take my word for it, there always has been *some* judgment used wherever so hard a battle is won. I feared then to multiply paradoxes, and to draw once too often on the faith of the public, as well as on its good heart—I, who carried no personal weight with me.

But I think my readers are now ripe for this strange but true story, and I dedicate it in particular to such as will deign to accept this clue to my method in writing:—

I feign probabilities; I record improbabilities. The former are conjectures, the latter truths: mixed they make a thing not so true as Gospel nor so false as History; viz., Fiction.

When I startle you most, think twice before you disbelieve me. What able deceiver aims at shocking credulity? Distrust rather my oily probabilities. They should be true too if I could make them; but I can't. They are guesses.

You have seen Thomas Robinson, *alias* Hic, *alias* Ille, *alias* Iste, tinted in water-colours by me; now see him painted in oils by himself, and retouched by Mr. Eden.

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A thief is a man ; and a man's life is like those geographical fragments children learn "the contagious countries" by. The pieces are a puzzle ; but put them together carefully, and lo ! they are a map.

The thief then mapped his puzzle ; and I think his work will stand.

These caged autobiographers have a great advantage as writers over other autobiographers that sing false notes of egotism in London squares, and American villas built *ære alieno*.

Carceravis has been publicly convicted. Mavis and Philomele have not met with so much justice. They could eclipse the novelist and the historian, but they don't even rival them. An alternative lies before them : to chronicle themselves and their acts, and so add great instructive pictures of man to the immortal part of literature, or to idealise, as our pedants call it ; to slur, falsify, colour themselves up here, and tone themselves down there. Unfortunately for letters, they invariably choose the liedal ; and instead of coming out, bright as stars, the interesting, curious, instructive, valuable, rogues, humbugs, and courtesans they are, and so being the darlings of posterity, they go mincing to trunkerity, tame, negative, insipid, characterless creatures, not good enough for an example, not bad enough for a warning, but excellent lining for a bandbox.

No. It is to the detected part of the community we must look for an honest autobiography. Not that self-deception ever retires wholly from a human heart, but that in these there is no good opinion of the world to back their self-deception. It is not so with many an unconvicted rogue, who is far below an average felon : the banker who steals not from strangers but friends—steals from those who have a claim to his gratitude as well as his honesty ; the rector who preaches Christ, and swindles the young curate out of every halfpenny contrary to law, because the poor boy must get a title though he buy it and begin life with debt : how will he end it ? The anonymous assassin, the cowardly caitiff of a scribbler who, with no temptation but mere envy, stabs the great in the dark and truckles to them face to face. A felon is a man, and often a resolute one ; but what is this thing that stabs and runs away into a hole ?—the shopkeeping assassin who puts red lead (a deadly poison) into red pepper, and sells death to those by whom he lives.

The shopkeeping assassin who puts copper (a deadly and

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cumulative poison) into pickles and preserves, and poisons those by whom he lives. The English assassin who poisons the young children wholesale in their sugar-plums, and then reads with virtuous indignation of the sepoys who bayoneted them in their rage instead of killing them cannily.

The miller, abandoned of God, and awaiting here on earth his eternal damnation, who, king of all these Borgias, thief and murderer at once, poisons young and old at life's fountain, breaks life's very staff, mixes plaster of Paris with the flour that is the food of all men—the only food, alas ! of more than half the world.

These and a score more respectables are the hopeless cases. A cracksman or a swell mobsman is terribly hard to cure. But these are incurable. The world's good opinion fortifies their delusion. They open their eyes for the first time in hell ; a pickpocket now and then opens them in jail.

We owe to —— Jail this slippery one who paints himself a slipperyish one, and does not falsify as well as filch.

It is important to observe that this is the man's history not after the events recorded in the novel, but before—his foundation, not his roof. On this autobiographer the benign influences of religion, the solidifying effect of property, and the guardianship of a shrewd but honest wife have since been bestowed by Heaven.

Add then this autobiography to his character as drawn by me in the novel, and you possess the whole portrait ; and now it will be for you to judge whether for once we have taken a character that exists on a large scale in Nature, and added it to Fiction, or, here too, have printed a shadow, and called it a man.



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I did nothing that I particularly remember until I was fifteen, except learn my lessons, with now and then a fight. I lived with my mother in Edinburgh. One day a person of gentlemanly appearance met a band of us as we were going to school, and inquired for me by name. He took me aside into a tavern, and after treating me, revealed himself to me as my father. He also gave me a crown, and promised to see me again, but was unfortunately prevented, or perhaps forgot.

My education being now considered complete, I went to receive lessons in anatomy, at which I remained for the space of nine months.

I now formed an acquaintance with a young lady. (At this time I was staying with my godfather upon my mother's decease.) But she was unfortunately a Romanist, and on this account my godfather ordered me to leave off her acquaintance, which I refusing, he ordered me out of the house. I complied with this harsh mandate, but first collected (A.) all the money I could find, which amounted to about £50, and with this I went to Dunfermline, and from there to the Rumbling Brigg, where I lodged with a couple well to do. I paid my board while my money lasted; but being now empty, and my host finding I was a scholar, I agreed to give him three lessons a day upon the sly, for which he privately contracted to give me secretly the money to pay his wife my board.

This lasted three months; but one evening as we were at our studies, and having neglected to lock the door, being become too bold by past impunity, the wife, who had discovered our retreat, having listened a moment or two, burst suddenly in upon us, and falling (B.) on her knees, exclaimed—

“Good heavens! am I married to a man who does not know

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that three times five make fifteen?" and burst into a flood of tears and reproaches.

This was the line of the table he was unfortunately repeating to me at the time.

His wife's conduct raising a counter-excitement in my pupil, and finding I had lighted a flame which would not easily be extinguished, I thought proper to retire and go back to Dunfermline. Here I learned my first trade of the many I have practised.

I engaged myself to a master weaver and petty manufacturer. Besides learning to take drafts of patterns, &c., I used to cast his accounts; but one day he sent me to the bank to draw some money. On this I absconded with the money, and went to Edinburgh.

He pursued me so closely that with the aid of the police he apprehended me before I had time to spend it. To avoid punishment, I gave him back the money, all but seventeen shillings, and he, who was a good-natured man, wished me to go back to my place; but having borne a good name in the place until then, I thought shame to go back; so I went to Newcastle after borrowing of my (C.) late master 15s. for the journey.

At Newcastle I went into a chemist's shop for some cough-lozenges. Now it happened that a woman in the shop asked for some medicine. I forget just now what it was, but the shopboy took down the wrong: he took down a bottle containing camomile—I remember that—so I told the boy that he mistook the Latin term. This naturally attracted the master's attention, and he looked up and saw I was correct; so then he asked me several questions, and finding me fit for his purpose, he took me into his service; and here for a long while all my sorrows were at an end, for I took a delight in studying my master's interests and laying up knowledge.

He favoured me with his instructions, and I enjoyed at times the company of his daughter, which was to me a comfort above all, and with whom I felt myself soon deep in love, and with her I spent many a happy hour after the business of the day was over, walking out in the evenings, while the moon with her bright and gentle rays gave to all things a delightful appearance, and seemed to lift up our minds to something above the grovelling cares of Time; or we heard the plaintive notes of the nightingale breaking the silence of the night, and calling us to join him in his songs of

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praise to the God of Nature. But sweeter still than the voice of the nightingale was the voice of my companion, which was sweetest of all when its topic (D.) would run to that portion which forms the golden part of Cupid's dart.

In these innocent joys I spent four years.

But one unfortunate evening, having a drop too much at the time, I met Miss B. as usual, and opportunity and temptation unfortunately occurring, I was guilty of a felony that has always remained on my conscience more than any of those acts I have been guilty of, which the law describes to be the highest crimes.

From that night our walks beneath the moon by the river-side were no longer innocent, and we were no longer happy.

Oh (E.) cursed night and place that robbed a virgin of her purity! and oh cursed Tyne, why did not thou overflow thy banks and drive me away? If now thy fountain-spring was to pour out streams of flaming lava, it would not purge the disgrace out of thy dark banks; nay, if thy banks themselves were to become gold, they would not ransom the character lost on that night, nor restore the rest and quiet that now fled from my pillow.

Four months had scarce elapsed before I learned that consequences of a serious kind were to be expected.

I was in great perplexity. At last, taking a desperate course, I, with much hesitation, asked my master for his daughter's hand.

My master, who, though a good-natured was a hasty man, turned black and red at the idea; but recovering himself soon, he turned it off as a jest. I saw by this that he would never consent, and dreading discovery, I got a friend of mine to write to me (F.) from Edinburgh that my sister lay at the point of death and begged to see me.

Showing this letter to my master, I got leave of absence and a present for the journey, with which I started, promising to return in a week, but with no such intention.

I arrived at Edinburgh, and found my sister, whom I had spoken of as dying, just on the eve of marriage. I was at the wedding, but the nuptial feast was no feast to me, for it only recalled the thoughts of my own guilt.

I now began the world again.

I went to Stirling, and obtained a situation with a baker; but the work was much too hard for me, so I left him in two days, and took (A.) with me three pounds ten shillings; was apprehended in Glasgow, and got sixty days.

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On receiving my liberty I enlisted in her Majesty's service, and was marched on board the *Pique* frigate, bound for the West Indies.

Here I remained until we got to Plymouth, where I made my escape, but was retaken in the town and brought back to the ship and put in irons on the spar-deck under cover of a tarpaulin. This was my prison till we reached St. Vincent. We anchored here for two days, and in the confusion of getting under weigh again I watched my opportunity, and having broken my padlock the day before, I stole into the captain's cabin, he being on deck, and took away a suit of his clothes, and dropped into the water; and the weather being calm, and I being an excellent swimmer, I swam alongside a brigantine that lay at anchor in the bay, and hailing her from the surface of the water, sang out, "Hallo! are you short of hands?"

"We are," was the reply. "Where do you hail from?"

"What has that to do with it?" said I. So they hauled me on board.

The master, finding I had been educated, sent me on shore to his brother, who kept a store; and so now I was his shopman.

I lived with my new master. We used to come to the shop in the morning and go home at night. We lived a mile and a half out of the town, in a pretty Gothic house, which stood in the middle of a delightful garden bordered by sugar-canes. In front of the house was an avenue of orange and lemon trees mixed; their branches bent with the exuberance of the fruit, and the ground glittered with great shaddocks and limes, that lay like lumps of gold, unheeded and rotting for abundance. The air, too, was filled with the scent of thousands of rich flowers that were scattered about, some by Nature, some by the hand of man; in short, it was an earthly paradise, in which I might have ended my days if the demon of change had not filled my mind with the desire to behold once more my native country—stupid fool.

I set sail, and after a stormy passage reached the port of London.

I lodged in the Commercial Road till my money was nearly gone, and then I became disconsolate.

Wandering one day in the Ratcliffe Highway, it was my luck to fall in with an old acquaintance, whom I had known through being in trouble together. He introduced me to a lodging-house keeper in the neighbourhood, who, after a few words

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with my companion, told me "it was all right ; we should find means of settling."

I went to bed, and when I wanted to get up my clothes were stolen, with the few shillings I had left. Remonstrating with the landlord, he said, "Oh, it is a mistake," and disappearing for a few minutes, during which I heard high words and a bit of a tussle, he returned with my clothes and money.

The next day, seeing me very dull, and concluding by that I was ripe for business, he inquired the cause of my uneasiness.

I told him my last shilling was melting.

He laughed at this cause of trouble.

"You don't know," said he, "you are in the Mint."

"In the Mint?" said I.

"Yes," was his reply ; "in the Mint, my boy ;" and with that he took up a chisel and went to the chimney and carefully removed a loose brick, and took out of the gap a tin box : He opened the box, and coins of every sort in profusion flashed upon my bewildered eyes ; and not only coins, but dies and metal of all sorts for making them.

"Now," said Cræsus, "having gone so far, you must take the oath at once."

Four men and four females were then summoned, and standing in the middle of them, I took a solemn oath to this effect :—

"I hereby swear never to tell any one how to make 'shoffle,' nor where I learned it, nor yet to use any kind of language that may lead to the same, upon pain of death."

Here followed imprecations upon my eyes and limbs, if broken, such as are used among freemasons, &c. ; but not being fit for your reverence's ears, I suppress that part.

The next process was to go and change a base sovereign, which I did accordingly, returning with nineteen and sixpence, and of which sixpence went for the gin.

Behold me now a shoffle-pitcher. But it was never my way to remain at the bottom of any business that I found worth studying. I therefore in the course of six months learned to coin, first a shilling, then a sovereign, then the most difficult of all, a crown ; and last of all to make the moulds for each of these coins ; and as soon as I found I could make a mould for a crown I dissolved partnership, and went to Gravesend on my own bottom.

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Your reverence will blame me less for this revolt if I tell you the terms on which we worked with him whom I have called Cræsus, and his name did begin with a C.

He had the half of every coin we uttered; he had the cost of the metal besides, and the half of every article purchased in the process of uttering.

Now this was not fair; at least I think not, because he did not share the risk.

I pitched on my own account about a month; then finding the trade stale, and having once or twice narrowly missed being apprehended, I returned to London and betook myself to the diligent study of house-breaking. I learned from a master how to make false keys; and having money by me, and courting the company of the best cracksmen, and listening to all they said with respect and attention, I attracted notice, and was made a member of the body, and soon after permitted to take part in a job. It was a doctor's shop in the Commercial Road, and my share came to £50. And this was only the first of many transactions of the kind.

And as it becomes every one that is in a business to master it if possible, I will tell your reverence how I attended to mine, trusting you will not make it generally public, as it is not considered honourable among us to reveal the secrets of business, but only on account of your goodness I am willing to put you on your guard, and also your own friends—that is to say, such of them as have got anything to lose—but hope it will go no farther than the jail.

Now, as the chief work of practitioners in our line is to find out where the money or valuables are kept, this was my plan:—

If it was a shop, I would go in and buy something, give the shopman a sovereign, and notice where he put it, and from whence he took the change, and at the same time how the door was fastened, whether with a lock or bar; or while my pal (for we always went in pairs) was engaging the shopman, I would take the dimensions of the same.

Or if it was a dwelling-house, I would go and present the mistress with a card stating I was a china or glass-mender, a French-polisher, a teacher of music or dancing, and try every move to get admittance into the parlour, and then you may be sure my eyes were not shut.

Or else I would go and offer the servant some article for sale as a hawker, and would chaff and flatter her, and so

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perhaps get a notion where the plate was kept, and the next week come and fetch it away.

In the course of a few weeks I had collected somewhere about one hundred pounds in money and valuables, and finding the police had scent of me, I left London and went down by the Leith smack to Edinburgh.

Here I visited my friends, and passed myself off in their society for a thriving tradesman.

I also sent some money to Miss B. Not that money could repay the injury I had done her, but still it would make her friends more civil to see that she wanted for nothing.

If my real character had not got wind in Newcastle, I think at this time they would have let me marry her, and I think, bad as I am, I should have mended for her sake, for she was the only woman I ever really loved (G.).

It is an old saying that "the money which comes by the wind goes by the water."

I have made thousands, but never could keep as much as a £5 note.

In about a month nearly all my money was melted, and I set out on a cruise again.

Falling into some of my old haunts in Yorkshire, I met with a friend who manufactured base coin, and having passed a quantity of this, and being now at my ease, I determined to study a new profession.

I therefore secluded myself from all my idle companions, took a quiet lodging, bought several medical books, and studied the human frame and the disorders to which it is subject.

I studied night and day with the same diligence I had given to coining, house-breaking, and my other professions.

In about a month I considered myself fit to start, which I accordingly did with as much pomp as I could command, having seen how far that goes towards success in the learned professions.

I engaged a servant with a handsome livery to deliver my bills at the most respectable doors, and attend upon me when I addressed the public.

I had a thousand bills printed representing myself as Dr. Scott from Edinburgh, and I furnished myself with testimonials from respectable parties—I mean that would have been, but who in point of fact had no existence—and printed them at the foot of my bills.

My plan was, on entering a town, first to go for the more

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respectable customers by putting up at a good inn, making friends with the landlord, and sending my footman round with my bills; but before leaving I used to appear in my true colours as an itinerant quack.

In this capacity I used to harangue the people and sell my drugs.

In my public discourses I always ran down the regular practitioner, as we are all obliged to do, and the plan I used to follow was cool irony; I found this went farther than pretending to get into a heat.

Unlike most quacks, I did not apply one or two remedies to every disorder, and I met with wonderful success, especially with the women; partly, I think, because with them imagination goes far, and my patter inspired them with more confidence than the regular doctors could, not having the gift of the gab.

While travelling as a doctor I never would accept money from any of my patients until the disease, whatever it might be, took a turn for the better; and even then my charges were always low; but to make up, I did pass a deal of base coin wherever I travelled.

The following were some of my most remarkable cures:—

The landlady of a public-house at York of a dysentery.

At Wakefield I reduced an imposthume which the practitioner was going to have cut, if it had not been for me.

At Hull I actually cured a respectable woman of a cataract, and was praised in the public journals.

These and a hundred ordinary cures are the benefits I rendered the public in return for the many wrongs I have done it.

I had been practising pharmacy some three months, when one day I received a letter from Newcastle.

It was from Miss B.'s uncle, telling me I might visit her now.

The letter was very short, and there was something about it I did not understand; so that, instead of filling me with delight, as such a letter would a while ago, I set out for Newcastle flush of cash but full of perplexity.

I reached Newcastle, and lest her friends should have changed their mind again and receive me with an affront, I went to an ale-house convenient to her residence, and sent for her younger brother, who had never been so much against me as the others.

He came directly, and I began to put a dozen questions to

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him ; but he maintained silence. He hung his head and said, "Don't ask me ; you will soon know ; and since you are here, come without loss of time ;" and he led the way in gloomy silence.

I was taken into the house, and after some little delay was allowed to go up into her room. I shall never forget it.

Her cheeks, that used to be like two roses, were now pale and ghastly, and her beaming eyes were dull and sunk in her head ; only her voice and her smile were as sweet as ever.

Her first word was, "I have only waited for this ;" then she stretched out her hand and thanked me in a sweet and composed tone of voice "for coming to perform the last part of a husband's duty"—but here her feelings overcame her, and the poor thing burst into a flood of tears, and I fell on my knees and sobbed and cried with her ; and her relations somehow felt that they were not to come between us any more now, and they looked at one another and left the room without any noise, and we were alone a little while.

And then I kneeled down again and prayed her to forgive the injury I had done her person and character ; and then she answered, like a woman, that she was to blame and not I ; and this answer from her, and she dying, went through me like a knife, and I prayed to die for her, or at least to die with her ; and bursting into unmanly and useless grief, and grovelling in anguish and remorse upon the floor, some of them came in and interfered for her sake, and very properly led me away, and not in an unkind manner, for which may God bless them any way.

I hope your reverence may never feel as I did. I had no acute sense of grief or pain ; bodily or mental pain would have been a relief. I felt dead ; my body seemed dead, my heart seemed dead.

I crawled to my inn, and crawled into bed, and lay sleepless, but motionless, till daybreak. Then I rose and went down to the river-side and walked up and down ; and at about nine, when I thought the family would be up, I went to the house.

The moment I came in sight of the house I saw all the shutters were up. But it gave me scarcely any shock, for I was stone, and I seemed to know before this that all was over.

They wished me to see her, but I was unable then ; but the day before she was buried I took a last look at her. It

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did not seem to be her, but only some shell or frame she had once inhabited, now a ruinous heap of corruption; and that is an awful word.

Is it a castle,—there was a time when the heart of the bold soldier burned with ardour to defend it.

Is it a senate,—there was a time when the loud applause of eloquence thundered from its roof.

Or is it a temple,—there was a time when the white-stoled priest called down the fire from heaven to bless the sacrifice.

But here is a temple, one not made with hands, the architecture of which is too sublime for our minds to conceive—a temple that was erected to be the seat of its Maker, one in which dwelt not only the image but the spirit of its Creator. Let me ask, then, why was it thus left desolate, and whither has its tenant gone?

Tell me, ye seas, whose waves roll and ripple at our feet or thunder on our vessels; tell me, have ye seen the airy stranger float along your surface, and whither has it winged its way?

Tell me, ye winds, harpers of the mountain forest; methinks ye could; for there are times ye whisper gently and seem as if ye were holding communion with departed spirits; tell me, have ye seen this airy stranger, and whither has she gone? Tell me, ye dazzling worlds that perform your regular but mystic dance upon the airy surface; tell me, have ye seen this airy stranger wing her way through your aerial canopy, and whither has it gone?

Such thoughts as these followed the first anguish at losing her, and to all these inquiries one answer seemed to come back to me from all Creation—

“The body returns to the dust, and the soul to God who gave it.”

And when I compared this answer with my own conduct, I felt I was far behind; and over my poor sweetheart's grave I vowed to amend my life, that one day I might hope to meet her again. The first three days after the funeral I tried in every direction for an honest situation.

The fourth I fell from all my good resolutions.

In my despair I had recourse to drink, and was undone. I was drunk for a whole week, and by the end of that time was penniless.

Let mankind take warning by my fate, and not fancy the habit of drink can be formed with safety. Up to this time,

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though, like all the world, I had wasted a large portion of my gains upon drink, yet I had never gone at it like a madman. But what of that? The habit was formed; it was there, waiting like a lion for its prey, waiting for a great opportunity your reverence. One came. I was in despair; my appetite was gone, and drink comforted my stomach; my heart was dead, and drink made it beat. I had recourse to this solace, and became a beast. As I said before, for a whole week I was never not to say sober.

No man and no woman is safe that has once formed the fatal habit of looking to drink for solace, or cheerfulness, or comfort (H.). While the world goes well they will likely be temperate; but the habit is built, the railroad to destruction is cut ready for use, the trains are laid down, and the station-houses erected; and the train is on the line waiting only for the locomotive. Well, the first great trouble or hopeless grief is the locomotive; it comes to us, it grapples us, and away we go in a moment down the line we have been years constructing like a flash of lightning to the devil.

I woke one afternoon sober and penniless.

From drunkenness to thieving is not a very wide leap, even to those who are beginning an evil career; to me it was no more than crossing a gutter. I pawned my watch, and got on board the steamer for London, and back to my old haunts.

I soon fell in with an old pal, and borrowed £10 of him, and began first to pass, and after that to coin "shoffle;" and when that was not quick work enough, took to house-breaking and shop-lifting again.

But in the early part of this chapter of my career, having very little cash—for part of the £10 went for clothes—I was obliged to be moderate in my expenses, and I accordingly spent a week in a lodging-house kept by an old friend of mine, which I will try to describe.

The house itself is divided into two separate compartments, besides the bed-chambers.

The first or state apartment is for professional thieves.

The back room is for those street trades that lie between thieving and commerce.

My friend ushered me in here, and there were more than a score of them, all gazing with their mouths open at the new-comer; all engaged at various labours, and talking a dozen different branches of cant.

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Some were making mats; some arranging articles for sale in their baskets or on their trays; some making matches; the "askers" selling their begged bread at three-halfpence the pound; another tuning up his fiddle; the whole lot comparing notes to the detriment of the public; the beggar telling the matchmaker at what house they gave him meat or money; the hawker and matmaker exchanging the same sort of profitable information, by which many an easy-going gentleman, that thinks himself obscure, gets his habits published among the dregs of society, and perhaps a nickname tacked on to him, and more people knowing him by it than know him by his own.

Then there was the "buzzer" practising his necromancy. Presently in came a "sneaker" with half a firkin of butter for sale at 4d. per pound; on which the women fell to abusing their men because they had not enough money to buy ten or twelve pounds; children crying, and all in a mighty way, because the fountain is not boiling.

In the corner was a handsome young female, evidently a stranger, biting the end of her apron-string, her mind not being able to comprehend the fulness of the scene.

"Here is a sweetheart for you and all," said my friend. "She is waiting for her husband to come back," added he, winking to me.

Her husband, as she had called the man who had enticed her from her friends, never came back, and indeed nobody except herself ever thought he would.

Then, to amuse her mind, I requested her to go an errand for me. She agreed. I gave her a base sovereign, and sent her to buy groceries, which when she had done I invited her to take tea with me, and over our tea she told me her story without reserve.

Finding she was a decent girl, and apparently had never made but this one slip, I determined to enter into partnership with her if she would consent.

Strange as it may appear, I felt the want of a female companion now in a way I never had until Miss B.'s death. I believe my nerves were shaken by that sad event, and I began to want to see a woman's face opposite me, and to hear the soft notes of a female voice.

Three days after our first meeting we were married according to the custom of the house; *i.e.*, a traveller dressed in a white sheet, with holes cut for his arms, read a few sentences of the marriage-service to us; he then drew a line

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on the floor with a piece of chalk, and made us leap over it in succession while he recited in a solemn voice the following :—

“Leap, rogue, and follow jade,
Man and wife for evermore.”

Which concluded the ceremony, and we were man and wife in the eyes of all the lodgers, unless we should agree to be untied, which could only be done by the same party or his successor, and with other ceremonies, and above all—fees ! We soon left this house and set up a lodging of our own. She made me very comfortable when I was at home, and I let her want for nothing.

I lived nearly three years in London this bout, and, owing to the company I kept, I got the cockney phrase and twang, so that I fear I will never entirely get rid of them. Indeed I am commonly taken for a cockney, which is a sad disgrace to a man born north of the Tweed (I.).

At the end of this time my wife's friends sent to beg her to come home, which she asked my leave to do. I consented, and we were untied, and parted with mutual expressions of esteem. Finding London rather dull after she was gone, I agreed to join a gang of us that were about to make a provincial trip.

We went to Mortimer, a village in Berkshire. The scene of our business was Reading and its neighbourhood. We committed some very daring robberies in Reading and Caversham, that will not soon be forgotten.

We broke into one house in Reading in open day. It was Sunday, and the whole family were gone to church. We rifled the house, and left a paper on the table, on which, I am ashamed (J.) to tell your reverence, I wrote :—

“Watch as well as pray ! !”

But this could not last for ever. I had been out fishing all day (a sport I am very fond of), when, returning towards dusk, I saw a strange face at one of the windows of our house.

Not quite understanding this, I turned back and went a mile round, to where I could see the back of the house without being recognised ; and my caution was not wasted.

I soon found that the house was in the possession of the police, and that all or most of my comrades were nabbed.

Having some money about me, I decamped ; and returning to town, found two of my companions about to start for

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California, dazzled by the accounts we heard of the fortunes made there by digging and levying the roadside tax on those who dug.

I joined them, and after a voyage of six months we landed at San Francisco.

Your reverence has often heard me talk of my adventures in that country, and you have often forbade me to be always thinking and talking about gold. I will therefore abstain from relating my adventures in the New World; in fact, they would of themselves fill a volume. Suffice it to say, I had at one time twelve hundred pounds in money and gold dust, but I wasted the greater part, and by a just retribution was robbed of the rest.

I returned to London with £10 and a nugget, which I sold for £25 in Threadneedle Street.

And now, not liking the smoke of London, after one or two successful jobs which swelled my stock to a matter of £60, I bought some new clothes, and went down to Reading; but not thinking it prudent to remain there long, I crossed the river and went into Oxfordshire.

I heard of a farmer who sometimes took a lodger, and as I was well dressed and he too honest to be suspicious, we soon came to terms.

The farmer was George Fielding, of whom your reverence has often heard me speak.

I never met with such a character as his; he did not seem to know anything about lying, far less taking anything without paying for it.

When I first lodged with him I had, of course, an eye to business, but I got so fond of him (K.) I could not take anything of his; and he was attached to me too, until one unlucky day he found out my real character, and then he insulted me; and now he despises me.

I spent four innocent months here, and I often thought, if I could have such an honest man as George Fielding always close to my side all day, I could keep from taking anything all the rest of my life; but unluckily my money gradually melted; in which state I went to a fair in the neighbourhood. I saw a rich farmer take out some notes and make a payment, and put the rest back into a side-pocket. Almost before it reached the bottom of his pocket it was in mine.

The country banks close at three o'clock, and it was near four at the time. I got rid, therefore, of the Bank of England

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notes, meaning to change the others when a good opportunity should occur.

But meantime, I suppose, measures were taken against me ; any way the police came down from London, and I was seized, identified, and put to an open shame.

This, the last passage of my life, went nearer to drive me to despair than all the rest ; for I had begun to taste the sweets of innocence, and to love honesty under the name of George Fielding.

I was convicted at the assizes, and being recognised as having been seven times in prison, and notoriously guilty of many felonies besides, they sentenced me to twelve months' imprisonment and transportation for ten years.

I have been six months in this jail, where I have met with most cruel treatment, being forced to labour beyond my strength even when weakened by sickness, and punished for mere inability ; and, besides the harm this wrought my body, it hardened my heart and made me look on mankind as my enemy.

But after that your reverence was sent here by Heaven to our relief.

It was my good fortune to find in you a gentleman whose heart was large enough to feel for all who suffer, and whose understanding could comprehend that a convict is a man, and this has been a godsend to me ; and may the Almighty bless you for all your goodness, and above all for your constant battle to save us poor fellows' souls ; and when you stand one day at the great tribunal, may many a black sheep stand round you that the world perhaps took for goats to the last.

Well, sir, when I look back upon my past life, of which what I have written here is no more than a single page out of volumes and volumes ; when I think of the many opportunities I have had of doing good to myself and others, and then think of how it all ends—a convicted felon, doomed to pass the remainder of my life in shame and exile, debarred from situations where I could execute my talents, and felon printed upon me—I am whiles tempted to put the gas-pipe that is in my cell into my mouth and suck the poisonous vapour into my lungs, and thus with crime to end a life of crime. But then your face rises up before me and expostulates with a look, and bids me be patient and hope ; also your words that I ought to be thankful to God for His mercy in giving me time to reflect on the enormity of my crimes, and not cutting me down as a cumberer of the ground.

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But, above all, I feel it would be ungrateful to you and grieve you if I was to make away with myself under your eye, or even to despair.

I will try my best to be somebody yet, if only for your reverence's sake; for it is a shame a gentleman like you should give his days and his nights, and all the blood in his heart, to saving us poor fellows from perdition, and be continually disappointed.

So once more thanking your reverence for all kindness, and for setting me to write this, which has amused and whiled away some weary hours, and begging you to excuse all faults and blunders—for in my busy life writing is an art I have had no time to give my mind to—I close this record of the disgraceful past, and, here in my cell, envying the cripple round whom the free air plays and on whom the sun shines, I await the gloomy future.

THOMAS ———,
—*alias* WILKINSON,
—*alias* LYON,
—*alias* M'PHERSON,
—*alias* SCOTT,
—*alias* HOWARD,
—*alias* ROBINSON,

A.—“Collected” and “took with me.” No such thing. “Stole” is the word that represents the transactions. Always be precise. Never tamper with words; call a spade a spade and a picklock a picklock; that is the first step towards digging instead of thieving.

B.—She did not fall on her knees; you put that in for stage effect, and it produces none, the gesture is so manifestly inappropriate.

C.—And he lent it you. Pause a moment and look at yourself by the side of this honest (irascible?) and magnanimous honest man, whose hand a single paragraph of yours made me long to grasp in mine.

D.—“When its topic would run to that portion which forms the golden part of Cupid's dart.” This sentence is rank nonsense. No more of this, or I shall fear I have warmed a poetaster.

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E.—“Oh cursed night and place that robbed a virgin of her purity!” “And oh cursed Tyne” that did not turn policeman! and oh blessed Robinson that was alone to blame! Why, what bombast is this? Always put the saddle on the right horse, and don’t be so fond of cursing; believe me, it is a bad habit. You cursed Mr. Hawes, who needed all our prayers; you cursed him in earnest; and now you are off at a tangent, evading those just expressions of serious self-reproach proper to the situation, and cursing in jest the coaly Tyne, benefactor of a province, and the night a blessing wide as the world. Bless and curse not!

F.—The turning-point of your life. Had you stayed at Newcastle and faced it out like a man, there would have been a storm, I grant you. The old chemist would have raved. But Nature is strong; for his daughter’s sake he would have ended by marrying you to her, and you would be master of the shop now, an honest citizen of Newcastle. But though you had given up theft, you had not forgotten how to lie.

Observe, this is a new starting-point; all the rest of your life will be a consequence of that single falsehood. So now we shall see whether the Bible is wrong in its hatred and terror of a lie.

G.—You did not love her. Don’t flatter yourself. If a thief loved a woman he would steal her; if a five-pound note had been as easy to filch from the old chemist as this poor girl, I know who would have taken it, collected it, removed it, abstracted it, and changed its relative situation. You never loved her, but I fear she loved you.

H.—Real wisdom and observation in this remark.

I.—Why is a twang worse than a brogue? and why should it disgrace the native of a small nation to be taken for the native of a great nation? Is a sucker nobler than its tree??

J.—“Ashamed?” The little humbug could not resist showing me his wit, of which he says he is ashamed.

K.—That I can readily believe of you, and it is by your affections we must try and save you with God’s help.

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I sum up your career as Dr. Johnson did the "Beggar's Opera :—"

Here is a labefaction of all principle :

"Many good impulses—dug in sand.

Many good feelings—unstable as water.

Many good resolves—written in air.

But not the thousandth part of a grain of principle."

But how human your sad story is in every part ! Yet there are people who will dream that you and your fellows are monsters, and prescribe monstrous remedies for your souls.

I thank you for the general candour of your narrative ; it renders my task a little easier.

I have many things to say to you seriously and sadly about points in this story ; above all, I must show you that you are not innocent of poor Miss B.'s death, whose unhappy fate has made me very sad. My poor fellow, you have not yet comprehended how much this poor girl loved you, nor the variety of tortures she was enduring all the while you were jaunting it at your ease all over the world. These killed her ; I will make you see this and repent far more deeply than you have done. Half the cruelty in the world comes by want of intelligence.

I must compliment you on your literary powers ; this is really an astonishing composition for a complete novice. I observe that towards the close of it, short as it is, you have already become a better writer than you were at starting ; your style more disengaged, fewer Sir Ablative Absolutes, polysyllables, involved sentences, and less ungrammatical eloquence.

If it will give you any pleasure to hear it, know that in a pretty large experience of scholars, artists, lawyers, and men of business, I never encountered a man with livelier and more versatile powers than yourself. You ought to be leading the House of Commons—and you are here !

I do not, however, admire most the passages on which you probably pride yourself ; for instance, the sublime passage beginning "Is it a castle ?"

Here rhetoric intruded unseasonably upon feeling. The plain narrative of your poor sweetheart's deathbed, of her telling you, woman-like, that she was more to blame for being tempted than you for tempting her, her death and your remorse, moistened my eyes as I read ; but your sublime reflections dried them on the spot.

Your eloquence reminded me that you are a humbug, and never really loved this poor girl. All the worse for you.

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You felt, and feel remorse, and shall feel more, but you never loved Miss B. Do not flatter yourself.

It is hardly fair to dissect the sublime; still, permit me with due timidity and respect to suggest that you have taken similitudes and called them distinctions—contrasted where you should have compared. A mouldering castle, a mute senate-house, and a ruined temple are not unlike, but like, an inanimate body.

What says the poet writing of a skull?—

“Can all that saint, sage, sophist, ever writ
People this lonely hall, this tenement reft?”

In matters literary begin with logic; build on that rhetoric, or what ornaments you will. In matters moral begin with a grain of sense and principle, and on them raise the ingenuity, and versatile talents of Mr. Thomas Robinson! Thus you shall not sublimely stumble in letters, nor in conduct be an ingenious, able, versatile, gifted, clever blockhead and fool.

You called the nightingale “him.”

This shocks an innocent prejudice.

In science, it is to be feared, there are cock nightingales. But you were favouring us with a poetic touch, and in poetry nightingales are all hens.

Remind me some day to tell you the story of Philomele.

Your closing sentences are sad, and would make me as sad, or sadder, if I saw your real mind in them; but this is only a temporary despondency, the effect of separate confinement, which is beginning to tell on you spite of all we can do.

I shall get your sentence shortened, and you will soon cross the water; so you see there is nothing to despond about. Your prospects were never so bright. You are now master of one craft and well advanced in others; you are at no man's mercy; your own hands avail to feed, and keep, and clothe you. Be honest, and you will always be well off. Consecrate your talents to God's service, and you will most likely be happy even in this world. And for the short time you have to remain in confinement we will find you all the occupation and amusement the law permits; and if you ever feel greatly depressed, ring that moment for Evans or me, and we will chase the foul fiend away.

So cheer up, and don't fancy you are alone, when by putting out your hand you can bring an honest fellow to your side who pities you, and me who loves you.

F. E.

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PRISON THOUGHTS

CAGED in a prison cell, how sad, yet true,
Does the lone heart bring former scenes to view,
Till the racked mind, with bitter frenzy driven,
Maligms the just decrees of man and Heaven.
The grated bars and iron-studded door,
The cold, bare walls and chilly pavement floor,
The hammock, table, stool, and pious book,
The jailer's stealthy tread and jealous look,
Force back the maddened thoughts to other days,
When joyous youth was crowned with hopeful bays ;
Ere rank, luxuriant folly reigned supreme,
As if this life was nothing but a dream,
Or the dire cup had seared the unblighted heart,
And caused all holy feelings to depart ;
Ere each sweet hour, so innocently gay,
Passed like a mellow summer's eve away.
Cursed be the hour when first I turned astray
From keeping sacred God's own hallowed day ;
When first I learned to sip the poisoned bowl
That kills the body and corrupts the soul.
'Twas then my godly lessons, one by one,
Fled from my giddy heart till all were gone,
And left behind a waste and dreary wild,
A conscience hardened, and a soul defiled.
Oh ! when I think on what I've been, and see
My present state, and think what I may be,
Despair and horror burns and boils within
For years of folly and continued sin,
Until my brain seems bursting with the dread
Of Heaven's just judgments falling on my head.
No baneful passions fired my tranquil mind,
No wild, unruly thoughts ranged unconfined,
But all was fair and glad some as the grove
Where warbling songsters live in artless love.
How changed my lot ! No sister, mother, sire,
Now fondly sit around the wintry fire ;

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No household song beguiles the lengthened night,
No homely jest creates a fond delight,
No Sabbath morning sees us now engage
In rapt attention on the holy page,
Or hears the swelling notes of praise and prayer
Borne on the breeze and floating on the air.
Oh ! could my parents' shades but bend on earth,
They'd mourn like me the morning of my birth.
Almighty Father ! God of life and death !
Give, oh ! give *me* a true and living faith ;
Bestow Thy quickening Spirit, and impart
Thy saving grace to tranquillise my heart,
That I may better live for time to come,
And rear my spirit for Thy heavenly home !

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THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL

*A Sermon preached in the Chapel of — Jail, on Sunday, 9th January
1849, from Matthew v. 17, by the Rev. FRANCIS EDEN, and
versified*

BY ONE OF THE PRISONERS.

'MID rolling clouds of fearful smoke,
'Mid lightning's flash and thunder's roar,
'Mid loud continued sounds, which shook
The startled earth from shore to shore,
'Mid volumes of devouring flame,
Unseen, yet felt, the Almighty came !

Lo ! on Mount Sinai's giddy height
Is reared Jehovah's awful throne,
Pregnant with heaven's ethereal light,
Too glorious to be gazed upon,
While beams of dazzling brightness bound
The circuit of the hallowed ground.

Hark ! as the appalling voice of God
Proclaims the law of life and death,
Nature, o'erburdened with the load,
Holds hard her almost fleeting breath.
While sunless heaven and darkened air
Are hung with blackness of despair !

Offspring of Gentile and of Jew,
Descendants of a common stock,
These great, eternal laws for you
Were thundered from Mount Sinai's rock ;
And ill or good on him shall fall
Who breaks but one or keeps them all.

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But oh ! weak man can ne'er obey
Laws with such fearful justice fraught,
For every moment of the day
He sins in word or deed or thought.
The law of death would thus enslave him,
Did not a pardoning Gospel save him.

From Calvary's hill a stream proceeds,
Whose cleansing merits all may share ;
Ay, even although their guilt exceeds
The weight of what the earth can bear ;
For Christ's atoning blood can clean
A hell-deserving world from sin.

No lightnings flash, no scowling sky,
No trembling mount of smoke and flame,
No crashing thunder boomed from high,
When our Great Mediator came ;
But seraphs' sounds announced to earth
Glad tidings of a Saviour's birth.

No chosen consecrated priest,
No heaps of slain or seas of blood,
Nor solemn fast, nor stated feast,
Can now appease a jealous God,
Or open up a fount of grace
To Adam's unregenerate race.

An humble heart, a lowly mind,
A contrite and believing soul,
Where truth and mercy are enshrined,
Beyond a sinful world's control,
Is all the God of heaven will claim
From those who own Immanuel's name.

How goodly are the steps of those
Who walk in humbleness of heart,
And with well-grounded hopes have chose
The Gospel's sure and better part ;
To such the law of works is dead,
Through faith in Christ, their living Head.

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But as Jehovah's dread decree
Does with a Saviour's love unite,
So let our faith and works agree,
In one continued bond of light ;
For faith and works, if used alone,
Can ne'er for guilty deeds atone.

Then fly, ye sinners, to the Cross,
There let your eager hopes be bound ;
Count all things else but dung and dross,
To win Christ, and in Him be found ;
So shall your Christian race be blest,
With heaven's prepared Eternal Rest !

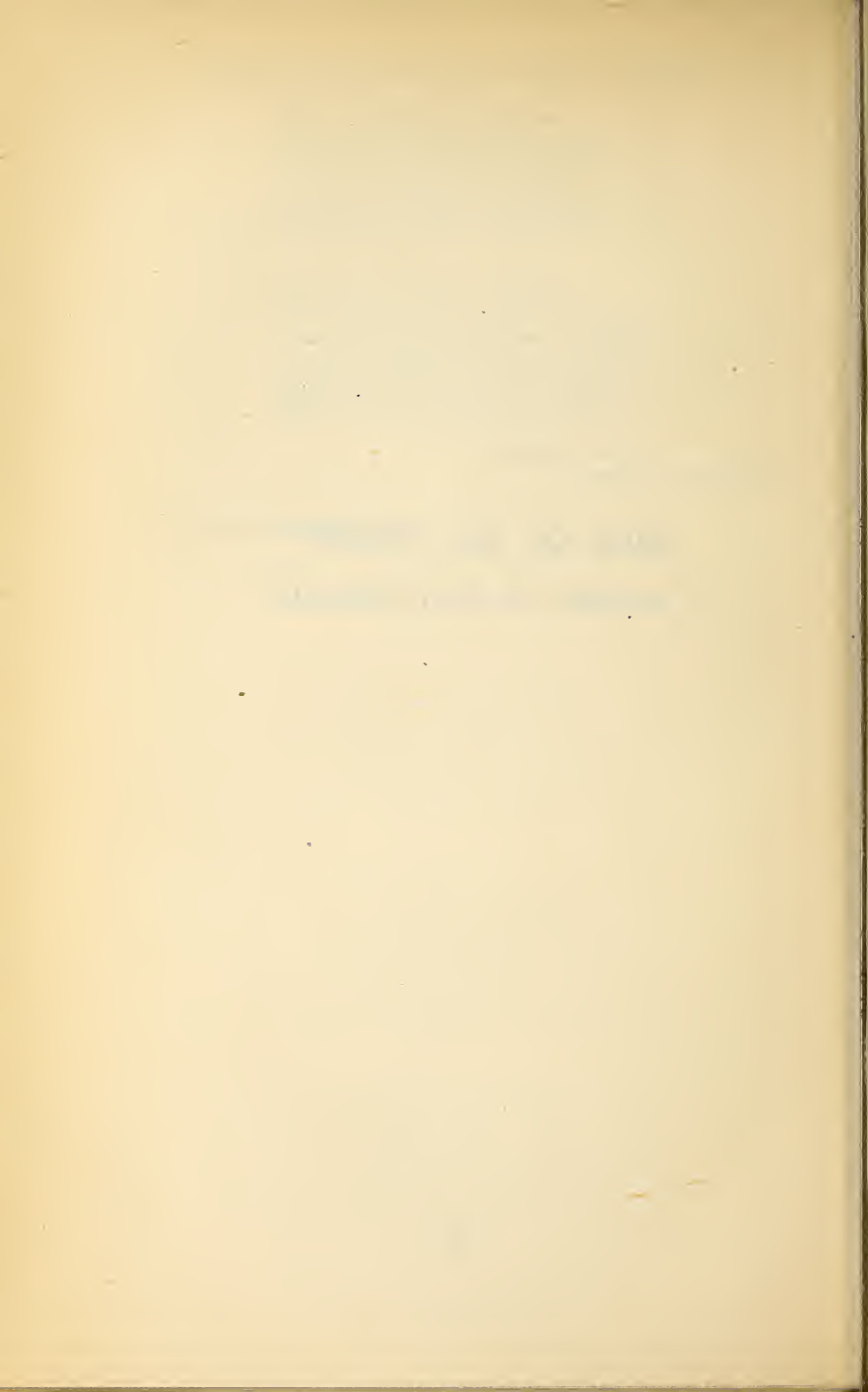
Prisoner's name—

THOMAS ROBINSON.

— Jail, 3rd Feby. 1848.

JACK OF ALL TRADES

A MATTER OF FACT ROMANCE



JACK OF ALL TRADES

THERE are nobs in the world, and there are snobs.

I regret to say I belong to the latter department.

There are men that roll through life, like a fine new red ball going across Mr. Lord's cricket-ground on a sunshiny day; there is another sort that have to rough it in general, and, above all, to fight tooth and nail for the quartern-loaf, and not always win the battle; I am one of this lot.

One comfort, folk are beginning to take an interest in us. I see nobs of the first water looking with a fatherly eye into our affairs; our leaden taxes and feather incomes; our fifteen per cent. on undeniable security, when the rich pay but three and a half; our privations and vexations; our dirt and distresses; and one day a literary gent, that knows my horrible story, assured me that my ups and down would entertain the nobility, gentry, and commonalty of these realms.

"Instead of grumbling to me," says he, "print your troubles, and I promise you all the world will read them, and laugh at them."

"No doubt, sir," said I rather ironical; "all the world is at leisure for that."

"Why, look at the signs of the times," says he; "can't you see workmen are up? So take us while we are in the humour, and that is now. We shall not always be for squeezing honey out of weeds, shall we?" "Not likely, sir," says I. Says he, "How nice it will be to growl wholesale to a hundred thousand of your countrymen (which they do love a bit of a growl) instead of growling retail to a small family that has got hardened to you!" And there he had me; for I am an Englishman, and proud of it, and attached to all the national habits, except *delirium tremens*. In short, what with him inflaming my dormant conceit, and me thinking, "Well, I can but say my say, and then relapse into befitting silence," I did one day lay down the gage and take up the pen, in spite of my wife's sorrowful looks.

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She says nothing, but you may see she does not believe in the new tool, and that is cheerful and inspiriting to a beginner.

However, there is a something that gives me more confidence than all my literary friend says about "workmen being up in the literary world," and that is, that I am not the hero of my own story.

Small as I sit here behind my wife's crockery and my own fiddles, in this thundering hole, Wardour Street, I was for many years connected with one of the most celebrated females of modern times. Her adventures run side by side with mine; she is the bit of romance that colours my humble life, and my safest excuse for intruding on the public.

CHAPTER I

FATHER and mother lived in King Street, Soho. He was a fiddle-maker, and taught me the A B C of that science at odd times; for I had a regular education, and a very good one, at a school in West Street. This part of my life was as smooth as glass; my troubles did not begin till I was thirteen. At that age my mother died, and then I found out what she *had been* to me; that was the first and the worst grief. The next I thought bad enough. Coming in from school one day about nine months after her death, I found a woman sitting by the fire opposite father.

I came to a stand in the middle of the floor, with two eyes like saucers staring at the pair, so my father introduced me.

"This is your new mother. Anne, this is John."

"Come and kiss me, John," says the lady. Instead of which, John stood stock-still, and burst out roaring and crying, without the least leaving off staring, which, to be sure, was a cheerful, encouraging reception for a lady just come into the family. I roared pretty hard for about ten seconds, then stopped dead short, and says I, with a sudden calm, the more awful for the storm that had raged before, "I'll go and tell Mr. Paley;" and out I marched.

Mr. Paley was a little, hump-backed tailor with the heart of a dove and the spirit of a lion or two. I made his acquaintance through pitching into two boys that were queering his protuberances all down Princes Street, Soho—a kind of low humour he detested—and he had taken quite a fancy to me. We were hand and glove, the old man and me.

I ran to Paley and told him what had befallen upon the house. He was not struck all of a heap, as I thought he would be; and he showed me it was legal, of which I had not an idea, and his advice was, "Put a good face on it, or the house will soon be too hot to hold you, boy."

He was right. I don't know whether it was my fault or hers, or both's, but we could never mix. I had seen another face by that fireside and heard another voice in the house

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that seemed to me a deal more melodious than hers, and the house did become hotter, and the inmates' looks colder, than agreeable; so one day I asked my father to settle me in some other house not less than a mile from King Street, Soho. He and stepmother jumped at the offer, and apprenticed me to Mr. Dawes. Here I learned more mysteries of guitar-making, violin-making, &c., &c., and lived in tolerable comfort nearly four years. There was a ripple on the water, though. My master had a brother, a thick-set, heavy fellow, that used to bully my master, especially when he was groggy, and less able to take his own part. My master being a good fellow, I used to side with him, and this brought me a skinful of sore bones more than once, I can tell you. But one night, after some months of peace, I heard a terrible scrimmage, and running down into the shop-parlour, I found Dawes junior pegging into Dawes senior no allowance, and him crying blue murder.

I was now an able-bodied youth between sixteen and seventeen years of age, and having a little score of my own with the attacking party, I opened quite silent and business-like with a one, two, and knocked him into a corner flat perpendicular. He was dumfounded for a moment, but the next he came out like a bull at me. I stepped on one side and met him with a blow on the side of the temple and knocked him flat horizontal; and when he offered to rise I shook my fist at him, and threatened him he should come to grief if he dared to move.

At this he went on quite a different lay; he lay still and feigned dissolution with considerable skill, to frighten us; and I can't say I felt easy at all; but my master, who took cheerful views of everything in his cups, got the enemy's tumbler of brandy and water, and, with hiccups and absurd smiles and a teaspoon, deposited the contents gradually on the various parts of his body.

"Lez revive 'm!" said he.

This was low life to come to pass in a respectable tradesman's back-parlour. But when grog comes in at the door good manners walk to the window, ready to take leave if requested. Where there is drink there is always degradation of some sort or degree; put that in your tumblers and sip it.

After this no more battles. The lowly apprentice's humble efforts (pugilistic) restored peace to his master's family.

Six months of calm industry now rolled over, and then I got into trouble by my own fault.

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Looking back upon the various fancies and opinions and crotchets that have passed through my head at one time or another, I find that, between the years of seventeen and twenty-four, a strange notion beset me; it was this, that women are all angels.

For this chimera I now began to suffer, and continued to at intervals till the error was rooted out—with their assistance.

There were two women in my master's house, his sister, aged twenty-four, and his cook, aged thirty-seven. With both these I fell ardently in love; and so, with my sentiments, I should have with six, had the house held half-a-dozen. Unluckily my affections were not accompanied with the discretion so ticklish a situation called for. The ladies found one another out, and I fell a victim to the virtuous indignation that fired three bosoms.

The cook, in virtuous indignation that an apprentice should woo his master's sister, told my master.

The young lady, in virtuous indig. that a boy should make a fool of "that old woman," told my master, who, unluckily for me, was now the quondam Dawes junior; Dawes senior having retired from the active business and turned sleeping and drinking partner.

My master, whose v. i. was the strongest of the three, since it was him I had leathered, took me to Bow Street, made his complaint, and forced me to cancel my indentures; the cook, with tears, packed up my Sunday suit; the young lady opened her bedroom door three inches and shut it with a don't-come-anigh-me slam; and I drifted out to London with eighteen-pence and my tools.

On looking back on this incident of my life, I have a regret, a poignant one; it is, that some good Christian did not give me a devilish good hiding into the bargain then and there.

I did not feel quite strong enough in the spirits to go where I was sure to be blown up; so I skirted King Street and entered the Seven Dials, and went to Mr. Paley and confessed my sins.

How differently the same thing is seen by different eyes! All the morning I had been called a young villain, first by one, then by another, till at last I began to see it: Mr. Paley viewed me in the light of martyr, and I remember I fell into his views on the spot.

Paley was a man that had his little theory about women, and it differed from my juvenile one.

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He held that women are at bottom the seducers, men the seduced. "The men court the women, I grant you; but so it is the fish that runs after the bait," said he. "The women draw back? Yes; and so does the angler draw back the bait when the fish are shy, don't he? And then the silly gudgeons misunderstand the move, and make a rush at it, and get hooked—like you."

Holding such vile sentiments, he shifted all the blame off my shoulders; he turned to and abused the whole gang, as he called the family in Litchfield Street I had just left, instead of reading me the lesson for the day which he ought, and I should have listened to from him—perhaps.

"Now then, don't hang your head like that," shouted the spunky little fellow, "snivelling and whimpering at your time of life! We are going to have a jolly good supper, you and I; that is what *we* are going to do; and you shall sleep here. My daughter is at school; you shall have her room. I am in good work—thirty shillings a week; that is plenty for three, Lucy and you and me" (himself last). "Your father isn't worth a bone button, and your mother isn't worth the shank to it. I'm your father, and your mother into the bargain, for want of a better. You live with me, and snap your fingers at Dawes and all his crew—ha, ha—a fine loss, to be sure—the boy is a fool—cooks and coquettes and fiddle-touters, rubbish not worth picking up out of a gutter—they be d——d!"

And so I was installed in Miss Paley's apartment, Seven Dials; and nothing would have made my adopted parent happier than for me to put my hands in my pockets and live upon goose and cabbage. But downright laziness was never my character. I went round to all the fiddle-shops and offered, as bold as brass, to make a violin, a tenor, or a bass, and bring it home. Most of them looked shy at me, for it was necessary to trust me with the wood, and to lend me one or two of the higher class of tools, such as a turning-saw and a jointing-plane.

At last I came to Mr. Dodd in Berners Street. Here my father's name stood me in stead. Mr. Dodd risked his wood and the needful tools, and in eight days I brought him, with conceit and trepidation mixed in equal part, a violin, which I had sometimes feared it would frighten him, and sometimes hoped it would charm him. He took it up, gave it one twirl round, satisfied himself it was a fiddle, good, bad, or indifferent, put it in the window along with the rest, and paid for it as

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he would for a penny roll. I timidly proposed to make another for him; he grunted a consent, which it did not seem to me a rapturous one.

Mr. Metzler also ventured to give me work of this kind. For some months I wrought hard all day, and amused myself with my companions all the evening, selecting my pals from the following classes: small actors, showmen, pedestrians, and clever discontented mechanics. One lot I never would have at any price, and that was the stupid ones, that could only booze, and could not tell me anything I did not know about pleasure, business, and life.

This was a bright existence, so it came to a full stop.

At one and the same time Miss Paley came home, and the fiddle-trade took one of those chills all fancy trades are subject to.

No work—no lodging without paying for it—no where-withal.

CHAPTER II

JOHN BEARD, a friend of mine, was a painter and grainer. His art was to imitate oak, maple, walnut, satin-wood, &c., &c., upon vulgar deal, beech, or what not.

This business works thus: first a coat of oil-colour is put on with a brush, and this colour imitates what may be called the background of the wood that is aimed at; on this oil-background the champ, the fibre, the grain and figure, and all the incidents of the superior wood, are imitated by various manœuvres in water-colours, or rather in beer-colours, for beer is the approved medium. A coat of varnish over all gives a look of unity to the work.

Beard was out of employ; so was I: bitter against London; so was I. He sounded me about trying the country, and I agreed; and this was the first step of my many travels.

We started the next day, he with his brushes and a few colours and one or two thin panels painted by way of advertisement; and I with hope, inexperience, and threepence. On the road we spent this and his fivepence, and entered the town of Brentford towards nightfall as empty as drums and as hungry as wolves.

What was to be done? After a long discussion we agreed to go to the Mayor of the town and tell him our case, and

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offer to paint his street-door in the morning, if he would save our lives for the night.

We went to the Mayor. Luckily for us, he had risen from nothing, as we were going to do; and so he knew exactly what we meant when we looked up in his face and laid our hands on our sausage-grinders. He gave us eighteenpence and an order on a lodging-house, and put bounds to our gratitude by making us promise to let his street-door alone. We thanked him from our hearts, supped, and went to bed, and agreed the country (as we two cockneys called Brentford) was chock-full of good fellows.

The next day up early in the morning, and away to Hounslow. Here Beard sought work all through the town, and just when we were in despair he got one door. We dined and slept on this door, but we could not sup off it; we had twopence over, though, for the morning, and walked on a penny roll each to Maidenhead.

Here, as we entered the town, we passed a little house with the door painted oak, and a brass-plate announcing a plumber and glazier and house-painter. Beard pulled up before this door in sorrowful contempt. "Now look here, John," says he; "here is a fellow living among the woods, and you would swear he never saw an oak-plank in his life to look at his work."

Before so very long we came to another specimen; this was maple, and farther from Nature than a lawyer from heaven, as the saying is. "There, that will do," says Beard. "I'll tell you what it is, we must try a different move. It is no use looking for work; folks will only employ their own tradesmen. We must teach the professors of the art at so much a panel."

"Will they stomach that?" said I.

"I think they will, as we are strangers and from London. You go and see whether there is a fiddle to be doctored in the town, and meet me again in the market-place at twelve o'clock."

I did meet him, and forlorn enough I was; my trade had broke down in Maidenhead—not a job of any sort.

"Come to the public-house," was his first word. That sounded well, I thought.

We sat down to bread and cheese and beer, and he told his tale.

It seems he went into a shop, told the master he was a painter and grainer from a great establishment in London,

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and was in the habit of travelling and instructing provincial artists in the business. The man was a pompous sort of a customer, and told Beard he knew the business as well as he did, better belike.

Beard answered, "Then you are the only one here that does; for I've been all through the town, and anything wider from the mark than their oak and maple I never saw." Then he quietly took down his panels and spread them out, and looking out sharp, he noticed a sudden change come over the man's face.

"Well," says the man, "we reckon ourselves pretty good at it in this town. However, I shouldn't mind seeing how you London chaps do it. What do you charge for a specimen?"

"My charge is two shillings a panel. What wood should you like to gain a notion of?" said Beard, as dry as a chip.

"Well—satin-wood."

Beard painted a panel of satin-wood before his eyes; and of course it was done with great ease, and on a better system than had reached Maidenhead up to that time. "Now," says Beard, "I must go to dinner."

"Well, come back again, my lad," says the man, "and we will go in for something else." So Beard took his two shillings and met me as aforesaid.

After dinner he asked for a private room. "A private room!" said I. "Hadn't you better order our horse and gig out and go and call on the rector?"

"None of your chaff," says he.

When we got into the room he opened the business.

"Your trade is no good; you must take to mine.

"What! teach painters how to paint, when I don't know a stroke myself!"

"Why not? You've only got it to learn: they have got to unlearn all they know; that is the only long process about it. I'll teach you in five minutes," says he. "Look here." He then imitated oak before me, and made me do it. He corrected my first attempt; the second satisfied him. We then went on to maple, and so through all the woods he could mimic. He then returned to his customer, and I hunted in another part of the town; and before nightfall I actually gave three lessons to two professors. It is amazing, but true, that I, who had been learning ten minutes, taught men who had been all their lives at it—in the country.

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One was so pleased with his tutor that he gave me a pint of beer besides my fee. I thought he was poking fun when he first offered it me.

Beard and I met again triumphant. We had a rousing supper and a good bed, and the next day started for Henley, where we both did a small stroke of business; and on to Reading for the night.

Our goal was Bristol. Beard had friends there. But as we zig-zagged for the sake of the towns, we were three weeks walking to that city; but we reached it at last, having disseminated the science of graining in many cities, and got good clothes and money in return.

At Bristol we parted. He found regular employment the first day, and I visited the fiddle-shops and offered my services. At most I was refused; at one or two I got trifling jobs; but at last I went to the right one. The master agreed with me for piece-work on a large scale, and the terms were such that, by working quick and very steady, I could make about twenty-five shillings a week. At this I kept two years, and might have longer, no doubt; but my employer's niece came to live with him.

She was a woman; and my theory being in full career at this date, mutual ardour followed, and I asked her hand of her uncle, and instead of that he gave me what the Turkish ladies get for the same offence—the sack. Off to London again, and the money I had saved by my industry just landed me in the Seven Dials and sixpence over.

I went to Paley, crestfallen as usual. He heard my story, complimented me on my energy, industry, and talent, regretted the existence of women, and inveighed against her character and results.

We went that evening to private theatricals in Berwick Street, and there I fell in with an acquaintance in the firework line. On hearing my case, he told me I had just fallen from the skies in time; his employer wanted a fresh hand.

The very next day behold me grinding and sifting and ramming powder at Somers Town, and at it ten months.

My evenings, when I was not undoing my own work to show its brilliancy, were often spent in private theatricals.

I hear a row made just now about a dramatic school. "We have no dramatic schools," is the cry. Well, in the day I speak of there were several. Why, I belonged to two. We never brought to light an actor; but we succeeded so far as

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to ruin more than one lad who had brains enough to make a tradesman, till we heated those brains and they boiled all away.

The way we destroyed youth was this. Of course nobody would pay a shilling at the door to see us running wild among Shakspere's lines like pigs broken into a garden; so the expenses fell upon the actors; and they paid according to the value of the part each played. Richard the Third cost a puppy two pounds, Richmond fifteen shillings, and so on; so that with us, as in the big world, dignity went by wealth, not merit. I remember this made me sore at the time. Still, there are two sides to everything. They say poverty urges men to crime; mine saved me from it. If I could have afforded, I would have murdered one or two characters that have lived with good reputation from Queen Bess to Queen Victoria; but as I couldn't afford it, others that could did it for me.

Well, in return for his cash, Richard, or Hamlet, or Othello commanded tickets in proportion; for the tickets were only gratuitous to the spectators.

Consequently at night each important actor played not only to a most merciful audience, but a large band of devoted, friendly spirits in it, who came not to judge him, but express to carry him through triumphant—like an election. Now, when a vain, ignorant chap hears a lot of hands clapping, he has not the sense to say to himself, "Paid for!" No, it is applause; and applause stamps his own secret opinion of himself. He was off his balance before, and now he tumbles heel over tip into the notion that he is a genius; throws his commercial prospects after the two pounds that went in Richard or Beverley, and crosses Waterloo Bridge spouting—

"A fico for the shop and poplins base!
Counter, avaunt! I on his southern bank
Will fire the Thames."

Noodle thus singing goes over the water. But they won't have him at the Surrey or the Vic., so he takes to the country; and while his money lasts, and he can pay the mismanager of a small theatre, he gets leave to play with Richard and Hamlet. But when the money is gone and he wants to be paid for Richard & Co., they laugh at him, and put him in his right place, and that is a utility, and perhaps ends a "super.;" when, if he had not been

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a coxcomb, he might have sold ribbon like a man to his dying day.

We, and our dramatic schools, ruined more than one or two of this sort by means of his vanity in my young days.

My poverty saved me. The conceit was here in vast abundance, but not the funds to intoxicate myself with such choice liquors as Hamlet & Co. Nothing above old Gobbo (five shillings) ever fell to my lot and by my talent.

When I had made and let off fireworks for a few months, I thought I could make more as a rocket-master than a rocket-man. I had saved a pound or two. Most of my friends dissuaded me from the attempt; but Paley said, "Let him alone now; don't keep him down; he is born to rise. I'll risk a pound on him." So, by dint of several small loans, I got the materials and made a set of fireworks myself, and agreed with the keeper of some tea-gardens at Hampstead for the spot.

At the appointed time, attended by a trusty band of friends, I put them up; and when I had taken a tolerable sum at the door, I let them all off.

But they did not all profit by the permission. Some went, but others whose supposed destination was the sky, soared about as high as a house, then returned and forgot their wild nature, and performed the office of our household fires upon the clothes of my visitors; and some faithful spirits, like old domestics, would not leave their master at any price—would not take their discharge. Then there was a row, and I should have been mauled, but my guards rallied round me and brought me off with whole bones, and marched back to London with me, quizzing me and drinking at my expense. The publican refused to give me my promised fee, and my loss by ambition was twenty-eight shillings, and my reputation—if you could call that a loss.

Was not I quizzed up and down the Seven Dials! Paley alone contrived to stand out in my favour. "Nonsense, a first attempt," said he. "They mostly fail. Don't you give in for those fools. I'll tell you a story. There was a chap in prison—I forget his name. He lived in the old times, a few hundred years ago—I can't justly say how many. He had failed—at something or other—I don't know how many times—and there he was. Well, Jack, one day he notices a spider climbing up a thundering great slippery stone in the wall. She got a little way, then down she fell. Up again and tries it on again—down again. 'Ah,' says the man, 'you will never

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do it.' But the spider was game. She got six falls; but, by George! the seventh trial she got up. So the gentleman says, 'A man ought to have as much heart as a spider; I won't give in till the seventh trial.' Bless you, long before the seventh he carried all before him, and got to be king of England, or something."

"King of England!" said I; "that was a move upwards out of the stone jug."

"Well," said Paley the hopeful, "you can't be king of England, but you may be the fire-king—he, he!—if you are true to powder. How much money do you want to try again?"

I was nettled at my failure, and fired by Paley and his spider, I scraped together a few pounds once more, and advertised a display of fireworks for a certain Monday night.

On the Sunday afternoon Paley and I happened to walk on the Hampstead Road, and near the "Adam and Eve" we fell in with an announcement of fireworks. On the bill appeared in enormous letters the following:—

"NO CONNECTION WITH THE DISGRACEFUL EXHIBITION THAT TOOK PLACE LAST FRIDAY WEEK!!"

Paley was in a towering passion. "Look here, John," says he. "But never you mind; it won't be here long, for I'll tear it down in about half a moment."

"No, you must not do that," said I, a little nervous.

"Why not, you poor-spirited muff?" shouts the little fellow. "Let me alone; let me get at it. What are you holding me for?"

"No! no! no! Well, then——"

"Well, then, what?"

"Well, then, it is mine."

"What is yours?"

"That advertisement."

"How can it be yours when it insults you?"

"Oh, business before vanity."

"Well, I am blest! Here's a go. Look here now;" and he began to split his sides laughing; but all of a sudden he turned awful grave. "You will rise, my lad; this is genuine talent. They might as well try to keep a balloon down." In short, my friend, who was as honest as the day in his own sayings and doings, admired this bit of rascality in me, and augured the happiest results.

That district of London which is called the Seven Dials was now divided into two great parties: one augured for me

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a brilliant success next day, the other a dead failure. The latter party numbered many names unknown to fame; the former consisted of Paley. I was neuter, distrusting not my merits, but what I called my luck.

On Monday afternoon I was busy putting out the fireworks, nailing them to their posts, &c. Towards evening it began to rain so heavily that they had to be taken in and the whole thing given up; it was postponed to Thursday.

On Thursday night we had a good assembly; the sum taken at the doors exceeded my expectation. I had my misgivings on account of the rain that had fallen on my kickshaws Monday evening; so I began with those articles I had taken in first out of the rain. They went off splendidly, and my personal friends were astounded. But soon my poverty began to tell; instead of having many hands to save the fireworks from wet, I had been alone, and of course much time had been lost in getting them under cover. We began now to get along the damp lot, and science was lost in chance; some would and some wouldn't, and the people began to goose me.

A rocket or two that fizzed themselves out without rising a foot inflamed their angry passions; so I announced two fiery pigeons.

The fiery pigeon is a pretty firework enough; it is of the nature of a rocket, but being on a string, it travels backwards and forwards between two termini, to which the string is fixed. When there are two strings and two pigeons, the fiery wings race one another across the ground, and charm the gazing throng. One of my termini was a tree at the extremity of the gardens. Up this tree I mounted in my shirt-sleeves with my birds. The people surrounded the tree and were dead silent. I could see their final verdict and my fate hung on these pigeons. I placed them, and with a beating heart lighted their matches. To my horror, one did not move. I might as well have tried to explode green sticks. The other started, and went off with great resolution and accompanying cheers towards the opposite side. But midway it suddenly stopped and the cheers with it. It did not come to an end all at once, but the fire oozed gradually out of it like water. A howl of derision was hurled up into the tree at me; but, worse than that, looking down I saw in the moonlight a hundred stern faces with eyes like red-hot emeralds, in which I read my fate. They were waiting for me to come down, like terriers for a rat in a trap,

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and I felt by the look of them that they would kill me, or near it. I crept along a bough the end of which cleared the wall and overhung the road. I determined to break my neck sooner than fall into the hands of an insulted public. An impatient orange whizzed by my ear, and an apple knocked my hat out of the premises. I crouched and clung.

Luckily I was on an ash-bough, long, tapering, and tough; it bent with me like a rainbow. A stick or two now whizzed past my ear, and it began to hail fruit. I held on like grim death till the road was within six feet of me, and then dropped and ran off home, like a dog with a kettle at his tail. Meantime a rush was made to the gate to cut me off, but it was too late. The garden meandered, and my executioners, when they got to the outside, saw nothing but a fitting spectre—me in my shirt-sleeves making for the Seven Dials.

Mr. and Miss Paley were seated by their fire, and, as I afterwards learned, Paley was recommending her to me for a husband, and explaining to her at some length why I was sure to rise in the world, when a figure in shirt-sleeves, begrimed with gunpowder and no hat, burst into the room, and shrank without a word into the corner by the fire.

Miss Paley looked up, and then began to look down and snigger. Her father stared at me, and after a while I could see him set his teeth and nerve his obstinate old heart for the coming struggle.

"Well, how did it happen?" said he at last. "Where is your coat?"

I told him the whole story.

Miss Paley had her hand to her mouth all the time, afraid to give vent to the feelings proper to the occasion because of her father.

"Now answer me one question. Have you got their money?" says Paley.

"Yes, I have got their money, for that matter."

"Well, then, what need you care? You are all right; and if they had gone off they would have been all over by now just the same. He wants his supper, Lucy. Give us something hot, to make us forget our squibs and crackers, or we shall die of a broken heart, all us poor fainting souls. Such a calamity! The rain wetted them through; that is all. You couldn't fight against the elements, could you? Lay the cloth, girl."

"But, Mr. Paley," whined I, "they have got my new

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coat, and you may be sure they have torn it limb from jacket."

"Have they?" cried he. "Well, that is a comfort any way. Your new coat, eh? Lucy, it hung on the boy's back like an old sack. Do you see this bit of cloth? I shall make you a Sunday coat with this, and then you'll sell. Fetch a quart to-night, girl, instead of a pint; the fire-king is going to do us the honour. Che-er up!!"

CHAPTER III

It was now time that Miss Paley should suffer the penalty of her sex. She was a comely, good-humoured, and sensible girl. We used often to walk out together on Sundays, and very friendly we were. I used to tell her she was the flower of her sex, and she used to laugh at that. One Sunday I spoke more plainly, and laid my heart, my thirteen shillings, the fruit of my last imposture on the public, and my various arts at her feet, out walking.

A proposal of this sort, if I may trust the stories I read, produces thrilling effects. If agreeable, the ladies either refuse in order to torment themselves, which act of virtue justifies them, they think, in tormenting the man they love; or else they show their rapturous assent by bursting out crying or by fainting away, or their lips turning cold, and other signs proper to a disordered stomach. If it is to be "no," they are almost as much cut up about it, and say no like yes, which has the happy result of leaving him hope and prolonging his pain. Miss Paley did quite different. She blushed a little and smiled archly, and said, "Now, John, you and I are good friends, and I like you very much; and I will walk with you and laugh with you as much as you like; but I have been engaged these two years to Charles Hook, and I love him, John."

"Do you, Lucy?"

"Yes," under her breath a bit.

"Oh!"

"So if we are to be friends you must not put that question to me again, John. What do you say? We are to be friends, are we not?" and she put out her hand.

"Yes, Lucy."

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"And, John, you need not go for to tell my father; what is the use vexing him? He has got a notion, but it will pass away in time."

I consented, of course, and Lucy and I were friends.

Mr. Paley somehow suspected which way his daughter's heart turned, and not long after a neighbour told me he heard him quizzing her unmerciful for her bad judgment. As for harshness or tyranny, that was not under his skin, as the saying is. He wound up with telling her that John was a man safe to rise.

"I hope he may, father, I am sure," says Lucy.

"Well, and can't you see he is the man for you?"

"No, father, I can't see that—he, he!"

CHAPTER IV

I DON'T think I have been penniless not a dozen times in my life. When I get down to twopence or threepence, which is very frequent indeed, something is apt to turn up and raise me to silver once more, and there I stick. But about this time I lay out of work a long time, and was reduced to the lowest ebb. In this condition a friend of mine took me to the "Harp" in Little Russell Street to meet Mr. Webb, the manager of a strolling company. Mr. Webb was beating London for recruits to complete his company, which lay at Bishop-Stortford, but which, owing to desertions, was not numerous enough to massacre five-act plays. I instantly offered to go as carpenter and scene-shifter. To this he demurred; he was provided with them already. He wanted actors. To this I objected. Not that I cared to what sort of work I turned my hand, but in these companies a carpenter is paid for his day's work according to his agreement, but the actors are remunerated by a share in the night's profits, and the profits are often written in the following figures, £0, 0s. 0d.

However, Mr. Webb was firm; he had no carpenter's place to offer me, so I was obliged to lower my pretensions. I agreed, then, to be an actor. I was cast as Father Philip in the "Iron Chest" next evening, my share of the profits to be one-eighth. I borrowed a shilling, and my friend Johnstone and I walked all the way to Bishop-Stortford.

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We played the "Iron Chest," and divided the profits. Hitherto I had been in the mechanical arts; this was my first step into the fine ones. Father Philip's share of the "Chest" was 2½d.

Now this might be a just remuneration for the performance. I almost think it was; but it left the walk—thirty miles—not accounted for.

The next night I was cast in "Jerry Sneak." I had no objection to the part; only, under existing circumstances, the place to play it seemed to me to be the road to London, not the boards of Bishop-Stortford; so I sneaked off towards the Seven Dials. Johnstone, though cast for the hero, was of Jerry's mind, and sneaked away along with him.

We had made but twelve miles when the manager and a constable came up with us. Those were peremptory days; they offered us our choice of the fine arts again or prison. After a natural hesitation we chose the arts, and were driven back to them like sheep. Night's profits 5d. In the morning the whole company dissolved away like a snowball. Johnstone and I had a meagre breakfast, and walked on it twenty-six miles. He was a stout fellow—shone in brigands; he encouraged and helped me along, but at last I could go no farther.

My slighter frame was quite worn out with hunger and fatigue. "Leave me," I said; "perhaps some charitable hand will aid me; and if not, why then I shall die; and I don't care if I do, for I have lost all hope."

"Nonsense," cried the fine fellow. "I'll carry you home on my back sooner than leave you. Die? That is a word a man should never say. Come, courage; only four miles more."

No; I could not move from the spot. I was what I believe seldom really happens to any man, dead beat, body and soul.

I sank down on a heap of stones. Johnstone sat down beside me.

The sun was just setting. It was a bad look out. Starving people to lie out on stones all night. A man can stand cold and he can fight with hunger; but put those two together and life is soon exhausted.

At last a rumble was heard, and presently an empty coal-waggon came up. A coal-heaver sat on the shaft, and another walked by the side. Johnstone went to meet them. They stopped. I saw him pointing to me, and talking earnestly.

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The men came up to me; they took hold of me and shot me into the cart like a hundredweight of coal. "Why, he is starving with cold," said one of them, and he flung half-a-dozen empty sacks over me, and on we went. At the first public the waggon stopped, and soon one of my new friends, with a cheerful voice, brought a pewter flagon of porter to me. I sipped it. "Don't be afraid of it," cried he. "Down with it; it is meat and drink, that is." And indeed so I found it. It was a heavenly, solid liquid to me; it was "stout" by name and "stout" by nature.

These good fellows, whom men do right to call black diamonds, carried me safe into the Strand, and thence being now quite my own man again, I reached the Seven Dials. Paley was in bed. He came down directly in his night-gown, and lighted a fire and pulled a piece of cold beef out of the cupboard, and cheered me as usual, but in a fatherly way this time; and of course at my age I was soon all right again, and going to take the world by storm tomorrow morning. He left me for a while and went upstairs. Presently he came down again.

"Your bed is ready, John."

"Why," said I, "you have not three rooms."

"Lucy is on a visit," said he; then he paused. "Stop a bit; I'll warm your bed."

He took me upstairs to my old room and warmed the bed. I, like a thoughtless young fool, rolled into it, half-gone with sleep, and never woke till ten next morning.

I don't know what the reader will think of me when I tell him that the old man had turned Lucy out of her room into his own and sat all night by the fire that I might lie soft after my troubles. Ah! he was a bit of steel. And have you left me, and can I share no more sorrow or joy with you in this world! Eh dear! it makes me misty to think of the old man, after all these years.

CHAPTER V

I USED often to repair and doctor a violin for a gent whom I shall call Chaplin; he played in the orchestra of the Adelphi Theatre. Mr. Chaplin was not only a customer, but a friend; he saw how badly off I was, and had a great desire to serve

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me. Now it so happened that Mr. Yates, the manager, was going to give an entertainment he called his "At Homes," and this took but a small orchestra, of which Mr. Chaplin was to be the leader; so he was allowed to engage the other instruments, and he actually proposed to me to be a second violin.

I stared at him. "How can I do that?"

"Why, I often hear you try a violin."

"Yes, and I always play the same notes; perhaps you have observed that too?"

"I notice it is always a slow movement—eh? Never mind; this is the only thing I can think of to serve you. You must strum out something; it will be a good thing for you, you know."

"Well," said I, "if Mr. Yates will promise to sing nothing faster than 'Je-ru-sa-lem, my hap-py home,' I'll accompany him."

No, he would not be laughed out of it; he was determined to put money in my pocket, and would take no denial. "Next Monday you will have the goodness to meet me at the theatre at six o'clock with your fiddle. Play how you like; play inaudible, for what I care; but play and draw your weekly salary you must and shall."

"Play inaudible"—these words sank to the very bottom of me. "Play inaudible."

I fell into a brown study; it lasted three days and three nights. Finally, to my good patron's great content, I consented to come up to the scratch; and Monday night I had the hardihood to present myself in the music-room of the Adelphi. My violin was a ringing one; I tuned up the loudest of them all, and Mr. Chaplin's eye rested on me with an approving glance.

Time was called. We played an overture, and accompanied Mr. Yates in his recitatives and songs, and performed pieces and airs between the acts, &c. The leader's eye often fell on me, and when it did, he saw the most conscientious workman of the crew ploughing every note with singular care and diligence.

In this same little orchestra was James Bates, another favourite of Mr. Chaplin and an experienced fiddler.

This young man was a great chum of mine. He was a fine, honest young fellow, but of rather a saturnine temper; he was not movable to mirth at any price. He would play without a smile to a new pantomime—stuck there all

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night like Solomon cut in black marble with a white choker, as solemn as a tomb, with hundreds laughing all around.

Once or twice while we were at work I saw Mr. Chaplin look at Bates, knowing we two were chums, and whenever he did it seems the young one bit his lips and turned as red as a beetroot. After the lights were out Mr. Chaplin congratulated me before Bates. "There, you see, it is not so very hard. Why, hang me if you did not saw away as well as the best!!!" At these words Bates gave a sort of yell and ran home. Mr. Chaplin looked after him with surprise. "There's some devil's delight up between you two," said he. "I shall find it out."

Next night, in the tuning-room, my fiddle was so resonant it attracted attention, and one or two asked leave to try it. "Why not?" said I.

During work Mr. Chaplin had one eye on me and one on Bates, and caught the perspiration running down my face, and him simpering for the first time in the history of the Adelphi.

"What has come over Jem Bates?" said Mr. Chaplin to me. "The lad is all changed; you have put some of your late gunpowder into him. There is something up between you two." After the play he got us together, and he looked Bates in the face and just said to him, "Eh?"

At this wholesale interrogatory Bates laid hold of himself tight. "No, Mr. Chaplin, sir, I can't; it will kill me when it does come out of me."

"When what comes out? You young rascals, if you don't both of you tell me I'll break my fiddle over Bates, and Jack shall mend it free of expense, gratis for nothing; that is how I'll serve mutineers. Come, out with it."

"Tell him, John," said Bates demurely.

"No," said I; "tell him yourself if you think it will gratify him." I had my doubts.

"Well," said Bates, "it is ungrateful to keep you out of it, sir; so—he! he!—I'll tell you, sir—this second-violin has two bows in his violin-case."

"Well, stupid, what is commoner than that for a fiddler?"

"But this is not a fiddler," squeaked Bates; "he's only a bower. Oh! oh! oh!"

"Only a bower?"

"No! Oh! oh! I shall die; it will kill me." I gave a sort of ghastly grin myself.

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"You unconscionable scoundrels!" shouted Mr. Chaplin. "There, look at this, Bates; he is at it again—a fellow that the very clown could never raise a laugh out of; and now I see him all night smirking and grinning and looking down like a jackdaw that has got his claw on a thimble. If you don't speak out I'll knock your two tormenting skulls together till they roll off down the gutter side by side, chuckling and giggling all day and all night." At this direful, mysterious threat Bates composed himself. "The power is all out of my body, sir, so now I can tell you."

He then, in faint tones, gave this explanation, which my guilty looks confirmed. "One of his bows is resined, sir; that one is the tuner. I don't know whether you have observed, but he tunes rather louder than any two of *us*. Oh dear! it is coming again."

"Don't be a fool now. Yes, I have noticed that."

"The other bow, Mr. Chaplin, sir, the other bow is soaped, well soaped, sir, for orchestral use. Ugh! Ugh!"

"Oh, the varmint!"

Bates continued. "You take a look at him—you see him fingering and bowing like mad—but as for sound, you know what a greasy bow is?"

"Of course I do. I don't wonder at your laughing—ha, ha, ha! Oh, the thief!—when I think of his diligent face and him shaking his right wrist like Viotti."

"Mind your pockets, though; he knows too much."

It was now my turn to speak. "I am glad you like the idea, sir," said I, "for it comes from you."

"How can you say that?"

"What did you tell me to do?"

"I didn't tell you to do that. I don't remember what I told him, Bates—not to the letter."

"Told me to play inaudible!!!"

"Well, I never!" said Mr. Chaplin.

"Those were your words, sir; they did not fall to the ground, you see."

My position in this orchestra and the situations that arose out of it were meat and drink to my two friends. With the gentry, whose lives are a succession of amusements, a joke soon wears out, no doubt; but we poor fellows can't let one go cheap. How do we know how long it may be before Heaven sends us another? A joke falling among us is like a rat in a kennel of terriers.

At intricate passages the first-violin used to look at the

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tenor and then at me, and wink, and they both swelled with innocent enjoyment, till at last unknown powers of gaiety budded in Bates. With quizzing his friend he learned to take a jest; so much so that one night Mr. Yates being funnier than usual, if possible, a single horse-laugh suddenly exploded among the fiddles. This was Bates gone off all in a moment, after his trigger being pulled so many years to no purpose. Mr. Yates looked down with gratified surprise.

"Hallo! brains got in the orchestra. After that anything!"

But do you think it was fun to me all this? I declare I suffered the torture of the—you know what. I never felt safe a moment. I had placed myself next to an old fiddler who was deaf, but he somehow smelt at times that I was shirking, and then he used to cry, "Pull out, pull out; you don't pull out."

"How can you say so?" I used to reply, and then saw away like mad; when, so connected are the senses of sight and hearing apparently, the old fellow used to smile and be at peace. He saw me pull, and so he heard me pull out. Then sometimes friends of the other performers would be in the orchestra, and peep over me and say civil things, and I wish them further, civilities and all. But it is a fact that for two months I gesticulated in that orchestra without a soul finding out that I was not suiting the note to the action.

At last we broke up, to my great relief; but I did not leave the theatre. Mr. Widger, Mr. Yates's dresser, got me a place behind the scenes at nine shillings per week.

I used to dress Mr. Reeve and run for his brandies and waters, which kept me on the trot, and do odd jobs.

But I was now to make the acquaintance that coloured all my life, or the cream of it. My time was come to move in a wider circle of men and things, and really to do what so many fancy they have done—to see the world.

In the month of April 1828 Mr. Yates, theatrical manager, found his nightly receipts fall below his nightly expenses. In this situation a manager falls upon one of two things—a spectacle or a star. Mr. Yates preferred the latter, and went over to Paris and engaged Mademoiselle Djek.

Mademoiselle Djek was an elephant of great size and unparalleled sagacity. She had been for some time performing in a play at Franconi's, and created a great sensation in Paris.

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Of her previous history little is known. But she was first landed from the East in England, and was shown about merely as an elephant by her proprietor, an Italian called Polito. The Frenchmen first found out her talent. Her present owner was a M. Huguet, and with him Mr. Yates treated. She joined the Adelphi company at a salary of £40 a week and her grub.

There was great expectation in the theatre for some days. The play in which she was to perform, "The Elephant of the King of Siam," was cast and rehearsed several times; a wooden house was built for her at the back of the stage; and one fine afternoon, sure enough, she arrived with all her train, one or two of each nation, viz., her owner, M. Huguet (French); her principal keeper, Tom Elliot (English); her subordinates, Bernard (French) and an Italian nicknamed Pippin. She arrived at the stage-door in Maiden Lane, and soon after the messenger was sent to Mr. Yates's house.

"Elephant's come, sir."

"Well, let them put her in the place built for her, and I'll come and see her."

"They can't do that, sir."

"Why not?"

"La bless you, sir! she might get her foot into the theatre, but how is her body to come through the stage-door? Why, she is almost as big as the house."

Down comes Mr. Yates, and there was the elephant standing all across Maiden Lane, all traffic interrupted except what could pass under her belly; and such a crowd, my eye!

Mr. Yates put his hands in his pockets and took a quiet look at the state of affairs.

"You must make a hole in the wall," said he.

Pickaxes went to work and made a hole, or rather a frightful chasm, in the theatre, and when it looked about two-thirds her size Elliot said "Stop!" He then gave her a sharp order, and the first specimen we saw of her cleverness was her doubling herself together and creeping in through that hole, bending her fore-knees, and afterwards rising and dragging her hind-legs horizontally, and so she disappeared like an enormous mole burrowing into the theatre.

Mademoiselle Djek's bills were posted all over the town, and everything done to make her take; and on the following Tuesday the theatre was pretty well filled by the public. The manager also took care to have a strong party in the

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pit. In short, she was nursed as other stars are upon their *début*.

Night came; all was anxiety behind the lights and expectation in front.

The green curtain drew up, and Mr. Yates walked on in black dress-coat and white kid gloves, like a private gentleman just landed out of a bandbox at the Queen's ball. He was the boy to talk to the public: soft sawder, dignified reproach, friendly intercourse — he had them all at his fingers'-ends. This time it was the easy tone of refined conversation upon the intelligent creature he was privileged to introduce to them. I remember his discourse as well as if it was yesterday.

"The elephant," said Mr. Yates, "is a marvel of Nature. We are now to have the pleasure of showing her to you as taking her place in art." Then he praised the wisdom and beneficence of creation. "Among the small animals, such as cats and men, there is to be found such a thing as spite; treachery ditto, and love of mischief, and even cruelty at odd times; but here is a creature with the power to pull down our houses about our ears like Samson, but a heart that will not let her hurt a fly. Properly to appreciate her moral character consider what a thing power is; see how it tries us, how often in history it has turned men to demons. The elephant," added he, "is the friend of man by choice, not by necessity or instinct; it is born as wild as a lion or buffalo, but the moment an opportunity arrives its kindred intelligence allies it to man, its only superior or equal in reasoning power. We are about," said Mr. Yates, "to present a play in which an elephant will act a part, and yet act but herself, for the intelligence and affectionate disposition she will display on these boards as an actress are merely her own private and domestic qualities. Not every one of us actors, gentlemen, can say as much."

Then there was a laugh, in which Mr. Yates joined. In short, Mr. Yates, who could play upon the public ear better than some fiddles (I name no names), made his *débutante* popular before ever she stepped upon the scene. He then bowed with intense gratitude to the audience for the attention they had honoured him with, retired to the prompter's side, and as he reached it the act-drop flew up and the play began. It commenced on two legs; the elephant did not come on until the second scene of the act.

The drama was a good specimen of its kind: it was a story

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of some interest and length and variety, and the writer had been sharp enough not to make the elephant too common in it; she came on only three or four times, and always at a nick of time, and to do good business, as theatricals say, *i.e.*, for some important purpose in the story.

A king of Siam had lately died, and the elephant was seen taking her part in the funeral obsequies. She deposited his sceptre, &c., in the tomb of his fathers, and was seen no more in that act. The rightful heir to this throne was a young prince to whom the elephant belonged. An usurper opposed him, and a battle took place; the rightful heir was worsted and taken prisoner; the usurper condemned him to be thrown into the sea. In the next act this sentence was being executed; four men were discovered passing through a wood carrying no end of a box. Suddenly a terrific roar was heard; the men put down the box rather more carefully than they would in real life and fled, and the elephant walked on to the scene alone like any other actress. She smelt about the box, and presently tore it open with her proboscis, and there was her master, the rightful heir, but in a sad, exhausted state. When the good soul sees this what does she do but walk to the other side and tear down the bough of a fruit-tree and hand it to the sufferer; he sucked it, and it had the effect of stout on him—it made a man of him, and they marched away together, the elephant trumpeting to show her satisfaction.

In the next act the rightful heir's friends were discovered behind the bars of a prison at a height from the ground. The order for their execution arrived, and they were down upon their luck terribly. In marched the elephant, tore out the iron bars, and squeezed herself against the wall, half squatting in the shape of a triangle; so then the prisoners glided down her to the ground slantendicular one after another.

When the civil war had lasted long enough to sicken both sides, and enough widows and orphans had been made, the Siamese began to ask themselves, "But what is it all about?" The next thing was they said, "What asses we have been! Was there no other way of deciding between two men but bleeding the whole tribe?" Then they reflected, and said, "We are asses, that is clear; but we hear there is one animal in the nation that is not an ass; why, of course then she is the one to decide our dispute." Accordingly a grand assembly was held; the rival claimants were compelled to attend, and

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the elephant was led in. Then the high priest, or some such article, having first implored Heaven to speak through the quadruped, bade her decide according to justice. No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the elephant stretched out her proboscis, seized a little crown that glittered on the usurper's head, and waving it gracefully in the air, deposited it gently and carefully on the brows of the rightful heir. So then there was a rush made on the wrongful heir; he was taken out, guarded, and warned off the premises; the rightful heir mounted the throne and grinned and bowed all round, the elephant trumpeted, Siam hurrahed, Djek's party in the house echoed the sound, and down came the curtain in thunders of applause. Though the curtain was down the applause continued most vehemently, and after a while a cry arose at the back of the pit, "Elephant! Elephant!" That part of the audience that had paid at the door laughed at this, but their laughter turned to curiosity when, in answer to the cry, the curtain was raised and the stage discovered empty. Curiosity in turn gave way to surprise; for the elephant walked on from the third grooves alone and came slap down to the float. At this the astonished public literally roared at her. But how can I describe the effect, the amazement, when, in return for the compliment, the *débutante* slowly bent her knees and curtsied twice to the British public, and then retired backwards as the curtain once more fell? People looked at one another, and seemed to need to read in their neighbours' eyes whether such a thing was real; and then followed that buzz which tells the knowing ones behind the curtain that the nail has gone home; that the theatre will be crammed to the ceiling to-morrow night, and perhaps for eighty nights after.

Mr. Yates fed Mademoiselle Djek with his own hand that night, crying, "Oh, you duck!"

The fortunes of the Adelphi rose from that hour—full houses without intermission.

Mr. Yates shortened his introductory address, and used to make it a brief, neat, and, I think, elegant eulogy of her gentleness and affectionate disposition; her talent "the public are here to judge for themselves," said Mr. Yates, and exit P. S.

A theatre is a little world, and Djek soon became the hero of ours. Everybody must have a passing peep at the star that was keeping the theatre open all summer and providing bread for a score or two of families connected

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with it. Of course a mind like mine was not among the least inquisitive. But her head-keeper, Tom Elliot, a surly fellow, repulsed our attempts to scrape acquaintance. "Mind your business, and I'll mind mine," was his chant. He seemed to be wonderfully jealous of her. He could not forbid Mr. Yates to visit her, as he did us, but he always insisted on being one of the party even then. He puzzled us. But the strongest impression he gave us was, that he was jealous of her; afraid she would get as fond of some others as of him, and so another man might be able to work her, and his own nose lose a joint, as the saying is. Later on we learned to put a different interpretation on his conduct. Pippin the Italian and Bernard the Frenchman used to serve her with straw and water, &c., but it was quite a different thing from Elliot. They were like a fine lady's grooms and running footmen, but Elliot was her body-servant, groom of the bed-chamber, or what not. He used always to sleep in the straw close to her; sometimes, when he was drunk, he would roll in between her legs, and if she had not been more careful of him than any other animal ever was (especially himself) she must have crushed him to death three nights in the week. Next to Elliot, but a long way below him, M. Huguet seemed her favourite. He used to come into her box and caress her, and feed her, and make much of her; but she never went on the stage without Elliot in sight, and in point of fact all she did upon our stage was done at a word of command given then and there, at the side, by this man and no other—going down to the float, curtseying and all.

Being mightily curious to know how he had gained such influence with her, I made several attempts to sound him, but drunk or sober he was equally unfathomable on this point.

I then endeavoured to slake my curiosity at No. 2. I made bold to ask M. Huguet how he had won her affections. The Frenchman was as communicative as the native was reserved; he broke plenty of English over me. It came to this, that the strongest feeling of an elephant was gratitude, and that he had worked on this for years; was always kind to her and seldom approached her without giving her lumps of sugar—carried a pocket full on purpose. This tallied with what I had heard and read of an elephant, still the problem remained, Why is she fonder still of this Tom Elliot, whose manner is not ingratiating, and who never speaks to her but in a harsh, severe voice?

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She stood my friend any way. A good many new supers were engaged to play with her, and I was set over these—looked out their dresses and went on with them and her as a slave. Nine shillings a week for this was added to my other nine which I drew for dressing an actor or two of the higher class.

The more I was about her the more I felt that we were not at the bottom of this quadruped, nor even of her bipeds. There were gestures and glances and shrugs always passing to and fro among them.

One day, at the rehearsal of a farce, there was no Mr. Yates. Somebody inquired loudly for him.

"Hush!" says another; "haven't you heard?"

"No."

"You mustn't talk of it out of doors."

"No!"

"Half killed by the elephant this morning."

It seems he was feeding and coaxing her, as he had often done before, when all in a moment she laid hold of him with her trunk and gave him a squeeze. He lay in bed six weeks with it, and there was nobody to deliver her eulogy at night. Elliot was at the other end of the stage when the accident happened; he heard Mr. Yates cry out, and ran in, and the elephant let Mr. Yates go the moment she saw him.

We questioned Elliot. We might as well have cross-examined the Monument. Then I inquired of M. Huguet what this meant. That gentleman explained to me that Djek had miscalculated her strength; that she wanted to caress so kind a manager who was always feeding and courting her, and had embraced him too warmly.

The play went on and the elephant's reputation increased. But her popularity was destined to receive a shock as far as we little ones behind the curtain were concerned.

One day, while Pippin was spreading her straw, she knocked him down with her trunk, and pressing her tooth against him, bored two frightful holes in his skull, before Elliot could interfere. Pippin was carried to St. George's Hospital, and we began to look in one another's faces.

Pippin's situation was in the market.

One or two declined it. It came down to me; I reflected, and accepted it—another nine shillings; total, twenty-seven shillings.

That night two supers turned tail. An actress also, whose name I have forgotten, refused to go on with her. "I was

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not engaged to play with a brute," said this lady, "and I won't." Others went on as usual, but were not so sweet on it as before. The rightful heir lost all relish for his part, and above all, when his turn came to be preserved from harm by her, I used to hear him crying out of the box to Elliot, "Are you there? Are you sure you are there?" and when she tore open his box, Garrick never acted better than this one used to now; for, you see, his cue was to exhibit fear and exhaustion, and he did both to the life, because for the last five minutes he had been thinking, "Oh dear! oh dear! suppose she should do the foot business on my box, instead of the probois business."

These, however, were vain fears; she made no mistake before the public.

Nothing lasts for ever in this world, and the time came that she ceased to fill the house. Then Mr. Yates re-engaged her for the provinces, and having agreed with the country managers, sent her down to Bath and Bristol first. He had a good opinion of me, and asked me to go with her and watch his interests. I should not, certainly, have applied for the place, but it was not easy to say no to Mr. Yates, and I felt I owed him some reparation for the wrong I had done that great artist in accompanying his voice with my gestures.

In short, we started, Djek, Elliot, Bernard, I, and Pippin, on foot (he was just out of St. George's). Messrs. Huguet and Yates rolled in their carriage to meet us at the principal towns where we played.

As we could not afford to make her common, our walking was all night-work, and introduced me to a rough life.

The average of night weather is wetter and windier than day, and many a vile night we tramped through when wise men were abed; and we never knew for certain where we should pass the night, for it depended on Djek. She was so enormous that half the inns could not find us a place big enough for her. Our first evening stroll was to Bath and Bristol; thence we crossed to Dublin; thence we returned to Plymouth. We walked from Plymouth to Liverpool, playing with good success at all these places. At Liverpool she laid hold of Bernard, and would have settled his hash, but Elliot came between them.

That same afternoon in walks a young gentleman dressed in the height of Parisian fashion—glossy hat, satin tie, trowsers puckered at the haunches—sprucer than any poor

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Englishman will be while the world lasts; and who was it but Mons. Bernard come to take leave. We endeavoured to dissuade him; he smiled and shook his head, treated us, flattered us, and showed us his preparations for France.

All that day and the next he sauntered about us, dressed like a gentleman, with his hands in his pockets and an ostentatious neglect of his late affectionate charge. Before he left he invited me to drink something at his expense, and was good enough to say I was what he most regretted leaving.

"Then why go?" said I.

"I will tell you, *mon pauvre garçon*," said Mons. Bernard "We old hands have all got our orders to say she is a duck. Ah, you have found that out of yourself. Well now, as I have done with her, I will tell you a part of her character, for I know her well. Once she injures you she can never forgive you. So long as she has never hurt you there's a fair chance she never will. I have been about her for years, and she never molested me till yesterday. But if she once attacks a man, that man's death-warrant is signed. I can't altogether account for it, but trust my experience it is so. I would have stayed with you all my life if she had not shown me my fate; but not now. *Merci!* I have a wife and two children in France. I have saved some money out of her; I return to the bosom of my family, and if Pippin stays with her after the hint she gave him in London, why, you will see the death of Pippin, my lad, *voilà tout*; that is, if you don't go first. *Qu'est que ça te fait à la fin? tu es garçon toi—buons!*

The next day he left us, and left me sad for one. The quiet determination with which he acted upon positive experience of her was enough to make a man thoughtful. And then Bernard was the flower of us; he was the drop of mirth and gaiety in our iron cup. He was a pure, unadulterated Frenchman, and, to be just, where can you find anything so delightful as a Frenchman—of the right sort?

He fluttered home, singing—

"Les doux yeux de ma brunet—te,
Tout—e mignonett—e—tout—e gentillett—e,"

and left us all in black.

God bless you, my merry fellow! I hope you found your children healthy, and your brunette true, and your friends

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alive, and that the world is just to you, and smiles on you, as you do on it, and did on us.

From Liverpool we walked to Glasgow; from Glasgow to Edinburgh; and from Edinburgh, on a cold, starry midnight, we started for Newcastle.

In this interval of business let me paint you my companions, Pippin and Elliot. The reader is entitled to this, for there must have been something out of the common in their looks, since I was within an ace of being killed along of the Italian's face, and was imprisoned four days through the Englishman's mug.

The Italian, whom we know by the nickname of Pippin, was a man of immense stature and athletic mould. His face, once seen, would never be forgotten. His skin, almost as swarthy as Othello's, was set off by dazzling ivory teeth and lighted by two glorious large eyes, black as jet, brilliant as diamonds. The orbs of black lightning gleamed from beneath eyebrows that many a dandy would have bought for moustaches at a high valuation. A nose like a reaping-hook completed him—perch him on a tolerable-sized rock, and there you had a black eagle.

As if this was not enough, Pippin would always wear a conical hat, and had he but stepped upon the stage in "Massaniello," or the like, all the other brigands would have sunk down to rural police by the side of our man. But now comes the absurdity: his inside was not different from his out; it was the exact opposite. You might turn over twenty thousand bullet-heads and bolus-eyes before you could find one man so thoroughly harmless as this thundering brigand. He was just a pet, an universal pet of all the men and women that came near him. He had the disposition of a dove and the heart of a hare. He was a lamb in wolf's clothing.

My next portrait is not so pleasing.

A MAN TURNED BRUTE.

Some ten years before this, a fine, stout young English rustic entered the service of Mademoiselle Djek. He was a model for bone and muscle, and had two cheeks like roses. When he first went to Paris he was looked on as a curiosity there. People used to come to Djek's stable to see her and Elliot, the young English Samson. Just ten years after this young Elliot had got to be called "old Elliot." His face was not only pale, it was colourless; it was the face of a

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walking corpse. This came of ten years' brandy and brute. I have often asked people to guess the man's age, and they always guessed sixty, sixty-five, or seventy; oftenest the latter.

He was thirty-five, not a day more.

This man's mind had come down along with his body. He understood nothing but elephant; he seldom talked, and then nothing but elephant. He was an elephant-man. I will give you an instance, which I always thought curious.

An elephant, you may have observed, cannot stand quite still. The great weight of its head causes a nodding movement, which is perpetual when the creature stands erect. Well, this Tom Elliot, when he stood up, used always to have one foot advanced, and his eye half closed, and his head niddle-nodding like an elephant all the time; and with it all such a presence of brute and absence of soul in his mug, enough to give a thoughtful man some very queer ideas about man and beast.

CHAPTER VI

My office in this trip was merely to contract for the elephant's food at the various places; but I was getting older and shrewder, and more designing than I used to be, and I was quite keen enough to see in this elephant the means of bettering my fortunes if I could but make friends with her. But how to do this? She was like a coquette: strange admirers welcome; but when you had courted her a while she got tired of you, and then nothing short of your demise satisfied her caprice. Her heart seemed inaccessible, except to this brute Elliot, and he, drunk or sober, guarded the secret of his fascination by some instinct; for reason he possessed in a very small degree.

I played the spy on quadruped and biped, and I found out the fact, but the reason beat me. I saw that she was more tenderly careful of him than a mother of her child. I saw him roll down stupid drunk under her belly, and I saw her lift first one foot and then the other, and draw them slowly and carefully back, trembling with fear lest she might make a mistake and hurt him.

But why she was a mother to him, and a stepmother to the rest of us, that I could not learn.

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One day, between Plymouth and Liverpool, having left Elliot and her together, I happened to return, and I found the elephant alone and in a state of excitement, and looking in, I observed some blood upon the straw.

"His turn has come at last" was my first notion; but looking round, there was Elliot behind me.

"I was afraid she had tried it on with you," I said.

"Who?"

"The elephant."

Elliot's face was not generally expressive, but the look of silent scorn he gave me at the idea of the elephant attacking him was worth seeing. The brute knew something I did not know, and could not find out; and from this one piece of knowledge he looked down upon me with a sort of contempt that set all the Seven Dials blood on fire.

"I will bottom this," said I, "if I die for it."

My plan now was to feed Djek every day with my own hand, but never to go near her without Elliot at my very side and in front of the elephant.

This was my first step.

We were now drawing towards Newcastle, and had to lie at Morpeth, where we arrived late, and found Mr. Yates and M. Huguet, who had come out from Newcastle to meet us; and at this place I determined on a new move which I had long meditated.

Elliot, I reflected, always slept with the elephant. None of the other men had ever done this. Now might there not be some magic in this unbroken familiarity between the two animals?

Accordingly at Morpeth I pretended there was no bed vacant in the inn, and asked Elliot to let me lie beside him; he grunted an ungracious assent.

Not to overdo it at first, I got Elliot between me and Djek, so that, if she was offended at my intrusion, she must pass over her darling to resent it. We had tramped a good many miles, and were soon fast asleep.

About two in the morning I was awoken by a shout and a crunching, and felt myself dropping into the straw out of the elephant's mouth. She had stretched her proboscis over him, had taken me up so delicately that I felt nothing, and when Elliot shouted I was in her mouth; at his voice, that rang in my ears like the last trumpet, she dropped me like a hot potato. I rolled out of the straw giving tongue a good one, and ran out of the shed. I had no sooner got to the

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inn than I felt a sickening pain in my shoulder and fainted away.

Her huge tooth had gone into my shoulder like a wedge. It was myself I had heard being crunched.

They did what they could for me, and I soon came to. When I recovered my senses I was seized with vomiting; but at last all violent symptoms abated, and I began to suffer great pain in the injured part, and did suffer for six weeks.

And so I scraped clear. Somehow or other Elliot was not drunk, or nothing could have saved me; for a second wonder, he, who was a heavy sleeper, woke at the very slight noise she made eating me; a moment later and nothing could have saved me. I use too many words—suppose she had eaten me, what then?

They told Mr. Yates at breakfast, and he sent for me and advised me to lie quiet at Morpeth till the fever of the wound should be off me; but I refused. She was to start at ten, and I told him I should start with her.

Running from grim death like that I had left my shoes behind in the shed, and M. Huguet sent his servant Baptiste, an Italian, for them.

Mr. Yates then asked me for all the particulars, and whilst I was telling him and M. Huguet we heard a commotion in the street, and saw people running, and presently one of the waiters ran in and cried—

“The elephant has killed a man or near it.”

Mr. Yates laughed and said—

“Not quite so bad as that; for here is the man.”

“No, no!” cried the waiter; “it is not him; it is one of the foreigners.”

Mr. Yates started up all trembling; he ran to the stable. I followed him as I was, and there we saw a sight to make our blood run cold. On the corn-bin lay poor Baptiste crushed into a mummy. How it happened there was no means of knowing; but, no doubt, while he was groping in the straw for my wretched shoes she struck him with her trunk, perhaps more than once. His breast-bones were broken to chips, and every time he breathed, which, by God’s mercy, was not many minutes, the man’s whole chest-frame puffed out like a bladder with the action of his lungs—it was too horrible to look at.

Elliot had run at Baptiste’s cry, but too late to save his life this time. He had drawn the man out of the straw as she was about to pound him to a jelly, and there the poor

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soul lay on the corn-bin, and by his side lay the things he had died for—two old shoes. Elliot had found them in the straw and put them there, of all places in the world.

By this time all Morpeth was out. They besieged the doors and vowed death to the elephant. M. Huguet became greatly alarmed; he could spare Baptiste, but he could not spare Djek. He got Mr. Yates to pacify the people. "Tell them something," said he.

"What on earth can I say for her over that man's bleeding body?" said Mr. Yates. "Curse her! would to God I had never seen her!"

"Tell them he used her cruel," said M. Huguet. "I have brought her off with that before now."

Well, my sickness came on again, partly no doubt by the sight and the remorse, and I was got to bed, and lay there some days; so I did not see all that passed, but I heard some, and I know the rest by instinct now.

Half-an-hour after breakfast-time Baptiste died. On this the elephant was detained by the authorities, and a coroner's inquest was summoned, and sat in the shambles on the victim, with the butcheress looking on at the proceedings.

Pippin told me she took off a juryman's hat during the investigation, waved it triumphantly in the air, and placed it cleverly on her favourite's head—old Tom.

At this inquest two or three persons deposed on oath that the deceased had ill-used her more than once in France; in particular that he had run a pitchfork into her two years ago; that he had been remonstrated with, but in vain; unfortunately she had recognised him at once, and killed him out of revenge for past cruelty, or to save herself from fresh outrages.

This cooled the ardour against her. Some even took part with her against the man.

"Run a pitchfork into an elephant! Oh, for shame! No wonder she killed him at last. How good of her not to kill him then and there! What forbearance!—forgave it for two years, ye see."

There is a fixed opinion among men that an elephant is a good, kind creature; the opinion is fed by the proprietors of elephants, who must nurse the notion or lose their customers, and so a set tale is always ready to clear the guilty and criminate the sufferer, and this tale is greedily swallowed by the public. You will hear and read many such tales in the papers before you die. Every such tale is a lie.

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How curiously things happen! Last year—i.e., more than twenty years after this event—my little girl went for a pound of butter to Newport Street. She brought it wrapped up in a scrap of a very old newspaper; in unrolling it my eye by mere accident fell upon these words—"An inquest." I had no sooner read the paragraph than I put the scrap of paper away in my desk; it lies before me now, and I am copying it:—

"An inquest was held at the Phoenix Inn, Morpeth, on the 27th ultimo, on view of the body of an Italian named Baptiste Bernard, who was one of the attendants on the female elephant which lately performed at the Adelphi. It appeared from the evidence that the man had stabbed the elephant in the trunk with a pitchfork about two years ago while in a state of intoxication, and that on the Tuesday previous to the inquest the animal caught hold of him with her trunk and did him so much injury that he died in a few hours. Verdict: died from the wounds and bruises received from the trunk of an elephant. Deodand, 5s."

Well, this has gone all abroad—for print travels like wind—and it is not fair to the friends and the memory of this Baptiste Bernard to print that he died by his own cruelty, or fault, or folly.

So take my deposition, and carry it to Milan, his native city.

I declare upon oath that the above is a lie; that the man was never an attendant upon the female elephant; he was an attendant on the female Huguet; for he was that lady's footman. His first introduction to Mademoiselle Djek was her killing him, and he died, not by any fault of his own, but by the will of God and through ignorance of the real nature of the *full-grown elephant*, the cunningest, most treacherous, and blood-thirsty beast that ever played the butcher among mankind.

What men speak dissolves in the air; what they print stands fast and will look them in the face to all eternity. I print the truth about this man's death, so help me God.

Business is business. As soon as we had got the inquest over and stamped the lie current, hid the truth and buried the man, we marched south and played our little play at Newcastle.

Deodand for a human soul sent by murder to its account, five bob.

After Newcastle we walked to York, and thence to Manchester. I crept along thoroughly crestfallen. Months and months I had watched and spied and tried to pluck out the

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heart of this Tom Elliot's mystery. I had failed ; months and months I had tried to gain some influence over Djek. I had failed ; but for Elliot it was clear I should not live a single day within reach of her trunk. This brute was my superior. I was compelled to look up to him, and I *did look up to him*.

As I tramped sulkily along my smarting shoulder reminded me that in elephant, as in everything else I had tried, I was Jack, not master.

The proprietors had their cause of discontent too ; we had silenced the law, but we could not silence opinion. Somehow suspicion hung about her in the very air wherever she went. She never thrived in the English provinces after the Morpeth job, and finding this, Mr. Yates said, "Oh, hang her ! she has lost her character here. Send her to America." So he and M. Huguet joined partnership and took this new speculation on their shoulders. America was even in that day a great card if you went with an English or French reputation.

I had been thinking of leaving her and her old Tom in despair ; but now that other dangers and inconveniences were to be endured besides her and her trunk, by some strange freak of human nature, or by fate, I began to cling to her like a limpet to a rock the more you pull at him.

Mr. Yates dissuaded me. "Have nothing to do with her, Jack. She will serve you like all the rest. Stay at home and I'll find something for you in the theatre."

I thought a great deal of Mr. Yates for this, for he was speaking against his own interest. I was a faithful servant to him, and he needed one about her. Many a five-pound note I had saved him already, and well he deserved it at my hands.

"No, sir," I said ; "I shall be of use, and I can't bear to be nonplushed by two brutes like Elliot and her. I have begun to study her, and I must go on to the word 'finis.'"

Messrs. Yates and Huguet insured the elephant for £20,000, and sent us all to sea together in the middle of November—a pretty month to cross the Atlantic in.

This was what betters call a hedge, and not a bad one.

Our party was Queen Djek ; Mr. Stevenson, her financier ; Mr. Gallott, her stage-manager and wrongful heir ; Elliot, her keeper, her lord, her king ; Pippin, her slave, always trembling for his head ; myself, her commissariat ; and one George Hinde, from Wombwell's, her man-of-all-work.

She had a stout cabin built upon deck for her. It cost £40 to make. What she paid for the accommodation Heaven knows, but I should think a good round sum, for it was the curse of

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the sailors and passengers, and added fresh terrors to navigation ; the steersman could not see the ship's head until the sea took the mariners' part and knocked it into toothpicks.

Captain Sebor had such a passage with us as he had never encountered before. He told us so, and no wonder ; he never had such a wholesale murderess on board before,—contrary winds for ever, and stiff gales too. At last it blew great guns ; and one night, as the sun went down crimson in the Gulf of Florida, the sea running mountains high, I saw Captain Sebor himself was fidgety. He had cause. That night a tempest came on ; the *Ontario* rolled fearfully and groaned like a dying man. About two in the morning a sea struck her, smashed Djek's cabin to atoms, and left her exposed and reeling. Another such would now have swept her overboard, but her wits never left her for a moment. She threw herself down flatter than any man could have conceived possible ; out went all her four legs, and she glued her belly to the deck ; the sailors passed a chain from the weather to the lee bulwarks, and she seized it with her proboscis and held on like grim death. Poor thing, her coat never got not to say dry—she was like a great water-rat all the rest of the voyage.

The passage was twelve weeks of foul weather. The elephant began to be suspected of being the cause of this, and the sailors often looked askant at her, and said we should never see port till she walked the plank into the Atlantic. If her underwriters saved their twenty thousand pounds, it was touch and go more than once or twice. Moreover, she ate so little all the voyage that it was a wonder to Elliot and me how she came not to die of sickness and hunger. I suppose she survived it all because she had more mischief to do.

As the pretty little witches sing in Mr. Locke's opera of "Macbeth"—"She must, she must, she must, she must, she must shed—much—more—blood."

CHAPTER VII

OUR preposterous long voyage deranged all the calculations that had been made for us in England, and we reached New York just at the wrong time. We found Master Burke playing at the Park Theatre, and we were forced to treat with an inferior house, the Bowery Theatre. We played there with but small success compared with what we had been used to

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in Europe. Master Burke filled the house—we did not fill ours; so that at last she was actually eclipsed by a human actor. To be sure it was a boy, not a man, and child's-play is sometimes preferred by the theatre-going world even to horse-play.

The statesmen were cold to us; they had not at this time learned to form an opinion of their own at sight on such matters, and we did not bring them an overpowering European verdict to which they had nothing to do but sign their names. There was no groove cut for the mind to run in, and while they hesitated the speculation halted. I think she would succeed there now; but at this time they were not ripe for an elephant.

We left New York and away to Philadelphia on foot and steamboat.

There is a place on the Delaware where the boat draws up to a small pier. Down this we marched, and about ten yards from the end the floor gave way under her weight, and Djek and her train fell into the sea. I was awoke from a reverie, and found myself sitting right at top of her, with my knees in Chesapeake Bay. Elliot had a rough Benjamin on, and as he was coming thundering down with the rest of the rubbish alive and dead, it caught in a nail, and he hung over the bay by the shoulder like an Indian fakeer, cursing and swearing for all the world like a dog barking. I never saw such a posture; and oh! the language!

I swam out, but Djek was caught in a trap between the two sets of piles. The water was about two feet over her head, so that every now and then she disappeared, and then striking the bottom, she came up again, plunging and rolling, and making waves like a steamboat. Her trunk she kept vertical like the hose of a diving-bell, and oh! the noises that came up from the bottom of the sea through that flesh-pipe! For about four hours she went up and down the gamut of "O Lord, what shall I do?" more than a thousand times, I think. We brought ropes to her aid and boats and men, and tried all we knew to move her, but in vain; and when we had exhausted our sagacity she drew upon a better bank—her own. Talk of brutes not being able to reason—gammon! Djek could reason like Solomon; for each fresh difficulty she found a fresh resource. On this occasion she did what I never saw her do before or since: she took her enormous skull and used it as a battering-ram against the piles. Two of them resisted. No wonder; they were about eight inches in diameter. The third

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snapped like glass, and she plunged through and waddled on shore. I met her with a bucket of brandy and hot water—stiff.

Ladies, who are said to sip this compound in your boudoirs while your husbands are smoking at the clubs—but I don't believe it of you—learn how this lady disposed of her wooden tumblerful. She thrust her proboscis into it. Whis—s—s—p! now it is all in her trunk. Whis—s—s—sh! now it is all in her abdomen; one breath drawn and exhaled sent it from the bucket home. This done, her eye twinkled and she trumpeted to the tune of "All is well that ends well."

I should weary the reader were I to relate at length all the small incidents that befell us in the United States.

The general result was failure, loss of money, our salaries not paid up, and fearful embarrassments staring us in the face. We scraped through without pawning the elephant, but we were often on the verge of it. All this did not choke my ambition. Warned by the past, I never ventured near her (unless Elliot was there) for twelve months after our landing; but I was always watching Elliot and her to find the secret of his influence.

A fearful annoyance to the leaders of the speculation was the drunkenness of Old Tom and George Hinde; these two encouraged one another and defied us, and of course they were our masters, because no one but Elliot could move the elephant from place to place or work her on the stage.

One night Elliot was so drunk that he fell down senseless at the door of her shed on his way to repose. I was not near, but Mr. Gallott, it seems, was, and he told us she put out her proboscis, drew him tenderly in, laid him on the straw, and flung some straw over him, or partly over him. Mr. Gallott is alive and a public character; you can ask him whether this is true. I tell this one thing on hearsay.

Not long after this, in one of the American towns—I forget which—passing by Djek's shed, I heard a tremendous row. I was about to call Elliot, thinking it was the old story, somebody getting butchered; but, I don't know how it was, something stopped me, and I looked cautiously in instead, and I saw Tom Elliot walking into her with a pitchfork, she trembling like a schoolboy with her head in a corner and the blood streaming from her sides. As soon as he caught sight of me he left off and muttered unintelligibly. I said nothing. I thought the more.

CHAPTER VIII

WE had to go by water to a place called City Point, and thence to Pittsville. I made a mistake as to the hour the boat started, and Djek and Co. went on board without me.

Well, you will say I could follow by the next boat. But how about the tin to pay the passage? My pocket was dry and the treasurer gone on. But I had a good set of blacking-brushes, so sold them, and followed on with the proceeds. Got to City Point. Elephant gone on to Pittsville; that I expected. Twenty miles or so I had to tramp on an empty stomach. And now doesn't the devil send me a fellow who shows me a short cut through a wood to Pittsville: into the wood I go. I thought it was to be like an English wood: out of the sun into a pleasant shade, and, by then you are cool, into the world again. Instead of that, "the deeper, the deeper you are in it," as the song of the bottle says, the farther you were from getting out of it. Presently two roads instead of one, and then I knew I was done. I took one road; it twisted like a serpent. I had not been half-an-hour on it before I lost all the points of the compass. Says I, "I don't know whether I ever shall see daylight again; but if I do, City Point will be the first thing I shall see. You mark my words," said I.

So here was I lost in what they call a wood out there, but we should call a forest at home. And now, being in the heart of it, I got among the devilishest noises, and nothing to be seen to account for them: little feet suddenly pattering and scurrying along the ground, wings flapping out of trees; but what struck most awe into a chap from the Seven Dials was the rattle—the everlasting rattle, and nothing to show. Often I have puzzled myself what this rattle could be. It was like a thousand rattlesnakes, and didn't I wish I was in the Seven Dials, though some get lost in them for that matter. After all, I think it was only insects; but insects by billions—you never heard anything like it in an English wood.

Just as I was losing heart in this enchanted wood I heard an earthy sound, the tramp of a horse's foot. It was music.

But the leaves were so thick I could not see where the horse was; he seemed to get farther off, and then nearer. At last the sound came so close I made a run, burst through a lot of green leaves, and came out plump on a man riding a grey cob. He up with the butt-end of his whip to fell me,

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but seeing I was respectable, "Hallo! stranger," says he; "guess you sort o' startled me." "Beg pardon, sir," says I, "but I have lost my way." "I see you are a stranger," said he.

So then he asked me where I was bound for, and I told him—Pittsville.

I won't insult the reader by telling him what he said about the course I had been taking through the wood. I might as well tell him his A B C, or which side his bread and butter falls in the dust on. Then he asked me who I was, so I told him I was one of the elephant's domestics; leastways I did not word it so candid—"I was in charge of the elephant, and had taken a short cut."

Now he had heard of Djek and seen her bills up, so he knew it was all right. "How am I to find my way out, sir?" said I. "Find your way out?" said he. "You will never find your way out." "Good news, that."

He thought a bit; then he said, "The best thing you can do is to come home with me, and to-morrow, I will send you on."

I could have hugged him.

"You had better walk behind me," says he; "my pony bites." So I tramped astern; and on we went patter, patter, patter through the wood. At first I felt as jolly as a sand-boy marching behind the pony; but when we had pattered best part of an hour I began to have my misgivings. In all the enchanted woods ever I had read of there was a small trifle of a wizard or ogre that took you home and settled your hash—"Fee-faw-fum, I smell the blood of an English-mun," &c.

And still on we pattered, and the sun began to decline and the wood to darken, and still we pattered on. I was just thinking of turning tail and slipping back among the panthers and mosquitoes and rattlesnakes, when, oh, be joyful! we burst on a clearing, and there was a nice house in the middle of it, and out came the dogs jumping to welcome us, and niggers no end, with white eyeballs and grinders like snow.

They pulled him off his horse, and in we went. There was his good lady, and his daughter, a beautiful girl, and such a dinner. We sat down, and I maintained a modest taciturnity for some minutes. "The silent hog eats the most acorns." After dinner he shows me all manner of ways of mixing the grog, and I show him one way of drinking it—when you can get it. Then he must hear about the elephant; so I tell him the jade's history, but bind him to secrecy.

Then the young lady puts in—"So you are really an

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Englishman?" and she looks me all over. "That you may take your oath of, miss," says I.

"Oh!" says she, and smiles. I did not take it up at first, but I see what it was now. Me standing five feet four, I did not come up to her notion of the Father of all Americans. "Does this great people spring from such a little stock as we have here?" thinks my young lady. I should have up and told her the pluck makes the man, and not the inches; but I lost that chance. Then, being pressed with questions, I told them all my adventures, and they hung on my words. It was a new leaf to them, I could see that.

The young lady her eyes glittered like two purple stars at a stranger with the gift of the gab, that had seen so much life as I had, and midnight came in no time. Then I was ushered to bed. Now up to that time I had always gone to roost without pomp or ceremony, sometimes with a mole candle, but oftener a farthing dip, which I *have* seen it dart its beams out of a bottle instead of a flat candlestick.

This time a whole cavalcade of us went up the stairs; one blackie marched in my van with two lights; two blackies brought up my rear. They showed me into a beautiful room, and stood in the half-light with eyes and teeth like red-hot silver, glittering and diabolical. I thought of course they would go away now. Not they. Presently one imp of darkness brings me a chair.

I sit down and wonder. Other two lay hold of my boots and whip them off. This done, they buzz about me like black and white fiends, fidgeting, till I longed to punch their heads. They pull my coat off and my trousers; then they hoist me into bed. This done, first one makes a run and tucks me in and grins over me diabolical; then another comes like a battering-ram and tucks me in tighter. Fiend three looks at the work and puts the artful touches at the corners, and behold me wedged, and then the beneficent fiends mizzled with a hearty grin that seemed to turn them all ivory. I could not believe my senses; I had never been tucked in since my mother's time.

In the morning struggled out and came down to breakfast. Took leave of the good Samaritan, who appointed two of my niggers to see me out of the wood; made my bow to the ladies, and away with a grateful heart. The niggers conducted me clear of the wood and set me on the broad road. Then came one of the pills a poor fellow has to stomach. I had made friends with the poor darkies, and now I had not

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even a few pence to give them, and such a little would have gone so far with them. I have often felt the bitterness of poverty, but never, I do think, as when I parted with my poor niggers at the edge of the wood, and was forced to see them go slowly home without a farthing.

I wish these few words could travel across the water, and my good host might read them, and see I have not forgotten him all these years. But, dear heart, you may be sure he is not upon the earth now. It is years ago, and a man that had the heart to harbour a stranger and a wanderer, why, he would be one of the first to go.

We steamed and tramped up and down the United States of America. On our return to Norfolk she broke loose at midnight, slipped into the town, took up the trees on the Boulevard and strewed them flat ; went into the market, broke into a vegetable shop, munched the entire stock ; next to a coachmaker's, took off a carriage-wheel, opened the door, stripped the cushions, and we found her eating the stuffing.

One day, at noon, we found ourselves fourteen miles from the town—I forget its name—we had to play in that very night. Mr. Gallott had gone on to rehearse, &c., and it behoved us to be marching after him. At this juncture old Tom, being rather drunk, feels a strong desire to be quite drunk, and refuses to stir from his brandy-and-water. Our exchequer was in no condition to be trifled with thus ; if Elliot & Co. became helpless for an hour or two we should arrive too late for the night's performance, and Djek eating her head off all the while. I coaxed and threatened our two brandy sponges, but in vain ; they stuck and sucked. I was in despair, and, being in despair, came to a desperate resolution ; I determined to try and master her myself then and there, and to defy these drunkards.

I told Pippin my project. He started back aghast ; he viewed me in the light of a madman. "Are you tired of your life?" said he. But I was inflexible. Seven Dials' pluck was up. I was enraged with my drunkards, and I was tired of waiting so many years the slave of a quadruped, whose master was a brute.

Elephants are driven with a rod of steel sharpened at the end. About a foot from the end of this weapon is a large hook ; by sticking this hook into an elephant's ear and pulling it you make her sensible which way you want her to go, and persuade her to comply.

Armed with this tool, I walked up to Djek's shed, and in

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the most harsh and brutal voice I could command bade her come out. She moved in the shed, but hesitated. I repeated the command still more repulsively, and out she came towards me very slowly.

With beasts such as lions, tigers, and elephants, great promptitude is the thing. Think for them. Don't give *them* time to think, or their thoughts may be evil; I had learned this much, so I introduced myself by driving the steel into Djek's ribs, and then hooking her ear, while Pippin looked down from a first-story window. If Djek had known how my heart was beating, she would have killed me then and there; but observing no hesitation on my part, she took it all as a matter of course, and walked with me like a lamb. I found myself alone with her on the road, and fourteen miles of it before us. It was a serious situation, but I was ripe for it now. All the old women's stories and traditions about an elephant's character had been driven out of me by experience and washed out with blood. I had fathomed Elliot's art. I had got what the French call the riddle-key of Mademoiselle Djek, and that key was "steel!"

On we marched the best of friends. There were a number of little hills on the road, and as we mounted one a figure used to appear behind us on the crest of the last between us and the sky; this was the gallant Pippin, solicitous for his friend's fate, but desirous of not partaking it if adverse. And still the worthy Djek and I marched on the best of friends. About a mile out of the town she put out her trunk and tried to curl it round me in a caressing way. I met this overture by driving the steel into her till the blood squirted out of her. If I had not, the syren would have killed me in the course of the next five minutes. Whenever she relaxed her speed I drove the steel into her. When the afternoon sun smiled gloriously on us and the poor thing felt nature stir in her heart, and began to frisk in her awful clumsy way, pounding the great globe, I drove the steel into her; if I had not, I should not be here to relate this sprightly narrative.

Meantime at —— her stage-manager and financier were in great distress and anxiety—four o'clock and no elephant. At last they got so frightened they came out to meet us, and presently, to their amazement and delight, Djek strode up with her new general. Their ecstasy was great to think the whole business was no longer at a drunkard's mercy. "But how did you manage? How ever did ye win her heart?" "With this," said I, and showed them the bloody steel.

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We had not been in the town half-an-hour before Tom and George came in. They were not so drunk but what they trembled for their situations after my exploit, and rolled and zig-zagged after us as fast as they could.

By these means I rose from mademoiselle's slave to be her friend and companion.

CHAPTER IX

THIS feat kept my two drunkards in better order and revived my own dormant ambition. I used now to visit her by myself, steel in hand, to feed her, &c., and scrape acquaintance with her by every means—steel in hand. One day I was feeding her, when suddenly I thought a house had fallen on me. I felt myself crashing against the door, and there I was lying upon it in the passage with all the breath driven clean out of my body. Pippin came and lifted me up and carried me into the air. I thought I should have died before breath could get into my lungs again. She had done this with a push from the thick end of her proboscis. After a while I came to. I had no sooner recovered my breath than I ran into the stable, and came back with a pitchfork. Pippin saw my intention, and implored me for Heaven's sake not to. I would not listen to him; he flung his arms round me. I threatened to turn the fork on him if he did not let me go.

"Hark!" said he, and sure enough there she was snorting and getting up her rage. "I know all about that," said I; "my death-warrant is drawn up, and if I don't strike it will be signed. This is how she has felt her way with all of them before she has killed them. I have but one chance of life," said I, "and I won't throw it away without a struggle." I opened the door, and with a mind full of misgivings I walked quickly up to her. I did not hesitate or raise the question which of us two was to suffer; I knew that would not do. I sprang upon her like a tiger and drove the pitchfork into her trunk. She gave a yell of dismay and turned a little from me; I drove the fork into her ear.

Then came out her real character.

She wheeled round, ran her head into a corner, stuck out her great buttocks, and trembled all over like a leaf. I stabbed her with all my force for half-an-hour till the blood poured out of every square foot of her huge body, and during

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the operation she would have crept into a nut-shell if she could. I filled her as full of holes as a cloved orange.

The blood that trickled out of her saved mine, and for the first time I walked out of her shambles her master.

One year and six months after we had landed at New York to conquer another hemisphere, we turned tail and sailed for England again. We had a prosperous voyage with the exception of one accident. George Hinde, from incessant brandy, had *delirium tremens*, and one night, in a fit of it, he had just sense enough to see that he was hardly to be trusted with the care of himself. "John," said he to me, "tie me to this mast hand and foot." I demurred; but he begged me for Heaven's sake; so I bound him hand and foot as per order. This done, some one called me down below, and whilst I was there it seems George got very uncomfortable and began to hallo and complain. Up comes the captain; sees a man lashed to the mast. "What game is this?" says he. "It is that little blackguard John," says Hinde; "he caught me sleeping against the mast and took a mean advantage. Do loose me, captain!" The captain made sure it was a sea-jest, and loosed him with his own hands. "Thank you, captain," says George; "you are a good fellow. God bless you all!" and with these words he ran aft and jumped into the sea. A Yankee sailor made a grab at him and just touched his coat, but it was too late to save him, and we were going before the wind ten knots an hour. Thus George Hinde fell by brandy. His kindred spirit, old Tom, seemed ready to follow without the help of water, salt or fresh. This man's face was now an uniform colour, white, with a scarce perceptible bluish-yellowish tinge. He was a moving corpse.

Drink for ever! It makes men thieves, murderers, asses, and paupers; but what about that, so long as it sends them to an early grave with "Beast" for their friends to write over their tombstones, unless they have a mind to tell lies in a churchyard, and that is a common trick?

We arrived at the mouth of the Thames.

Some boats boarded us with fresh provisions and delicacies, among the rest one I had not tasted for many a day; it is called soft-tommy at sea, and on land bread. The merchant stood on tiptoe and handed a loaf towards me, and I leaned over the bulwarks and stretched down to him with a shilling in my hand. But, as ill-luck would have it, the shilling slipped from my fingers and fell. If it had been some men's it would have fallen into the boat; others' into the sea, slap; but it was

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mine, and so it fell on the boat's very rim, and then danced to its own music into the water. I looked after it in silence. A young lady with whom I had made some little acquaintance during the voyage happened to be at my elbow, and she laughed most merrily as the shilling went down. I remember being astonished that she laughed. The man still held out the bread, but I shook my head. "I must go without now," said I. The young lady was quite surprised. "Why, it is worth a guinea," cried she. "Yes, miss," said I sheepishly, "but we can't always have what we like, you see; I ought to have held my shilling tighter."

"Your shilling!" cries she. "Oh!" and she dashed her hand into her pocket and took out her purse, and I could see her beautiful white fingers tremble with eagerness as they dived among the coin. She soon bought the loaf, and as she handed it to me I happened to look in her face, and her cheek was red and her eyes quite brimming. Her quick woman's heart had told her the truth, that it was a well-dressed and tolerably well-behaved man's last shilling, and he returning after years of travel to his native land.

I am sure, until the young lady felt for me, I thought nothing of it; I had been at my last shilling more than once. But when I saw she thought it hard I began to think it was hard, and I remember the water came into my own eyes. Heaven bless her, and may she never want a shilling in her pocket, nor a kind heart near her to show her the world is not all made of stone.

We had no money to pay our passage, and we found Mr. Yates somewhat embarrassed; we had cost him a thousand or two and no return. So, whilst he wrote to Mons. Huguet, that came to pass in England which we had always just contrived to stave off abroad.

The elephant was pawned.

And now I became of use to the proprietors. I arranged with the mortgagees, and they made the spout a show-place. I used to exhibit her and her tricks, and with the proceeds I fed her, and Elliot and myself.

We had been three weeks in pledge, when, one fine morning, as I was showing off seated on the elephant's back, I heard a French exclamation of surprise and joy; I looked down, and there was M. Huguet. I came down to him, and he, whose quick eye saw a way through me out of drunken Elliot, gave a loose to his feelings and embraced me *à la Française*, "which made the common people very much to

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admire," as the song has it ; also a polite howl of derision greeted our Continental affection. M. Huguet put his hand into his pocket, and we got out of limbo, and were let loose upon suffering humanity once more.

They talk as if English gold did everything ; but it was French gold bought us off, I know that ; for I saw it come out of his pocket.

As soon as we were redeemed we took an engagement at Astley's, and during this engagement cadaverous Tom, finding we could master her, used to attend less and less to her, and more and more to brandy.

A certain baker who brought her loaves every morning for breakfast used to ask me to let him feed her himself. He admired her, and took this way of making her fond of him. One day I had left these two friends and their loaves together for a minute, when I heard a fearful cry. I knew the sound too well by this time, and as I ran back I had the sense to hallo at her. This saved the man's life ; at the sound of my voice she dropped him from a height of about twelve feet, and he rolled away like a ball of worsted. I dashed in, up with the pitchfork and into her like lightning, and while the blood was squirting out of her from a hundred little prong-holes the poor baker limped away.

Any gentleman or lady who wishes to know how a man feels when seized by an elephant preparatory to being squelched can consult this person ; he is a respectable tradesman ; his name is Johns ; he lives near Astley's Theatre, or used to, and for obvious reasons can tell you this one anecdote out of many such better than I can ; that is, if he has not forgotten it, and *I dare say he hasn't*—ask him !

After Astley's, Drury Lane engaged us to play second to the Lions of Mysore—rather a down-come ; but we went. In this theatre we behaved wonderfully. Notwithstanding the number of people continually buzzing about us, we kept our temper and did not smash a single one of these human gnats so trying to our little female irritability and feeble nerves. The only thing we did wrong was, we broke through a granite mountain and fell down on to the plains, and hurt our knee, and broke one super—only one.

The Lions of Mysore went a-starring to Liverpool, and we accompanied them. Whilst we were there the cholera broke out in England, and M. Huguet summoned us hastily to France. We brushed our hats, put on our gloves, and walked at one stretch from Liverpool to Dover. There we embarked

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for Boulogne ; Djek, cadaverous Tom, wolf-skin-lamb Pippin, and myself. I was now in Huguet's service at fifty francs a week, as coadjutor and successor of cadaverous Tom, whose demise was hourly expected even by us who were hardened by use to his appearance, which was that of the ghost of *delirium tremens*. We arrived off Boulogne Pier ; but there we were boarded by men in uniforms and moustaches, and questions put about the cholera, which disease the civic authorities of Boulogne were determined to keep on the other side of the Channel. The captain's answer proving satisfactory, we were allowed to run into the port.

In landing anywhere Djek and her attendants had always to wait till the other passengers had got clear, and we did so on this occasion. At length our turn came ; but we had no sooner crossed the gangway and touched French ground than a movement took place on the quay, and a lot of bayonets bristled in our faces, and "*Halte là*" was the word. We begged an explanation ; in answer an officer glared with eyes like saucers and pointed with his finger at Elliot. The truth flashed on us. The Frenchmen were afraid of cholera coming over from England, and here was a man who looked plague, cholera, or death himself in person. We remonstrated through an interpreter, but Tom's face was not to be refuted by words. Some were for sending us back home to so diseased a country as this article must have come out of, but milder measures prevailed. They set apart for our use a little corner of the quay, and there they roped us in and sentinelled us ; and so for four days, in the polished kingdom of France, we dwelt in a hut ruder far than any on the banks of the Ohio. Drink for ever ! At last, as Tom Coffin got neither a worse nor a better colour, they listened to reason and let us loose upon the nation at large, and away we tramped for Paris.

Times were changed with us in one respect ; we no longer marched to certain victory ; our long ill-success in America had lessened our arrogance, and we crept along towards Paris. But, luckily for us, we had now a presiding head, and a good one. The soul of business is puffing, and no man puffed better than our chief, M. Huguet. Half-way between Boulogne and Paris we were met by a cavalier carrying our instructions how we were to enter Paris ; and, arrived at St. Denis, instead of going straight on, we skirted the town, and made our formal entry by the Bois de Boulogne and the Arch of Triumph. Huguet had come to terms with Franconi, and, to give Djek's engagement more public importance, Franconi's whole troop

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were ordered out to meet us and escort us in. They paraded up and down the Champs Elysées first, to excite attention and inquiry, and when the public were fairly agog, our cavalcade formed outside the barrier and came glittering and prancing through the arch. An elephant has her ups and her downs like the rest. Djek, the despised of Kentucky and Virginia, burst on Paris, the centre of a shining throng. Franconi's bright amazons and exquisite cavaliers rode to and fro our line carrying sham messages with earnest faces; Djek was bedecked with ribbons and seemed to tread more majestically; and our own hearts beat higher, as, amidst grace and beauty and pomp, sun shining, hats waving, feathers bending, mob cheering, trumpets crowing, and flints striking fire, we strode proudly into the great city, the capital of pleasure.

CHAPTER X

THESE were bright days to me. I was set over old Tom—fancy that—and my salary doubled his. I had fifty francs a week, and cleared as much more by showing her privately in her stable.

Money melts in London; it evaporates in Paris. Pippin was a great favourite both with men and women behind the scenes at Franconi's; he introduced me to charming companions of both sexes; gaiety reigned, and tin and morals "made themselves air, into which they vanished" (Shakespeare).

Towards the close of her engagement Djek made one of her mistakes; she up with her rightful heir and broke his ribs against the side-scenes.

We nearly had to stop her performances. We could not mend our rightful heir by next night, and substitutes did not pour in. "I won't go on with her," "I won't play with her," was a cry that even the humblest and neediest began to raise. I am happy to say that she was not under my superintendence when this rightful heir came to grief.

And now the cholera came to Paris, and theatricals of all sorts declined, for there was a real tragedy playing in every street. The deaths were very numerous and awfully sudden; people were struck down in the streets as if by lightning; gloom and terror hung over all.

When this terrible disease is better known it will be found

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to be of the nature of strong poison, and its cure, if any, will be strychnine, belladonna, or likelier still, some quick and deadly mineral poison that kills the healthy with cramps and discoloration.

In its rapid form cholera is not to be told from quick poison, and hence sprang up among the lower orders in Paris a notion that wholesale poisoning was on foot.

Pippin and I were standing at the door of a wine-shop waiting for our change; his wild appearance attracted first one and then another; little knots of people collected and eyed us; then they began to talk and murmur and cast suspicious glances. "Come away," said Pippin rather hastily. We walked off; they walked after us, increasing like a snowball, and they murmured louder and louder. I asked Pippin what the fools were gabbling about; he told me they suspected us of being the poisoners. At this I turned round, and being five feet four, and English, was for punching some of their heads; but the athletic, pacific Italian would not hear of it, much less co-operate; and now they surrounded us just at the corner of one of the bridges, lashing themselves into a fury, and looking first at us, and then at the river below. Pippin was as white as death, and I thought it was all up myself, when by good luck a troop of mounted gendarmes issued from the palace. Pippin hailed them; they came up, and after hearing both sides, took us under their protection, and off we marched between two files of cavalry, followed by the curses of a superficial populace. Extremes don't do. Pippin was the colour of ink, Elliot of paper; both their mugs fell under suspicion and nearly brought us to grief.

Franconi closed, and Djek, Huguet, and Co. started on a provincial tour.

They associated themselves on this occasion with Michelet, who had some small wild animals, such as lions, tigers, and leopards.

Our first move was to Versailles. Here we built a show-place and exhibited Djek, not as an actress, but as a private elephant, in which capacity she did the usual elephant business, besides a trick or two that most of them have not brains enough for; whereof anon.

Michelet was the predecessor of Van Amburgh and Carter, and did everything they do a dozen years before they were ever heard of; used to go into the lions' den, pull them about, and put his head down their throats and their paws round his neck, &c., &c.

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I observed this man, and learned something from him. Besides that general quickness and decision which is necessary with wild animals, I noticed that he was always on the look-out for mischief, and always punished it before it came. Another point: he always attacked the offending part, and so met the evil in front; for instance, if one of his darlings curled a lip and showed a tooth, he hit him over the mouth that moment and nowhere else; if one elongated a claw, he hit him over the foot like lightning. He read the whole crew as I had learned to read Djek, and conquered their malice by means of that marvellous cowardice which they all show if they can see no sign of it in you.

There are no two ways with wild beasts. If there is a single white spot in your heart, leave them; for your life will be in danger every moment. If you can despise them and keep the rod always in sight, they are your humble servants; nobody more so.

Our exhibition, successful at first, began to flag; so then the fertile brain of M. Huguet had to work. He proposed to his partner to stand a tiger and he would stand a bull, and "we will have a joint-stock fight like the king of Oude." Michelet had his misgivings, but Huguet overruled him. That ingenious gentleman then printed bills advertising for a certain day a fight between a real Bengal tiger and a ferocious bull that had just gored a man to death. This done, he sent me round the villages to find and hire a bull. "Mind you get a mild one, or I shall have to pay for a hole in the tiger's leather." I found one which the owner consented to risk for so much money down, and the damage he should sustain from tiger to be valued independently by two farmers after the battle.

The morning of the fight Pippin and I went for our bull, and took him out of the yard towards Versailles; but when we had gone about two hundred yards he became uneasy, looked round, sniffed about, and finally turned round, spite of all our efforts, and paced home again. We remonstrated with the proprietor. "Oh," said he, "I forgot; he won't start without the wench." So the wench in question was sent for (his companion upon amatory excursions); she went with us and launched us towards Versailles. This done, she returned home, and we marched on; but before we had gone a furlong Taurus showed symptoms of uneasiness; these increased, and at last he turned round and walked tranquilly home. We hung upon him, thrashed him, and bullied him all to no purpose. His countenance was placid but his soul resolved, and he

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walked home slowly but inevitably ; so then there was nothing for it but to let him have the wench all the way to the tiger ; and she would not go to Versailles till she had put on some new finery—short waist, coal-scuttle bonnet, &c. More time lost with that, and when we did arrive in the arena the spectators were tired of waiting. The bull stood in the middle confused and stupid. The tiger was in his cage in a corner ; we gave him time to observe his prey, and then we opened the door of his cage.

A shiver ran through the audience ; they were all seated in boxes looking down on the area.

A moment more and the furious animal would spring upon his victim, and his fangs and claws sink deep into its neck, &c., &c. ; *vide* book of travels.

One moment succeeded to another and nothing occurred. The ferocious animal lay quiet in his cage, and showed no sign ; so then we poked the ferocious animal. He snarled, but would not venture out. When this had lasted a long time the spectators began to doubt his ferocity and to goose the ferocious animal ; so I got a red-hot iron and nagged him behind. He gave a yell of dismay and went into the arena like a shot. He took no notice of the bull ; all he thought of was escape from the horrors that surrounded him. Winged by terror, he gave a tremendous spring and landed his fore-paws on the boxes, stuck fast, and glared in at the spectators. They rushed out yelling. He dug his hind-claws into the wood-work, and by slow and painful degrees clambered into the boxes. When he got in the young and active were gone home, and he ran down the stairs among the old people that could not get clear so quick as the rest. He was so frightened at the people that he skulked and hid himself in a corn-field, and the people were so frightened at him that they ran home and locked their street-doors. So one coward made many.

They thought the poor wretch had *attacked* them, and the journal next day maintained this view of the transaction, and the town to this day believes it. We netted our striped coward with four shutters and kicked him into his cage.

The bull went home with "the wench," and to this day his thick skull has never comprehended what the deuce he went to Versailles for.

This was how we competed with Oriental monarchs.

We marched southward, through Orleans, Tours, &c., to Bordeaux, and were pretty well received in all these places, except at one small place whose name I forget. Here they

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hissed her out of the town at sight. It turned out she had been there before and pulverised a brushmaker, a popular man amongst them.

Soon after Bordeaux she had words with the lions; they, in their infernal conceit, thought themselves more attractive than Djek. It is *vice versá*, and by a long chalk, said Djek and Co. The parties growled a bit, then parted to meet no more in this world.

From Bordeaux we returned by another route to Paris; for we were only stalling it in the interval of our engagement as an actress with Franconi. We started one morning from — with light hearts, our faces turned towards the gay city—Elliot, Pippin, and I. Elliot and I walked by the side of the elephant, Pippin walking some forty yards in the rear. He never trusted himself nearer to her on a march.

We were plodding along in this order, when, all in a moment, without reason or warning of any sort, she spun round between us on one heel like a thing turning on a pivot, and strode back like lightning at Pippin. He screamed and ran, but before he could take a dozen steps she was upon him, and struck him down with her trunk and trampled upon him; she then wheeled round and trudged back, as if she had merely stopped to brush off a fly or pick up a stone. After the first moment of stupefaction both Elliot and I had run after her with all the speed we had; but so rapid was her movement and so instantaneous the work of death that we only met her on her return from her victim. I will not shock the reader by describing the state in which we found our poor comrade, but he was crushed to death; he never spoke, and I believe and trust he never felt anything for the few minutes that breath lingered in his body. We kneeled down and raised him and spoke to him, but he could not hear us. When Djek got her will of one of us, all our hope used to be to see the man die; and so it was with poor dear Pippin. Mangled and life impossible, we kneeled down and prayed to God for his death; and by Heaven's mercy, I think in about four minutes from the time he got his death-blow, his spirit passed away, and our well-beloved comrade and friend was nothing now but a lump of clay on our hands.

We were some miles from any town or village, and did not know what to do and how to take him to a resting-place; at last we were obliged to tie the body across the proboscis, and cover it as well as we could, and so we made his murderess carry him to the little town of La Palice; yes, La Palice.

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Here we stopped, and a sort of inquest was held, and M. Huguet attended and told the old story ; said the man had been cruel to her, and she had put up with it as long as she could. Verdict : "Served him right,"—and so we lied over our poor friend's murdered body, and buried him with many sighs in the little churchyard of La Palice, and then trudged on sad and downcast towards the gay capital.

CHAPTER XI

I THINK a lesson is to be learned from this sad story. Too much fear is not prudence. Had poor Pippin walked with Elliot and me alongside the elephant, she dared not have attacked him. But through fear he kept forty yards in the rear, and she saw a chance to get him by himself ; and, from my knowledge of her, I have little doubt she had meditated this attempt for months before she carried it out. Poor Pippin !

We arrived in Paris to play with Franconi. Now it happened to be inconvenient to Franconi to fulfil his engagement. He accordingly declined us. M. Huguet was angry ; threatened legal proceedings. Franconi answered, "Where is Pippin ?" Huguet shut up. Then Franconi followed suit ; if hard pressed, he threatened to declare in open court that it was out of humanity alone he declined to fulfil his engagement. This stopped M. Huguet's mouth altogether. He took a place on the Boulevard, and we showed her and her tricks at three prices, and did a rattling business. Before we had been a fortnight in Paris old Tom Elliot died at the Hospital Dubois, and I became her vizier at a salary of one hundred francs per week.

Having now the sole responsibility, I watched her as you would a powder-magazine lighted by gas. I let nobody but M. Huguet go near her in my absence. This gentleman continued to keep her sweet on him with lumps of sugar, and to act as her showman when she exhibited publicly.

One day we had a message from the Tuileries, and we got the place extra clean ; and the king's children paid her a visit—a lot of little chaps. I did not know their names, but I suppose it was Prince Joinville, Aumale, and cetera. All I know is, that while these little Louis Philippes were coaxing

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her, and feeding her, and cutting about her, and sliding down her, and I was a telling them she was a duck, the perspiration was running down my back one moment and cold shivers the next, and I thanked Heaven devoutly when the young gents went back to their papa and mamma and no bones broken. The young gentlemen reported her affability and my lies to the king, and he engaged her to perform gratis in the Champs Elysées during the three days' *fête*. Fifteen hundred francs for this.

But Huguet was penny wise and pound foolish to agree; for it took her gloss off. Showed her gratis to half the city.

Among Djek's visitors came one day a pretty young lady, a nursery-governess to some nobleman's children, whose name I forget, but he was English. The children were highly amused with Djek, and quite loth to go. The young lady, who had a smattering of English, as I had of French, put several questions to me. I answered them more polite than usual on account of her being pretty, and I used a privilege I had and gave her an order for free admission some other day. She came, with only one child, which luckily was one of those deeply meditative ones that occur but rarely, and only bring out a word every half-hour; so mademoiselle and I had a chat, which I found so agreeable that I rather neglected the general public for her. I made it my business to learn where she aired the children, and one vacant morning, dressed in the top of the fashion, I stood before her in the garden of the Tuileries; she gave a half-start and a blush, and seemed very much struck with astonishment at this rencontre. She was a little less astonished next week when the same thing happened, but still she thought these coincidences remarkable, and said so. In short, I paid my addresses to Mademoiselle —. She was a charming brunette from Geneva, greatly my superior in education and station. I was perfectly conscious of this, and instantly made this calculation: "All the better for me if I can win her." But the reader knows my character by this time, and must have observed how large a portion of it effrontery forms. I wrote to her every day, sometimes in the French language—no, not in the French language; in French words. She sometimes answered in English words; she was very pretty and very interesting, and I fancied her. When a man is in love he can hardly see difficulties; I pressed her to marry me, and I believed she would consent. When I came to this point the young lady's gaiety declined, and when I was painting her

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pictures of our conjugal happiness she used to sigh instead of brightening at the picture ; at last I pressed her so hard that she consented to write to Geneva and ask her parents' consent to our union. When the letter went I was in towering spirits. I was now in the zenith of my prosperity ; the risks I had run with Djek were rewarded by a heavy salary and the post of honour near her, and now that I was a little weary of roaming the world alone with an elephant, fate had thrown in my way a charming companion who would cheer the weary road.

Dreams.

The old people at Geneva saw my position with another eye. "He is a servant liable to lose his place at any moment by any one of a hundred accidents, and his profession is a discreditable one. Why, he is a showman."

They told her all this in language so plain that she would never show me the letter. I was for defying their advice and authority, but she would not hear of it. I was forced to temporise. "In a month's time," said I to myself, "her scruples will melt away." But in less than a fortnight the order came for us to march into Flanders. I communicated this cruel order to my sweetheart ; she turned pale and made no secret of her attachment to me, and of the pain she felt at parting. Every evening before we left Paris I saw her, and implored her to trust herself to me and leave Paris as my wife. She used to smile at my pictures of wedded happiness, and cry the next minute because she dared not give herself and me that happiness ; but with all this she was firm, and would not fly in her parents' face.

At last came a sad and bitter hour. Hat in hand, as the saying is, I made a last desperate endeavour to persuade her to be mine, and not to let this parting take place at all. She was much agitated, but firm ; and the more I said the firmer she became. So at last I grew frantic and reproached her. I called her a cold-hearted coquette, and we parted in anger and despair.

Away into the wide world again, not, as I used to start on these pilgrimages, with a stout heart and iron nerves, but cold and weary and worn out before the journey had begun. As we left Paris behind us I had but one feeling, that the best of life was at an end for me. My limbs took me along like machinery, but my heart was a lump of ice inside me, and I would have thanked any man for knocking me on the head and ending the monotonous farce of my existence. Ay,

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gentlefolks, even a poor mechanic can feel like this when the desire of his heart is baulked for ever.

Trudge! trudge! trudge! for ever and ever.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! for ever and ever.

A man gets faint and weary of it at last, and there comes a time when he pines for a hearth-stone, and a voice he can believe, a part at least of what it says, and a Sunday of some sort now and then; and my time was come to long for these things, and for a pretty and honest face about me to stand for the one bit of peace and the one bit of truth in my vagabond-charlatan life.

I lost my appetite and sleep, and was very nearly losing heart altogether. My clothes hung about me like bags, I got so thin. It was my infernal occupation that cured me after all. Djek gave me no time even for despair. The moment I became her sole guardian I had sworn on my knees she should never kill another man; judge whether I had to look sharp after her to keep the biped from perjury and the quadruped from murder. I slept with her—rose early—fed her—walked twenty miles with her, or exhibited her all day, sometimes did both, and at night rolled into the straw beside her too deadly tired to feel all my unhappiness; and so, after a while, time and toil blunted my sense of disappointment, and I trudged and tramped and praised Djek's moral qualities in the old routine. Only now and then, when I saw the country lads in France or Belgium going to church dressed in their best with their sweethearts, and I in prison in the stable with my four-legged hussey waiting perhaps till dark to steal out and march to some fresh town, I used to feel as heavy as lead and as bitter as wormwood, and wish we were all dead together by way of a change.

A man needs a stout heart to go through the world at all, but most of all he needs it for a roving life; don't you believe any other, no matter who tells you.

With this brief notice of my feelings I pass over two months' travel. All through I spare the reader much, though I dare say he doesn't see it.

Sir, the very names of the places I have visited would fill an old-fashioned map of Europe.

Talk of Ulysses and his travels; he never saw the tenth part of what I have gone through.

I have walked with Djek farther than round the world during the eleven years I trudged beside her; it is only 24,000 miles round the world.

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After a year's pilgrimage we found ourselves at Doncheray, near Sedan.

Here we had an incident. Mons. Huguet was showing her to the public with the air of a prince, and in his *maréchal* of France costume, glittering with his theatrical cross of the Legion of Honour. He was not particular what he put on so that it shone and looked well. He sent me for something connected with the performance—a pistol, I think. I had hardly ten steps to go, but during the time I was out of her sight I heard a man cry out and the elephant snort. I ran back, halloing as I came. As I ran in I found the elephant feeling for something in the straw with her foot, and the people rushing out of the doors in dismay; the moment she saw me she affected innocence, but trembled from head to foot. I drew out from the straw a thing you would have taken for a scarecrow or a bundle of rags. It was my master, M. Huguet, his glossy hat battered, his glossy coat stained and torn, and his arm broken in two places; a moment more and her foot would have been on him and his soul crushed out of his body.

The people were surprised when they saw the furious snorting monster creep into a corner to escape a little fellow five feet four, who got to the old weapon, pitchfork, and drove it into every part of her but her head. She hid that in the corner the moment she saw blood in my eye.

We got poor M. Huguet to bed, and a doctor from the hospital to him, and a sorrowful time he had of it; and so, after standing good for twelve years, lump-sugar fell to the ground. Pitchfork held good.

At night more than a hundred people came to see whether I was really so hardy as to sleep with this ferocious animal. To show them my sense of her, I lay down between her legs. On this she lifted her fore-feet singly and with the utmost care and delicacy drew them back over my body.

As soon as M. Huguet's arm was set and doing well he followed us (we had got into France by this time), and came in along with the public to admire us, and, to learn how the elephant stood affected towards him now, he cried out in his most ingratiating way, in sugared tones, "Djek, my boy, Djek." At this sound Djek raised a roar of the most infernal rage, and Huguet, who knew her real character well enough, though he pretended not to, comprehended that her heart was now set upon his extinction, *malgré* twelve years of lump-sugar.

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He sent for me, and with many expressions of friendship offered me the invaluable animal for thirty thousand francs. I declined her without thanks. "Then I shall have *the pleasure* of killing her to-morrow," said the Frenchman, "and what will become of your salary, *mon pauvre garçon*?"

In short, he had me in a fix and used his power. I bought her of him for twenty thousand francs, to be paid by instalments. I gave him the first instalment, a five-franc piece, and walked out of the wine-shop her sole proprietor.

The sense of property is pleasant even when we have not paid for the article.

That night I formed my plans; there was no time to lose, because I had only a thousand francs in the world, and she ate a thousand francs a week, or nearly. I determined to try Germany, a poor country, but one which, being quite inland, could not have become callous to an elephant—perhaps had never seen one. I shall never forget the fine clear morning I started on my own account. The sun was just rising, the birds were tuning, and all manner of sweet smells came from the fields and the hedges. Djek seemed to step out more majestically than when she was another man's. My heart beat high. Eleven years ago I had started the meanest of her slaves; I had worked slowly, painfully, but steadily up, and now I was actually her lord and master, and half the world before me with the sun shining on it.

The first town I showed her at as mine was Verdun, and the next day I wrote to Mademoiselle — at Paris to tell her of the change in my fortunes. This was the only letter I had sent, for we parted bad friends. I received a kinder answer than the abrupt tone of my letter deserved. She congratulated me, and thanked me for remembering that whatever good fortune befell me must give her particular pleasure, and in the postscript she told me she was just about to leave Paris and return to her parents in Switzerland.

Djek crossed into Prussia, tramped that country, and penetrated into the heart of Germany. As I had hoped, she descended on this nation with all the charm of novelty, and used to clear the copper¹ out of a whole village. I remember early in this trip being at a country inn. I saw rustics, male and female, dressed in their Sunday clothes, coming over the hills from every side to one point. I thought there must be a fair or something. I asked the landlord what they were all

¹ Germany is mostly made of copper. A bucketful of farthings was a common thing for me to have in my carriage.

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coming for ; he said, " Why, you, to be sure. They never saw such a thing in their lives, and never will again."

In fact, at one or two small places we were stopped by the authorities, who had heard that we carried more specie out of little towns than the circulating medium would bear.

In short, my first *coup* was successful. After six months' Germany, Bavaria, Prussia, &c., I returned to the Rhine at Strasbourg with eight thousand francs. During all this time she never hurt a soul, I watched her so fearfully close ; so, being debarred from murder, she tried arson.

At a place in Bavaria her shed was suddenly observed to be in flames, and we saved her with difficulty.

The cause never transpired until now ; but I saw directly how it had been done. I had unwarily left my coat in her way. The pockets were found emptied of all their contents, amongst which was a lucifer-box, fragments of which I found amongst the straw. She had played with this in her trunk, hammering it backwards and forwards against her knee, dropping the lighted matches into the straw when they stung her, and very nearly roasted her own beef, the mischievous, uneasy devil.

¹ My readers will not travel with an elephant, but business of some sort will fall to the lot of them soon or late, and as charlatanry is the very soul of modern business, it may not be amiss to show how the humble artisan worked his elephant.

We never allowed ourselves to drop casually upon any place like a shower of rain.

A man in bright livery—green and gold—mounted on a showy horse, used to ride into the town or village, and go round to all the inns making loud inquiries about their means of accommodation for the elephant and her train. Four hours after him, the people being now a little agog, another green and gold man came in on a trained horse, and inquired for No. 1. As soon as he had found him, the two rode together round the town, No. 2 blowing a trumpet and proclaiming the elephant ; the nations she had instructed in the wonders of nature ; the kings she had amused ; her grandeur, her intelligence, and above all, her dove-like disposition.

This was allowed to ferment for some hours, and when expectation was at its height the rest of the cavalcade used to heave in sight, Djek bringing up the rear. Arrived, I used to shut her in out of sight, and send all my men and horses round, parading, trumpeting, and posting bills ; so that at last the people were quite ripe for her, and then we went to work ; and thus the humble artisan and his elephant

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cut a greater dash than lions and tigers and mountebanks and quacks, and drew more money.

Here is one of my programmes ; only I must remark that I picked up my French, where I picked up the sincerity it embodies, in the circuses, coulisses, and cabarets of French towns ; so that I can patter French as fast as you like ; but of course I know no more about it than a pig—not to really know it :—

Par permission de M. le Maire

Le grand

ÉLÉPHANT

DU ROI DE SIAM

DU CIRQUE OLYMPIQUE FRANCONI

Mlle. DJEK

Éléphant colossal, de onze pieds de hauteur et du poids de neuf mille liv., est le plus grand éléphant que l'on ait vu en Europe.

M. H. B. Lott, naturaliste, pourvoyeur des ménageries des diverses cours d'Europe, actionnaire du Cirque Olympique et propriétaire de ce magnifique éléphant, qu'il a dressé au point de le présenter au public dans une pièce théâtrale qui fut créée pour Madlle. Djek il y a trois ans et demi, et qui a eu un si grand succès, sous le nom de l'Éléphant du Roi de Siam.

Le propriétaire, dans son voyage autour du monde, eut occasion d'acheter cet énorme quadrupède, qui le prit en affection, et qui, depuis onze ans qu'il le possède, ne s'est jamais démenti, se plaît à écouter son maître et exécute avec ponctualité tout ce qu'il lui indique de faire.

Mlle. Djek, qui est dans toute la force de sa taille, a maintenant cent vingt-cinq ans ; elle a onze pieds de hauteur—et pèse neuf mille livres.

Sa consommation dans les vingt-quatre heures excède deux cent livres—quarante livres de pain pour son déjeuner ; à midi, du son et de l'avoine ; le soir, des pommes-de-terre ou du riz cuit ; et la nuit du foin et de la paille.

C'est le même éléphant qui a combattu la lionne de M. Martin. Cette lionne en furie, qu'une imprudence fit sortir de sa cage, s'élance sur M. H. B. Lott qui se trouvait auprès de son éléphant ; voyant le danger il se réfugie derrière une des jambes de ce bon animal, qui relève sa trompe pour le

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protéger.¹ La lionne allait saisir M. H. B. Lott ; l'éléphant la voit, rabat sa trompe, l'enveloppe, l'étouffe, la jette at loin, et l'aurait écrasée, si son maître ne lui eut dit de ne pas continuer.

Elle a ensuite allongé sa trompe, frappé du pied, criant et témoignant la satisfaction, qu'elle éprouvait d'avoir sauvé son ami d'une mort certaine, comme on a pu voir dans les journaux en février 1832.

Dans les cours des séances, on lui fera faire tous ses grands exercices qui sont dignes d'admiration, dont le grand nombre ne permet pas d'en donner l'analyse dans cette affiche, et qu'il faut voir pour l'en faire une idée juste.

Prix d'entrée : Premières, ; secondes, . Les militaires et les infants, moitié.

I don't think but what my countrymen will understand every word of the above, but as there are a great number of Frenchmen in London who will read this, I think it would look unkind not to translate it into English for their benefit :—

By permission of the Worshipful the Mayor

The great

ELEPHANT

OF THE KING OF SIAM

FROM FRANCONI'S OLYMPIC CIRCUS

MADemoiselle DJEK

Colossal Elephant, eleven feet high and weighs nine thousand pounds. The largest Elephant ever seen in Europe.

Mr. H. B. Lott, naturalist, who supplies the menageries of the various courts of Europe, shareholder in the Olympic Circus, and proprietor of this magnificent elephant, which he has trained to such a height that he will present her to the public in a dramatic piece which has written for her three years and a half ago, and had a great success under the title of "The Elephant of the King of Siam."²

¹ I am a dull fellow now, as you see ; but you must allow I have been a man of imagination.

² My literary gent and me we nearly had words over this bit. "Why, it is all nominative case," says he. "Well," says I, "you can't have too much of a good thing. Can you better it ?" says I. "Better it !" says he. "Why, I could not have come within a mile of it ;" and he grinned ; so I shut him up—for once.

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The proprietor, in his voyage round the globe, was fortunate enough to purchase this enormous quadruped, which became attached to him, and has been eleven years in his possession, during which time she has never once forgotten herself, and executes with obedient zeal whatever he bids her.

Mdlle. Djek has now arrived at her full growth, being one hundred and twenty-five years of age ; she is eleven feet high and weighs nine thousand pounds. Her daily consumption exceeds two hundred pounds ; she takes forty pounds of bread for her breakfast, at noon barley and oats, in the evening potatoes or rice cooked, and at night hay and straw.

This is the same elephant that fought with Mr. Martin's lioness. The lioness, whom the carelessness of the attendants allowed to escape from her cage, dashed furiously at Mr. H. B. Lott. Fortunately he was near his elephant, and seeing the danger, took refuge behind one of the legs of that valuable animal ; she raised her trunk in her master's defence. The lioness made to seize him ; but the elephant lowered her trunk, seized the lioness, choked her, flung her to a distance, and would have crushed her to death if Mr. Lott had not commanded her to desist. After that she extended her trunk, stamped with her foot, trumpeting and showing her satisfaction at having saved her friend from certain death ; full accounts of which are to be seen in the journals of February 1832.

In the course of the exhibition she will go through all her exercises, which are wonderful, and so numerous that it is impossible to enumerate them in this bill ; they must be seen to form a just idea of them.

Prices : First places, ; second, . Soldiers and children half-price.

Djek and I used to make our bow to our audiences in the following fashion. I came on with her and said, "Otez mon chapeau pour saluer ;" then she used to take off my hat, wave it gracefully, and replace it on my head. She then proceeded to pick up twenty five-franc pieces one after another, and keep them piled in the extremity of her trunk. She also fired pistols, and swept her den with a broom in a most painstaking and ludicrous way.

But perhaps her best business in a real judge's eye was drinking a bottle of wine. The reader will better estimate this feat if he will fancy himself an elephant, and lay down the book now and ask himself how he would do it, and read the following afterwards :

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The bottle (cork drawn) stood before her. She placed the finger and thumb of her proboscis on the mouth, made a vacuum by suction, and then, suddenly inverting the bottle, she received the contents in her trunk. The difficulty now was to hold the bottle, which she would not have broken for a thousand pounds (my lady thought less of killing ten men than breaking a saucer), and yet not let the liquor run from her flesh-pipe. She rapidly shifted her hold to the centre of the bottle and worked it by means of the wrinkles in her proboscis to the bend of it. Then she gripped it, and at the same time curled round her trunk into a sloping position and let the wine run down her throat. This done, she resumed the first position of her trunk, and worked the bottle back towards her finger, suddenly snapped hold of it by the neck, and handed it gracefully to me.

With this exception it was not her public tricks that astonished me most. The principle of all these tricks is one. An animal is taught to lay hold of things at command, and to shift them from one place to another. You vary the thing to be laid hold of, but the act is the same. In her drama, which was so effective on the stage, Djek did nothing out of the way. She merely went through certain mechanical acts at a word of command from her keeper, who was unseen or unnoticed; *i.e.*, he was either at the wing in his fustian jacket, or on the stage with her in gimcrack and gold as one of a lot of slaves or courtiers or what not. Between ourselves, a single trick I have several times caught her doing on her own account proved more for her intelligence than all these. She used to put her eye to a keyhole—ay, that she would, and so watch for hours to see what devil's trick she could do with impunity. She would see me out of the way and then go to work. Where there was no keyhole I have seen her pick the knot out of a deal-board and squint through the little hole she had thus made.

A dog comes next to an elephant, but he is not up to looking through a keyhole or a crack. He can think of nothing better than snuffing under the door.

At one place, being under a granary, she worked a hole in the ceiling no bigger than a thimble, and sucked down sacksful of grain before she was found out. Talk of the half-reasoning elephant; she seldom met a man that could match her in reasoning—to a bad end. Her weak points were her cruelty and cowardice, and by this latter Tom Elliot and I governed her with a rod of iron—vulgarly called a pitchfork.

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If a mouse pattered about the floor in her stable Djek used to tremble all over and whine with terror till the little monster was gone—a ton shaken by an ounce.

I have seen her start back in dismay from a small feather floating in the air. If her heart had been as stout as her will to do mischief was strong, mankind must have risen to put her down.

Almost all you have ever heard about the full-grown elephant's character is a pack of falsities. They are your servants by fear, or they are your masters. Two years ago an elephant killed his keeper at Liverpool or Manchester, I forget which. Out came the *Times*: he had pronged him six weeks before. How well I knew the old lie! It seldom varies a syllable. That man died, not because he had pronged the animal, but because he hadn't, or not enough.

Spare the pitchfork, spoil the elephant.

There is another animal people misconstrue just as bad.

The hyena.

"Terrible fierce animal the hyena," says Buffon and Co., and the world echoes the chant.

Fierce, are they? You get a score of them together in a yard, and you shall see me walk into the lot with nothing but a switch, and them try to get between the brick and the mortar with the funk; that is how fierce they are. And they are not only cowardly, but innocent and affectionate into the bargain is the fierce hyena of Buffon and Co. But indeed wild animals are sadly misunderstood; it is pitiable, and those that have the best character deserve it less than those that have the worst.

In one German town I met with something I should like to tell the sporting gents, for I don't think there is many that ever fell in with such a thing. But it is an old saying that what does happen has happened before, and may again; so I tell this to put them on their guard, especially in Germany. Well, it was a good town for business, and we stayed several days; but before we had been there many hours my horses turned queer. Restless they were and uneasy. Sweated of their own accord. Stamped eternally. One in particular began to lose flesh. We examined the hay. It seemed particularly good, and the oats not amiss. Called the landlord in and asked him if he could account for it. He stands looking at them; this one called Dick was all in a lather. "Well, I think I know now," said he; "they are bewitched. You see, there is an old woman in the next street that

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bewitches cattle, and she rides on your horses' backs all night, you may take your oath." Then he tells us a lot of stories—whose cow died after giving this old wench a rough word, and how she had been often seen to go across the meadows in the shape of a hare. "She has a spite against me, the old sorceress," says he. "She has been at them; you had better send for the pastor." "Go for the farrier, Jem," says I. So we had in the farrier. He sat on the bin and smoked his pipe in dead silence looking at them. "They seem a little fidgety," says he after about half-an-hour. So I turned *him* out of the stable. "And I was in two minds about punching his head, I was. "Send for the veterinary surgeon No. 1." He came. "They have got some disorder," says he; "that is plain. Nostrils are clear, too. Let me see them eat." They took their food pretty well. Then he asked where we came from last. I told him. "Well," said he cheerfully, "this is a murrain, I think. In this country we do invent a new murrain about every twenty years. We are about due now." He spoke English this one, quite a fine gentleman. One of the grooms put in, "I think the water is poisoned." "Any way," says another, "Dick will die if we stay here." So then they both pressed me to leave the town. "You know, governor, we can't afford to lose the horses." Now I was clearing ten pounds a day in the place, and all expenses paid; so I looked blank. So did the veterinary. "I wouldn't go," says he. "Wait a day or two; then the disease will declare itself, and we shall know what we are doing." You see, gents, he did not relish my taking a murrain out of his town; he was a veterinary. "Whatever it is," says he, "you brought it with you." "Well, now," said I, "my opinion is I found it here. Did you notice anything at the last place, Nick?" "No." The grooms both bore me out. "Oh," says the vet., "you can't go by that; it had not declared itself." Well, if you will believe me (I often laugh when I think of it), it was not two minutes after he said that that it did declare itself. It was Sunday morning, and Nick had got a clean shirt on. Nick was currying the very horse called Dick, when all of a sudden the sleeve of his white shirt looked dirty. "What now?" cries he, and comes to the light. "I do believe it is vermin," says he; "and if it is, they are eaten up with it." "Vermin? What vermin can that be?" said I. "Have we invented a new vermin too?" They were no bigger than pins' points; looked like dust on his shirt. "What do you say, sir? Is it vermin?"

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"Not a doubt of it," says the vet. "These are poultry-lice, unless I am mistaken. Have you any hens anywhere near?" Both the grooms burst out, "Hens? Why, there are full a hundred up in the hay-loft." So that was the murrain. The hens had been tumbling in the hay; the hay came down to the rack all alive with their vermin, and the vermin were eating the horses. We stopped that supply of hay; and what with currying and washing with a solut. the vet. gave us, we cured that murrain—chicken-pox, if any. We had a little scene at going away from this place. Landlord had agreed to charge nothing for the use of stabling, we spent so much in other ways with him. In spite of that, he put it down at the foot of the list. I would not pay. "You must." "I won't." "Then you shan't go till you do;" and with that he and his servants closed the great gates. The yard was entered by two great double doors like barn-doors, secured outside by a stout beam. So there he had us fast. It got wind, and there was the whole population hooting outside, three thousand strong. Then it was, "Come, don't be a fool."

"Don't you be a fool."

"Stand clear," said I to the man; "we will alter our usual line of march this time; I'll take Djek from the rear to the front." So they all formed behind me and Djek, two carriages and six horses, all in order. "Now," said I, "landlord, you have had your joke; open the door and let us part friends. We have been with you a week, you know, and you have had one profit out of us, and another out of the townsfolk we brought to your bar. Open the door."

"Pay me my bill and I'll open," says he. "If I turned away one traveller from my stable for you, I've turned away twenty."

"A bargain is a bargain. Will you open, before she knocks your door into toothpicks?"

"Oh, I'll risk my door if you'll risk your beast. No, I won't open till I am paid."

"Once, will you open?"

"No."

"Twice, will you open? Thrice?"

"No."

"Djek—go!"

She walked lazily at the door as if she did not see it. The moment she touched it both doors were in the road; the beam was in half in the road. Most times one thing stands, another goes; here it all went bodily on all sides

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like paper on a windy day, and the people went fastest of all. There was the yell of a multitude under our noses, then an empty street under our eyes. We marched on, calm, majestic, and unruffled beneath the silent night.

Doors and bolts indeed, to a lady that had stepped through a brick wall before that day—an English brick wall.

CHAPTER XII

FROM Strasbourg I determined to go into Switzerland; above all, to Geneva. I could not help it. In due course of time and travel I arrived near Geneva, and I sent forward my green and gold *avant-couriers*. But, alas! they returned with the doleful news that elephants were not admitted into that ancient city. The last elephant that had been there had done mischief, and at the request of its proprietor, Mdle. Garnier—a young lady whose conscience smote her, for she had had another elephant that killed one or two people in Venice—was publicly executed in the fortress.¹

Fortunately (as I then thought) I had provided myself with testimonials from the Mayor and governors of some score of towns through which we had passed. I produced these, and made friends in the town, particularly with a Dr. Mayo. At last we were admitted. Djek was proved a dove by such overpowering testimony. I had now paid M. Huguet six thousand francs, and found myself possessed of five thousand more. Business was very good in Geneva; Djek very popular. Her intelligence and amiability became a by-word. I had but one bitter disappointment, though. Mdle. — never came to see us, and I was too sulky and too busy to hunt for her. Besides, I said to myself, “All the world can find me, and if she cared a button for me she would come to light.” I tried to turn it off with the old song:—

“Now get ye gone, ye scornful dame,
If you are proud I'll be the same;
I make no doubt that I shall find
As pretty a girl unto my mind.”

¹ They gave this elephant an ounce of prussic acid and an ounce of arsenic. Neither of these sedatives producing any effect, they fired a cannon-ball through her neck.

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Behold me now at the climax of prosperity, dressed like a gentleman, driving a pair of horses, proprietor of a whole cavalcade and of an elephant, and, after clearing all expenses, making at the rate of full £600 per annum. There was a certain clergyman of the place used to visit us about every day and bring her cakes and things to eat, till he got quite fond of her, and believed that she returned his affection. I used to beg him not to go so close to her; on this his answer was, "Why, you say she is harmless as a chicken;" so then I had no more to say. Well, one unlucky day I turned my back for a moment; before I could get back there were the old sounds, a snort of rage and a cry of terror, and there was the poor minister in her trunk. At sight of me she dropped him, but two of his ribs were broken and he was quite insensible, and the people rushed out in terror. We raised the clergyman and carried him home, and in half-an-hour a mob was before the door and stones as big as your fists thrown in at the windows. This, however, was stopped by the authorities. But the next day my lady was arrested and walked off to the fortress and there confined. I remonstrated, expostulated, in vain. I had now to feed her and no return from her; ruin stared me in the face. So I went to law with the authorities. Law is slow, and Djek was eating all the time. Ruin looked nearer still. The law ate my green-and-gold servants and my horses, and still Djek remained in quod. Then I refused to feed her any longer, and her expenses fell upon the town. Her appetite and their poverty soon brought matters to a climax. They held a sort of municipal tribunal and tried her for an attempt at homicide. I got counsel to defend her, for I distrusted my own temper and French.

I can't remember half the fine things he said, but there was one piece of common-sense I do remember; he said, "The animal, I believe, is unconscious of her great strength, and has committed a fatal error rather than a crime; still, if you think she is liable to make such errors, let her die rather than kill men. But how do you reconcile to your consciences to punish her proprietor, to rob him of his subsistence? *He* has committed no crime; *he* has been guilty of no want of caution. If, therefore, you take upon yourselves to punish the brute, be honest; buy her of the man first, and then assert your sublime office—destroy an animal that has offended morality. But a city should be above wronging or robbing an individual." When he sat down I thought my homicide

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was safe, for I knew Geneva could not afford to buy an elephant, without it was out of a Noah's ark.

But up gets an orator on the other side and attacked me; accused me of false representations, of calling a demon a duck. "We have certain information from France that this elephant has been always wounding and killing men up and down Europe these twenty years. Mons. Loett knew this by universal report, and by being an eye-witness of more than one man's destruction." Here there was a sensation, I can tell you. "He has therefore forfeited all claims to consideration." Then he thundered out, "Let no man claim to be wiser than Holy Writ; there we are told that a lie is a crime of the very deepest dye, and here we see how for years falsehood has been murder." Then I mind he took just the opposite line to my defender. Says he, "If I hesitate for a moment, it is not for the man's sake, but for the brute's; but I do not hesitate. I could wish so majestic a creature might be spared for our instruction," says he, "that so wonderful a specimen of the Creator's skill might still walk the earth; but reason and justice and humanity say 'No.' There is an animal far smaller, yet ten times more important, for he has a soul; and this, the king of all the animals, is not safe while she lives; therefore she ought to die. Weaker far than her in his individual strength, he is a thousand times stronger by combination and science; therefore she will die."

When this infernal chatterbox shut up my heart sank into my shoes; he was a prig, but an eloquent one, and he walked into Djek and me till we were not worth half-an-hour's purchase.

For all that the Council did not come to a decision on the spot, and I believe that, if Djek had but been content to kill the laity as heretofore, we should have scraped through with a fine; but the fool must go and tear black cloth and dig her own grave.

Two days after the trial out came the sentence—Death!

With that modesty and good feeling which belongs to most foreign governments, they directed me to execute their sentence.

My answer came in English. "I'll see you d——d and double d——d first, and then I won't."

Meantime Huguet was persecuting poor heart-sick me for the remainder of her purchase-money, and what with the delay, the expenses, and the anxiety, I was so down and so at

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the end of my wits and my patience that her sentence fell on me like a blow on a chap that is benumbed, produced less effect upon me at the time than it does when I think of it now.

Well—curse them!—one fine morning they ran a cannon up to the gate, loaded it, and bade me call the elephant and bring her into a favourable position for being shot. I refused point-blank in English as before. They threatened me for my contumacy. I answered they might shoot me if they liked, but I would not be the one to destroy my own livelihood.

So they had to watch their opportunity.

It was not long of coming.

She began to walk about, and presently the poor fool marched right up to the cannon's mouth and squinted down it. Then she turned, and at last she crossed right before it. The gunner took the opportunity, applied his linstock, and fired. There was a great tongue of flame and a cloud of smoke, and through the smoke something as big as a house was seen to go down; the very earth trembled at the shock.

The smoke cleared in a moment, and there lay Djek. She never moved; the round-shot went clean through her body and struck the opposite wall with great force. It was wonderful, and sad, to see so huge a creature robbed of her days in a moment by a spark. There she lay—poor Djek!

In one moment I forgot all her faults. She was an old companion of mine in many a wet day and dreary night. She was reputation to me and a clear six hundred a year; and then she was so clever. We shall never see her like again—and there she lay. I mourned over her, right or wrong, and have never been the same man since that shot was fired.

The butchery done, I was informed by the municipal authorities that the carcass was considered, upon the whole, to be my property. The next moment I had two hundred applications for elephant-steaks from the pinch-gut natives, who, I believe, knew gravy by tradition and romances that had come all the way from Paris. Knives and scales went to work, and with the tears running down my cheeks, I sold her beef at four sous per pound for about £40 sterling.

This done, all my occupation was gone. Geneva was no place for me, and as the worthy Huguet, whose life I had saved, threatened to arrest me, I determined to go back to

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England and handicraft. Two days after Djek's death I was hanging sorrowfully over the bridge, when some one drew near to me and said in a low voice, "Mons. Loett." I had no need to look up; I knew the voice; it was my lost sweetheart. She spoke very kindly, blushed, and welcomed me to her native country. She did more; she told me she lived five miles from Geneva, and invited me to visit her mother. She took occasion to let me know that her father was dead. "My mother refuses me nothing," she added, with another blush. This was all like a dream to me. The next day I visited her and her mother, and was cordially received; in short, it was made clear to me that my misfortune had endeared me to this gem of a girl instead of repelling her. An uncle, too, had died and left her three hundred pounds, and this made her bolder still, and she did not conceal her regard for me. She told me she had seen me once in Geneva driving two showy horses in a carriage and looking like a nobleman, and so had hesitated to claim the acquaintance; but hearing the elephant's execution, and guessing that I could no longer be on the high-road to fortune, she had obeyed her heart and been the first to remind me I had once esteemed her.

In short, a Pearl.

I made her a very bad return for so much goodness. I went and married her. We then compounded with Huguet for three thousand francs, and sailed for England to begin the world again.

The moment I got to London I made for the Seven Dials to see my friend Paley.

On the way I met a mutual acquaintance, told him where I was going—red hot.

He shook his head and said nothing.

A chill came over me. If you had stuck a knife in me I shouldn't have bled. I gasped out some sort of inquiry.

"Why, you know he was not a young man," says he, and he looked down.

That was enough for such an unlucky one as me. I began to cry directly. "Don't ye take on," says he. "Old man died happy. Come home with me; my wife will tell you more about it than I can."

I was loth to go, but he persuaded me. His wife told me the old gentleman spoke of me to the last, and had my letters read out and boasted of my success.

"Didn't I tell you he would rise," he used to say, and

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then it seems he made much of some little presents I had sent him from Paris, and them such trifles compared with what I owed him. "Doesn't forget old friends now he is at the top of the tree," and then burst out praising me, by all accounts.

So then it was a little bit of comfort to think he had died while I was prosperous, and that my disappointment had never reached his warm and feeling heart.

A workman has little time to grieve outwardly; he must dry his eyes quickly let his heart be ever so sad, or he'll look queer when Saturday night comes. You can't make a workman-like joint with the tear in your eye; one half the joiners can't do it with their glasses on. And I was a workman once more, I had to end as I began.

I returned to the violin trade, and by a very keen attention to its mysteries I made progress, and having a foreign connection, I imported and sold to English dealers, as well as made, varnished, and doctored, violins. But soon the trade, through foreign competition, declined to a desperate state. I did not despair, but to eke out I set my wife up in a china and curiosity shop in Wardour Street, and worked at my own craft in the back parlour. I had no sooner done this than the writers all made it their business to sneer at Wardour Street, and now nobody dares buy in that street; so since I began this tale we have closed the shop. It only wasted their time; they are much better out walking and getting fresh air at least for their trouble. I attend sales, and never lose a chance of turning a penny. At home I make and mend and doctor fiddles; I carve wood; I clean pictures and gild frames; I cut out fruit and flowers in leather; I teach ladies and gentlemen to gild at so much a lesson; and by these and a score more of little, petty arts I just keep the pot boiling.

I am, as I have been all my life, sober, watchful, enterprising, energetic, and unlucky.

In early life I played for a great stake—affluence.

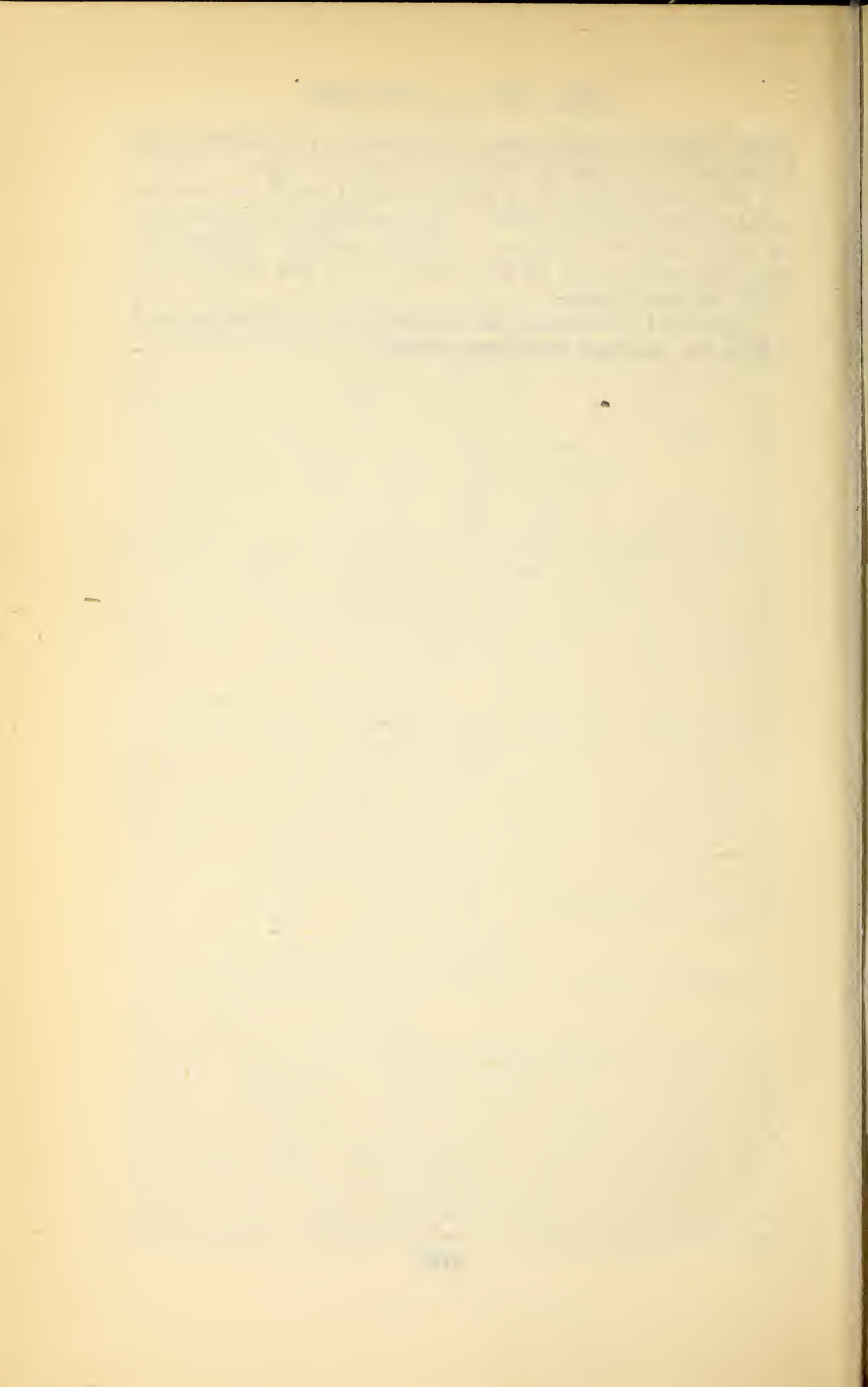
I think I may say I displayed in the service of Djek some of those qualities by which, unless books are false, men have won campaigns and battles, and reaped fortunes and reputations. Result in my case—a cannon-shot fired in a dirty little village calling itself a city, in a country that Yorkshire could eat up and spit out again, after all the great kingdoms and repubs. had admired her and forgiven her her one defect—a tongue of fire—a puff of smoke—and the

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perils, labour, courage, and perseverance of eleven years blown away like dust to the four winds of heaven.

I am now playing for a smaller stake ; but I am now, as usual, playing my very best. I am bending all my experience of work and trade, all my sobriety, activity, energy, and care, all my cunning of eye and hand, to one end—not to die in the workhouse.

Ladies and gentlemen, the workman has said his say, and I hope the company have been amused.



A HERO AND A MARTYR

A TRUE AND ACCURATE ACCOUNT

OF THE

HEROIC FEATS AND SAD CALAMITY

OF

JAMES LAMBERT

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES

THE FIRST

OF

ENGLAND

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THERE is an old man in Glasgow who has saved more than forty lives in the Clyde, many of them with great peril to his own. Death has lately removed a French hero, who was his rival, and James Lambert now stands alone in Europe. The Frenchman saved more lives than Lambert, but then he did most of his good work with a boat and saving-gear. The Scot had nothing but his own active body, his rare power of suspending the breath, and his lion heart. Two of his feats far surpass anything recorded of his French competitor. He was upset in a boat with many companions, seized, and dragged to the bottom, yet contrived to save them nearly all; and on another occasion, when the ice had broken under a man, and the tide had sucked him under to a distance of several yards, James Lambert dived under the ice and groped for the man till he was nearly breathless, and dragged him back to the hole, and all but died in saving him. Here the chances were nine to one against his ever finding that small aperture again and coming out alive. Superior in daring to his one European rival, he has yet another title to the sympathy of mankind—he is blind; and not by any irrelevant accident, but in consequence of his heroism and his goodness. He was working at a furnace one wintry day, and perspiring freely. The cry got up that a man was drowning. He flung himself, all heated as he was, into icy water, and when he came out he lost his sight for a time on the very bank. His sight returned, but ever after that day he was subject to similar seizures. They became more frequent, and the intervals of sight more rare, until the darkness settled down and the light retired for ever.

The meaning of the word “martyr” is—a man who is punished for a great virtue by a great calamity. Every martyr in Foxe’s book, or Butler’s, or the “*Acta Sanctorum*,” or the “*Vitæ Patrum Occidentis*,” comes under that definition, but not more so than James Lambert; and the hero who

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risks his life in saving is just as much a hero as he who risks his life in killing his fellow-creatures. Therefore I do not force nor pervert words, but weigh them well, when I call James Lambert what he is—a hero and a martyr. That is a great deal to say of any one man; for all of us who are really men or women, and not, as Lambert once said to me, “mere broom-besoms in the name o’ men,” admire a hero and pity a martyr, alive or dead.

In espousing this hero’s cause I do but follow a worthy example. Mr. Hugh M’Donald was a Glasgow citizen, and a man known by many acts of charity and public feeling. He revealed to the Glasgow public the very existence of Burns’s daughter, and awakened a warm interest in her; and in 1856 he gave the city an account of James Lambert’s deeds and affliction, and asked a subscription. Glasgow responded warmly; £260 was raised, and afterwards £70. The sum total was banked, and doled to James Lambert ten shillings per week. However, the subscribers made one great mistake; they took for granted Lambert would not outlive their money, but he has.

In 1868, having read Mr. M’Donald’s account, I visited Lambert, and heard his story. Being now blind and compelled to live in the past, he had a vivid recollection of his greatest deeds, and told me them with spirit. I, who am a painstaking man, and owe my success to it, wrote down the particulars, and the very words that, he said, had passed on these grand occasions. Next day I took the blind hero down to the Clyde, whose every bend he knew at that time, and made him repeat to me every principal incident on its own spot. From that day I used to send James Lambert money and clothes at odd times, but I did not write about him for years. However, in 1874 I published my narrative (entitled “A Hero and a Martyr”) in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, London; the *Tribune*, New York; and a shilling pamphlet with a fine engraving of James Lambert. I invited a subscription, and avoiding the error of the former subscribers, announced from the first that it should be directed to buying James Lambert a small annuity *for life*. The printed story flew round the world. Letters and small subscriptions poured in from every part of England, and in due course from Calcutta, from the Australian capitals, from New York, Boston, San Francisco, and even from Valparaiso in Chili. An American boy sent me a dollar from New Orleans. Two American children sent me a dollar from Chicago. A warm-hearted Glasgow man wrote to

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me with rapture from the State of Massachusetts, to say every word was true ; he remembered blithe Jamie well, and his unrivalled reputation ; remembered his saving the mill-girls, and added an incident to my narrative, that in all the horror of the scene James Lambert's voice had been heard from the bank shouting lustily, "Dinna grip my arms, lassies, hing on to my skirts." The English papers quoted largely from the narrative and recommended the subscriptions. But whilst the big world rang with praises of the Glasgow hero, and thrilled with pity for the Glasgow martyr, detractors and foes started up in a single city. And what was the name of that city ? Was it Rome, jealous for Regulus and Quintus Curtius ? Was it Tarsus, jealous for St. Paul ? Was it Edinburgh, Liverpool, Paris, or Washington ? Oh dear, no ! Marvellous to relate, it was Glasgow, the city of Hugh M'Donald, the hero's own birthplace, and the town which the world honours for having produced him. These detractors deny James Lambert's exploits, or say they were few and small, not many and great. They treat his blindness and its cause as a mere irrelevant trifle, and pretend he squandered the last subscription—which is a lie, for he never had the control of it, and it lasted ten years. Scribblers who get drunk three times a week pretend that Lambert—who, by the admission of his enemy, M'Ewan, has not been drunk once these last five years—is an habitual drunkard, and that they, of all people, are shocked at it. Need I say that these detractors from merit and misfortune are anonymous writers in the Glasgow Press. It does not follow they are all natives of Glasgow. Two of them at least are dirty little penny-a-liners from London. The public knows nothing about the Press, and is easily gulled by it. But I know all about the Press, inside and out, and shall reveal the true motive of the little newspaper conspiracy against Lambert and Reade. It is just the jealousy of the little provincial scribbler maddened by the overwhelming superiority of the national writer. I'll put the minds of these quill-drivers into words for you. "Curse it all ! there was a hero and a martyr in our midst, and we hadn't the luck to spot him. [In reality they had not brains enough in their skulls nor blood enough in their hearts to spot him. But it is their creed that superior discernment is all luck.] Then comes this cursed Englishman and hits the theme we missed. What can we pigmies do now to pass for giants ? It's no use our telling the truth and

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playing second fiddle. No—our only chance now to give ourselves importance is to hiss down both the hero and his chronicler. If we call Lambert an impostor and a drunkard, and Reade a mercenary fool, honest folk will never divine that we are ourselves the greatest drunkards, the greatest dunces, and the most habitual liars in the city.” That was the little game of the Glasgow penny-a-liners and twopence-a-liars; and every man in Scotland who knows the provincial Press saw through these caitiffs at a glance. But the public is weak and credulous. Now, they might as well bay the moon as bark at me; I stand too high above their reach in the just respect of the civilised world. But they can hurt James Lambert, because he is their townsman. Therefore, I interfere and give the citizens of Glasgow the key to the Glasgow backbiters of a Glasgow hero and martyr. I add one proof that this is the true key. The exploits and the calamity of James Lambert were related by Hugh M'Donald eighteen years ago, when proofs were plentiful. If they were true eighteen years ago, how can they be false now? Answer me that, honest men of Glasgow, who don't scribble in papers and call black white. Can facts be true when told by a Glasgow man, yet turn false when told by an Englishman????!!! Now observe—they might have shown their clannishness as nobly as they have shown it basely. There are brave men in England—many—and unfortunate men—many—whom a powerful English writer could celebrate. But no—he selects a Scotchman for his theme, and makes the great globe admire him, and moves England to pity him and provide for him. Any Scotch writer worthy of the name of Scotchman, or man, observing this, would have said, “Well, this English chap is not narrow-minded any way. You need not be a Cockney to win his heart and gain his pen. He is warmer about this Glasgow man than we ever knew him to be about a south-country man. It is a good example. Let us try and rise to his level, and shake hands with the Southron over poor Jamie Lambert.” This is how every Scotsman, worthy of the name, would have felt and argued. But these Glasgow scribblers are few of them Scotsmen, and none of them men. The line they have taken in vilifying a blind man, who lost his sight by benevolent heroism, is one that hell chuckles at and man recoils from. They have disgraced the city of Glasgow and human nature itself. Whatever may be the faults of the working classes,

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they are MEN. Anonymous slanderers and detractors are not men—they are mere lumps of human filth. I therefore ask the operatives of Glasgow and the manly citizens to shake off these lumps of dirt and detraction and aid me to take the Glasgow hero and martyr out of all his troubles.

The Frenchman I have mentioned had one great title to sympathy, whereas Lambert has two ; and this is how France treated her heroic son. He lived at the public expense, but free as air. The public benefactor was not locked up and hidden from the public. His breast was emblazoned with medals, and amongst them shone the great national order, the Cross of the Legion of Honour, which many distinguished noblemen and gentlemen have sighed for in vain ; and when he walked abroad every gentleman in the country doffed his hat to him. Thus does France treat a great saver of human lives. James Lambert lives at the public expense, but not as that Frenchman lived. It grieves my heart to say it, but the truth is, James Lambert lives unhappily. He is in an almshouse, which partakes of the character of a prison. It is a gloomy, austere place, and that class of inmates to which he belongs are not allowed to cross the threshold upon their own business, except once in a fortnight. But to ardent spirits loss of liberty is misery. Meanly clad, poorly fed, well imprisoned, and little respected—such is the condition of James Lambert in Glasgow, his native city. Yet he is the greatest man in that city, and one of the very few men now living in it whose name will ring in history a hundred years hence ; the greatest saver of lives in Europe ; a man whose name is even now honoured in India and Australia, in the United States and Canada, and indeed from the rising to the setting sun, thanks to his own merit, the power of the pen, and the circulation of the Press—a true hero and a true martyr, glorious by his deeds and sacred by his calamity.

Upon the second day of October 1856, the *Glasgow Times* told the world a moving story.

A little boy was drowning in the Clyde. There were a score of people on the bank ; but they only groaned, and glared, and fluttered at the child's screams and struggles ; not one had both the courage and the skill to plunge in and rescue him.

But presently came an elderly man, who was a peerless swimmer and diver, and had saved more than forty lives in that very river.

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Alas! he was now stone-blind; a little girl, his granddaughter, was leading him by the hand.

Yet to him his blindness seemed no obstacle. "Let me to him! let me to him!" he cried; "I'll save him yet."

But, in the general dismay and agitation, his appeal was unheeded at first. Then he screamed out in generous fury, "Ye daft fules, a mon disna soom wi' his een; just fling me in the water, and cry me (*A*) to him, and ye'll see."

His prayer would have been granted, but his granddaughter, with a girl's affection and unreasoning fears, clung round his knees and screamed, "Na, na, ye wadna,—ye wadna!"

This caused a hesitation, when there was no longer a moment to lose. The boy sank for the last time; a deep groan from the spectators told the sad end, and the poor blind hero went home flinging his arms about in despair and crying like a child; for, as he afterwards said in telling the lamentable tale, "It was a laddie flung away; clean flung away."

The chronicler went on to enumerate the gallant exploits of this very James Lambert before he lost his sight, and the whole story set me thinking. I began to weigh the vulgar griefs of men against James Lambert's high distress. I taxed myself, and dissected things that had made me rage or grieve; now they seemed small and selfish.

From that my mind went into books, and I fell to comparing the feats and the tears of James Lambert with the feats and tears of heroes whom history has embalmed or poetry canonised.

Strange to say, it was not my living contemporary, but the famous figures of poetry and history, that paled a little in this new crucible. I often detected some drawback to their valour and a taint of egotism in their grief. This made me suspect that poetry, like its readers, may have been dazzled by the glare of armour and the blare of trumpets, and left heroic men unsung who best deserved a bard. For, look below the surface—unsung Lambert's was the highest courage; it was solitary courage, and no trumpets to stir it; no armour, no joint enthusiasm; often no spectators. Summer and winter he plunged into the Clyde and saved men and women, with his bare body and at great peril to his life; for the best swimmer is a dead man if a drowning person clutches him and cripples him. And what was his reward on earth? For his benevolent courage he was stricken blind, through so many immersions of his heated body in icy water.

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Was not this a poetic calamity and a fit theme for tenderest verse?

Being thus afflicted for his virtue, he heard a fellow-creature drowning. He was potent as ever in the water, but impotent on land; and they would not help him into the water, and so a young life was flung away that he could have saved; and he went home flinging his arms about in agony and weeping tears that angels might be proud to dry with loving wing. Alas! and is it so? The eyes that can no longer see can weep.

A noble, rare, unselfish, and most poetical distress, though told in the plain prose of a journal. It made me desire to see this James Lambert, and hear his tale from his own lips, and give him my poor sympathy.

But, unfortunately, I am a Procrastinator. Of course I can do unadvisable things expeditiously; but when a wise or good thing is to be done, "*Nonum prematur in annum*" is my motto. So for ten mortal years and more I was always going—going—going—to visit James Lambert.

At last, after many years, being in Selkirkshire, I shook off "the thief of time," and went into Glasgow to see this man, a hero in his youth, a martyr in old age.

But I had lived long enough to observe that, when you seek a man who was alive and elderly twelve years ago, you find he has been dead from four to seven. So on the road to Glasgow I blamed myself bitterly for my besetting sin, and actually said to myself very earnestly—

"——from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand."

That was fine; only, not to deceive you, I had often repeated this high resolve with great fervour and sincerity, and then gone on procrastinating.

In Glasgow I made strict inquiries after James Lambert; I asked the landlord and all the waiters; went to every tradesman I knew in the city. Not one soul had ever heard of him, nor of his exploits. This confirmed my fear that he had gone to a better world whilst I was busy postponing here below. However, my tardy blood was up at last; so I took a cab and drove to the police chambers and asked for the chief. The request I had to make was unusual; therefore I prefaced the matter after this fashion—"Sir, most people come here to ask you to find out some malefactor. I come

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hunting an honest man, and a man of great merit, one James Lambert, who saved many lives in the Clyde years ago. I have come from England to find him, and I can hear nothing of him, alive or dead. If you will assist me with your machinery I shall be truly obliged to you."

Now, they say the Scotch are not so quick to take a new idea as the English. That may be; but they are also not so quick to reject one. An English chief-constable would probably have said at once, "That is quite out of our line; you should go to the parochial clergy;" but after twenty minutes' discussion would have relented, and given me every assistance. The Scottish chief, on the contrary, though manifestly taken aback, thought before he spoke; thought, without disguise, for full thirty seconds. "Well, sirr," said he very slowly, "I see—no—objection—to thaat." Then he turned to a tube and said, in a hollow voice, "Send me a detective."

This done, he took down my name, and address in Glasgow, and what I knew about James Lambert.

One's idea of a detective is—a keen, lean man, with little, glittering eyes—a human weasel. The door opened, and in walked a model of strength and youthful beauty, that made me stare. He was about twenty-two years old, at least six feet four in height, and the breadth, and above all the depth, of his chest incredible. Until I saw John Heenan strip and reveal his bulging back and breast, and every inch of his satin skin mapped with muscles, I took for granted the old sculptors had exaggerated, and carved ideal demigods, not real men. Nude Heenan showed me they had not exaggerated, but selected; and this detective confirmed the proof; for he was a much finer man than Heenan, yet not a bit fleshy; and, instead of a prize-fighter's features, a comely, manly, blooming face, and a high, smooth forehead, white as snow itself. I know no lady in the South with a forehead more white and delicate.

This Hercules-Apollo—his Scotch name I have forgotten—stood at the door, and drawing himself up, saluted his chief respectfully.

"—," said the chief, "this is Mr. Redd, fr' England. He is looking for an old man called Lambert, that saved many lives in the Clyde some years ago. Ye'll take means to find him—here's his description—and ye'll report to Mr. Redd at his hotel. Ye understand now; *he's to be found*—if he is alive."

The detective saluted again, but made no reply. He took

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my address, and the particulars, and went to work directly, as a matter of course. I thanked the chief heartily and retired to my hotel.

About nine in the evening, Detective Hercules-Apollo called on me. All he had *detected* was a brave man, called John Lambert, that had saved lives out of a burning ship in the port of Greenock. I declined John Lambert, with thanks.

Having now no serious hope of finding James Lambert alive, I took the goods the gods provided and interviewed Hercules-Apollo, since he was to hand. I questioned him, and he told me he was often employed in captures.

"Well," said I, "you are the man for it. You don't often meet your match—eh?"

He blushed a little and smiled, but it did not make him bumptious, as it might a small man, say a lifeguardsman or drayman. He said, "I assure you, sirr, I need it all, and whiles mair." He then pointed out to me a window in the Trongate, exactly opposite the room we were in. "Yon's just a nest o' theeves," said he; "they wark wi' decoys, sirr, a wife wi' a tale o' woe or a lass wi' a bonny face, and the like. The other night a gentleman put his hand through the window and cried 'Thieves.' So I ran up the stair. The door was lockit, ye may be sure. I just pit my fut till't——"

"And it flew up the chimney?"

"Ha! ha! No so far as that, sirr. Aweel, I thought to find maybe two or three of them, but there were nigh a dizen o' the warst characters in Glasgow. However, I was in for't, ye ken; so I was in the middle of them before they had time to think, and collared twa old offenders. 'I'll tak' this handful,' says I, 'and I'll come bock for the lave' (B); marched 'em oot, and the gentleman at my heels. He was glad to wend clear, and so was I. My hairt beat hard that time, I shall assure ye; but I didna let the vagabonds see *thaat*, ye ken." He intimated that it was all gas for any one man to pretend he could master half-a-dozen, if they were resolute. "Na—we beer the law in our hairts, and they beer guilt in theirs. That's what makes the odds, sirr."

After a conversation, of which this is only a fragment, we returned to James Lambert, and he told me he expected news, good or bad, by break of day, for he had fifty policemen questioning on their beats in the likeliest parts of the city. "Ah," said I, "but I am afraid those beats are all above ground; now my poor hero is underground."

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I went to bed with this conviction; and having hitherto blamed myself, which is an unnatural trick, I now looked round for somebody else to blame, which is customary and wholesome; and herein my smattering of the British drama stood my friend; I snarled, and said—out of Sir Peter—“He has died on purpose to vex me.”

I heard no more till half-past one next day, and then my gigantic and beautiful detective called. This time he had a huge pocket-book—enormous—in a word, such a pocket-book as he a man. He opened it, and took out an old newspaper with an account of James Lambert, and also a small pamphlet. I ran my eye over them.

“That will be the man, sirr?”

“Yes.”

“Aweel, then, we’ve got him,” said he quietly.

“What! got him alive?”

“Ou ay; he is in vara good health. He’s not an old man, sirr. He will not be mair than saxty.”

“Have you seen him with your own eyes?” said I, still half incredulous.

“Ye may be sure o’ thaat, sirr. I wadna come here till I had spoken him. He stays at No. 36 Little Street, Calton.”

I thought Calton was some other town, but he told me it was only a suburb of Glasgow, and all the cabmen knew it. Then I thanked him for his zeal and ability, and stood a sovereign, which he received with a grateful smile, but no abatement of his manly dignity; and I took a fly that moment and drove to Little Street, Calton.

For some reason No. 36 was hard to find, and I got out of the fly to explore. I found the population in a flutter, and it was plain by the swift gathering of juveniles and their saucer eyes that this was the first triumphal car had entered that miserable street. However, if there was amazement, there was civility, and they vied with each other in directing me to James Lambert. I mounted a stair, as directed, and knocked at a door. A woman’s voice said, “Come in,” and I entered the room. There was but one.

On my right hand, as I stood at the door, and occupying nearly one-third of the room, was a long, large wooden machine for spinning cotton; the upper part bristled with wooden quills polished by use. Behind it the bed in a recess. Immediately on my left was a table with things on it, covered

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with a linen cloth. Exactly opposite me the fireplace. On *my* right hand of it the window, but in an embrasure.

An old woman sat before the window, a young woman sat all in a heap the other side of the fire, and in front of the fire stood a grey-headed man, with well-cut features, evidently blind. He was erect as a dart, and stood before his own fire in an easy and gentleman-like attitude, which does not, as a rule, belong to working men; they generally slouch a bit when not at work.

"Does Mr. Lambert live here?" said I, for form.

He replied civilly, "I am James Lambert. What is your wull with me?"

"Mr. Lambert, I have come from some distance to have a talk with you—about your exploits in saving lives."

"Aweel, sirr, I'll be very happy to hae a crack wi' ye. Wife, give the *gentleman* a chair."

When I was seated he said, "We are in a litter the day, but ye'll excuse it."

I saw no litter, and did not know what he meant. Before he could explain a young man called for him, no doubt by appointment, and Lambert begged me to excuse him for a moment; he had a weekly pension, and they would not pay it after three o'clock; but it was not far, and he would return directly. He then left me seated between the two women. I looked hard at the young woman. She never moved, and seemed quite stupid or stupefied. I looked at the table on her side of the room, and wondered what was under the linen cloth. There seemed to be a prominence or two, such as objects of unequal height would cause, and I fancied it must be the best teapot and other china, covered to keep off the dust.

The young woman was repellent, so I turned round to the old one and praised her husband.

"Ay," said she, "he has been a curious mon in his time; and mony a great faitour (C) he did, and mony a good suit he destroyed that *I* had to pay for."

This last sentence being uttered earnestly, and its predecessor apathetically, coupled with the stress on the "*I*," gave me the measure of the woman's mind. However, I tried her again. "Did you see any of his exploits?"

"Na, na; I was aye minding my wark at hame. I saw leetle o' his carryings on."

I said no more, but remembered Palissy's wife and other

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egotistical mediocres, and turned to the young woman; but she seemed unconscious of my voice or my presence.

From this Impenetrable I turned, in despair, to the covered table; tried to see below the cover with my eagle eye, and had just settled positively it was the china tea-service, when, to my great relief, James Lambert returned, and conversation took the place of idle speculation.

We soon came to an understanding, and I asked him to give me some details, and to begin at the beginning.

"Aweel, sirr," said he, "the first case ever I had was a baker—they ca't a case, ye ken the noo; awthing is a case—an awfu' fat mon he was. I was aboot fourteen or fifteen then, but a gey guid soomer (*D*). Aweel, sirr, me and Rab Rankin, and John Murdoch, and a hantle mair lads, went doon to the bathing-place, an' we were divairting oorselves in the water, when the baker strips and comes out on the deal. Noo ye'll understand there was shallow water and deep, and the deep was at the far eend o' the deal. They ca' it 'the Dominie's Hole,' fra a schulemaister wha was drooned there a hundre' years agone. So this baker comes oot to the vara eend o' the deal, and dives in heed first, as if Clyde belanged to him—ha! ha! ha! He dizna come up for a while, and I said to the other callants (*E*), 'Hech, sirr, ye'll see a bonny diver.' Presently up he comes, paanting and baashing, and flinging his arrms; then doon he goes again with baith een glowering. 'Maircy on us,' cries ane, 'the mon's drooning.' However, he comes up again, baashing and spluttering. I was ready for him, and just swam forereicht him, and took him by th' arm. That will let ye see what a senseless cauf I was. I suld hae gone and flung him ae end of my gallows, or my naepkin (*F*), and towed him in; but, instead of that, he gat haud o' me and grippit me tight to his breest, and took me doon with him. Noo, tell me, sir—y' are a soomer yourself'?"

I said, "Yes."

"What was our lives worth, the pair? Him a twanty stane mon, and me a laddy?"

"Not much, indeed, unless you could slip away from him."

"Ay, but I couldna; he huggit me till him. Aweel, sirr, if he was wild, I was desperate. I flang my heed back and gat my knees up to his breest, and after my knees my feet, and I gied the awfu'est spang with my feet against his breest, and I got clear, a' but the skin o' my forefinger, that I left in his hond. I raised to the surface and called to the boys to

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mak' a chain. I was afear'd to dive for him. But by Gude's maircy he came up yance mair, just to tak' leave o' Scoetland. I got ahint him and gave him a sair crack on the heed, drove him forud, followed him up wi' a push, and then the lads took hands and won to him, and pulled him to the deal, and I soomed ashore, and I hadna been there a minute when I swooned reicht away."

"How was that?" I asked.

"I think it was partly the pain, but maistly faint-hairedness at sight o' my finger a' streaming wi' bluid and the skin away. When I came to mysel' the baker had put on his claes and gaed awa."

"What! without a word to his preserver?"

"Ay."

"Didn't he give you anything?"

"Deil a bawbee. But there was two gentlemen saw the affair, and gied me fifteen shellin'. I went hame sucking my sair finger; and my mither gied me an awfu' hiding for spoiling my clothes. She took me by the lug (G), and made me cry 'Murrder.'"

"Fine sympathetic creatures the women in these parts," said I, "*circumferens acriter oculos*, as my friend Livy hath it," and withering a female right and left, as playful men shoot partridges. Unfortunately, neither of them observed I had withered her; the hero's narrative and my basilisk glances were alike unheeded:—

"And on the impassive ice the lightnings play" (*Pope*).

James Lambert, duly questioned, then related how a personal friend of his had been seized with cramp in the middle of the Clyde. "For, sirr," said he, "the Clyde is a deedly water, by reason of its hot and cold currents, and sand-holes and all."

His friend had sunk for the last time; James Lambert dived for him, and brought him up from the bottom and took him ashore.

"And, sirr, maybe ye wadna think it, but the resoolt was—I lost my freend."

"What do you mean?" said I, staring.

"He just avoided me after that. He came to see me twaree (H) times, too; but I obsairved he wasna easy till he was away; and bym-by I saw nae mair o' the lad." This he said without passion, and apparently only to discharge his

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conscience, as a faithful narrator of real events, and men as they are in life, not books. But I, who am no hero, boiled.

I took time to digest this human pill, and then questioned him. But I omit two cases—to use his own words—as they had no particular feature.

“The next case, sir, was an old wumman. Ye ken the wives come on Glasgow Green to wash. Well, this auld wife had gone oot at ‘the three stanes’ to dip her stoop i’ the water, and overbalanced herself and gone in heed first, and the stream carried her oot. The cry got up ‘there’s a wumman droonin’’. I was a lang way off, but I heerd it, and ran down and into the water after her, clothes and all. She was floating, sirr, but her heed was doon and her feet up. I never saw the like in a’ my life. I soomed up to her, and lifted her puir auld grey heed out o’ the water—a rale riverend face she had—and broucht her ashore on my arm as quiet as a lamb and laid her doon.”

“Was she insensible?”

“Not athegither, I think, but nigh hand it, just scared like oot o’ her senses, puir saul. Vara sune she began to tremble all over and greet sair. I turned my bock, no’ to greet mysel’, and went aside and ridded my claes. Aweel, sirr, the first word she spoke was to speer for me. She cries out, quite sudden, ‘Whaur’s the mon that gat me oot—for Gude’s sake, whaur is he?’ Sae the folk pushit me, and I behooved to come forrude and mak’ my confession. ‘Wife,’ says I, ‘I’m the mon.’ So she looks me all over, ‘The Lorrd protect ye!’ she cried. ‘The Lorrd bless ye! I’m a puir auld body,’ says she; ‘I hae naething but my washing-bay (*I*). But come ye wi’ me and I’ll pit it away, and get ye twarree shellin’ for saving me fra deeth.’

“Hech, sirr, I felt it awfu’ keen; it was just her livelihood, ye ken, her washing-bay; and she’d pit it i’ pawn for me. ‘Puir auld body,’ says I, ‘and is that a’ ye hae?’ And I just clappit a shellin’ in her hand, and I tell’t her I needed naething; I’d a gude wife and a gude wage. I was warking at Somerville’s mill ower the water; ‘And,’ says I, ‘if ye wait for me Saturday afternoons, when I lift my wage, I’ll whiles hae a shellin’ for ye.’”

“And did she?”

“Na, na,” said he; then, thoughtfully, “She was ower puir to gie, and ower decent to take.”

All our other provincial dialects are harsh and ugly; but the Scotch is guttural on the consonants, and on the vowels

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divinely melodious. I wish I could convey the exquisite melody of James Lambert's voice in speaking these words, "Puir—auld—body! an' is thaat a' ye hae?"

The story itself, and the brave, tender hero's tones were so manly, yet so sweet, that they brought water into my eyes; and I thought this tale at least must touch some chord even in the dull domestic heart. But no; I looked at the young woman, and she sat all of a heap, still wrapped in herself, dull, stupid, and gloomy beyond description, and the narrative, far from touching her, never even reached her. That was evident somehow. Thought I to myself, "Oh, but y' arr a dour wife, y' arr."

Perhaps you will be incredulous at my thinking in Scotch, but the truth is I am little better than a chameleon; I take the local colour willy-nilly. After a day in France, I begin to think in French; in Scotland, Scotch. I think in bad French and bad Scotch—very; but that is a flimsy detail; the broad fact remains. So I dubbed her a "dour (J) wife;" and really I felt wrath that such pearls of true narrative should be poured out before young Apathy and ancient Mediocrity.

Of Mediocrity there is no cure; but there is of Apathy, at least in Scotland. That cure is—Whisky. When whisky will not thaw a Scotch body at all—

"O then be bold to say Bassanio's—*dead*."

So I beckoned a dirty but attentive imp, that gleamed, all eyes, in a dark corner, and sent him out for a great deal of whisky, and postponed my inquiries till after the thaw.

But before the imp could return with Apathy's cure several footsteps were heard on the stairs, and three or four men entered, all in good black suits. A few words of subdued greeting passed, and then they removed the white linen cloth from what I, with my eagle eye and love of precision, had inventoried as the best tea-service.

It was the body of a little girl, lying in her little coffin. The lid was not yet on. She looked like frozen wax.

After the first chilling surprise I cast my eye on the young woman. She never moved nor looked, but she shivered by the fire when the men touched the coffin behind her.

She was the dead child's mother. Even I—in spite of my eagle eye—could see that now.

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I whispered to James Lambert, "I have intruded on you at a sad time."

"Ye haena intruded at all," said he out loud. Then he told me, before them all, what made it worse was, that the father had gone away and not been seen these three days.

"Ay, but," says Mrs. Lambert, "ye mauna let the gentleman think he is ane that drinks. Na; he is a real, quiet, sober, decent man."

"He is thaat," said the bereaved mother, speaking for the first time, but in a crushed and dogged way.

"I'm no' exackly denying that," said James cautiously. "But whaur is he—at the present time?"

It was evident that this quiet, sober, decent man, upon the death of his daughter, had gone away on the fuddle, and left his bereaved wife to bury the child how she could.

Such are the dire realities of life, especially among the poor.

With what different eyes I looked now on the poor creature, bereaved mother and deserted wife, whose deep and numbing agony I had taken for sullen apathy—with my eagle eye.

And now came in an undertaker, and the coffin-lid was to be screwed on. Before this was done all the men, myself included, took a last look at her who was taken away so early from the troubles of the world.

"Ay, sir," said the undertaker to me, "it is just clay going to the dust;" and never was a truer word, nor more pictorial. That clay seemed never to have lived.

The lid was soon screwed down, and then, to my surprise, the undertaker delivered a prayer. Now that was the business of the minister; and, besides, the undertaker had the reddest nose I ever saw. For all that he delivered a grave, feeling, and appropriate prayer, and then the deceased was carried out for interment, and I was left with James Lambert, his daughter, and his wife. I asked James Lambert would not the minister meet them at the grave?

"Na," said he, "there's nae minister intill't. The wives daur na tell him, or he'd be speering, 'Why is na the gude man here?' and then he'd get a pooblic rebuke. Whisper, sirr. Hae ye no obsairved that the women-folk aye screens a blackguard?"

"Yes," whispered I; "especially when they suffer by him." So the poor wife let her child be prayed over, and buried, by a layman, sooner than expose her husband to the censure of the Church.

All this made my bowels yearn, and, for the first time, I

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addressed myself directly to her. I said, "My poor woman, nobody can console a mother that has lost a child; that is beyond the power of man. But if it is a part of your trouble that you are left without help, and perhaps hard put to it for expenses, I can be of some little use to you in that." Then I pulled out two or three of those deplorable old rags, Scotch one-pound notes, by means of which the national malady is perpetuated and passes from hand to hand.

I don't know whether it was the stale words or the old rags, or both, but the poor woman burst out crying and sobbing with almost terrible violence.

We did what we could for her, and tried to get her to swallow a few drops of whisky; but she put her hand up and turned away from it.

The quick-eared old man found this out somehow, and explained her to her face. "She can take a drap as weel as onybody, but noo she blames it for her mon being away." Then, rather roughly to his wife, "Hets, ye fule, let the lass greet. What'n harm will that dee her?"

Soon after this the two women exchanged one of their signals and went out together—I think to pay the undertaker; and such is the decent pride of the Scotch character that to be able to do this was probably a drop of comfort in the bitter cup of their affliction.

When they were gone the old man's expressive features brightened a little, and he drew his stool nearer me with a certain genial alacrity. There are bookmakers who would not let you know that, madam, lest you should turn from their hero with aversion; but when I deal with fact I am on my oath. At all events, understand him before you turn from him. You see the present very clearly, the past through a haze; but this man, being blind, could not see the present at all, and saw the past clearer than you do; for he was compelled to live in it. He had never seen the grandchild he had lost; an unfamiliar fragment of this generation had gone away to the grave; a man of his own generation sat beside him, and led him back to the men and things he knew by sight and by deed.

"Well, Mr. Lambert, now tell me."

"Aweel, sirr, ye've heerd o' the callant they wadna let me save. Hech, sirr, yon was a wean wastit (K)—noo I'll mak' ye the joodge whether I could na hae saved that ane, and twarree mair. There's a beck they ca' 'the Plumb' rins doon fra' the horse-brae into the Clyde near Stockwell Brigg.

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The bairns were aye for sporting in the beck, because it was shallow by ordinar, and ye'd see them the colour o' vi'lets. and no' hauf sae sweet, wi' the dye that ran i' the beck. Aweel, ae day there was a band o' them there; and a high spate (*L*) had come doon and catched them, and the resoolt was I saw ane o' th' assembly in the Clyde. I had warned the ne'er-do-weels, ye ken, mony's the time. By good luck, I was na far away, and went in for him and took him by the ear. 'C'way, ye little deevil,' says I. I had na made three strokes, when I'm catched round the neck wi' another callan."

"Where on earth did he spring from?"

"I dinna ken. I was attending to number ane, when number twa poppit up, just to tak' leave o' Glasgow. I tell't them to stick in to me, and carried the pair ashore. Directly there's a skirl on the bank, and up comes number three, far ahint me in the Clyde, and sinks before I can win (*M*) to him. Dives for this one, and has a wark to find him at the bottom. Brings him ashore, in a kind o' a dwam; but I had nae fear for his life; he hadna been doon lang. My lord had a deal mair mischief to do, ye ken. By the same token he came too vara sune; and d'ye ken the first word he said to me?"

"No."

"Nay, but guess."

"I cannot."

"He said, 'Dinna tell my feyther!' ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! 'Lordsake, man, dinna tell my feyther!' ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"

I never saw a man more tickled, by a straw, than James Lambert was at this. By contemplating him I was enabled, in the course of time, to lose my own gravity; for his whole face was puckered with mirth, and every inch of it seemed to laugh.

"But," said he, "wad you believe it, some officious pairson tell't his feyther, in spite o' us baith. He was just a labouring man. He called on me, and thankit me vara hairtily, and gied me a refreshment; and I thought mair o't than I hae thought o' a hantle siller on the like occasions."

After one or two savings that would have gained a man a medal in the South, but go for nothing in this man's career, and would dilute the more coloured incidents, James Lambert prefaced a curious story by letting me into his mind. "By this time, sirr," said he, "I was aye prowling about day and night for vectims."

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"Tell the truth, James. You had the pride of an artist. You wanted them to fall in, that you might pull them out and show your dexterity."

"Dinna mak' me waur than I am, ha! ha! ha! Nay, but ye ken in those days folk was na sae acquainted in sooming, and accidents was mair common; and sae, if such a thing was to be, I wad like to be there and save 'em. Ech, the sweetness o't!—the sweetness o't!"

"I raised every morning between three and four and took a walk; it was a kind o' my natur', and the river was aye the first place I ran tae. Aweel, ae morning before 'twas well light I heerd high words, and there was a lass fleichting (*N*) on a lad, and chairging him wi' beein' her ruin; and presently she runs away skirling, and flings hersel' into the river. The lad he just turns on his heel and walks away."

I expressed my surprise and horror—no matter in what terms.

He replied, loftily, "My dear sirr, d'ye ken this?—there have been men in the name o' men that were little mair than broom-besoms."

I acquiesced.

"'Twasna for sport neither. The lass knew the water, and ran straicht to the deepest pairt, opposite Nelson's Monument. Her claes buoyed her up, and I got her out easy enouch. She wasna ashore a moment, when in she flees again, the daft hizzy. Noo the water maistly cools thir sort o' lasses, and reconciles them to terree-firmee. But she was distrackit; she was just a woman that wanted to die. So I went in again, and lectured her a' the time I was pulling her oot. 'Hae ye a quarrel wi' Him that made ye, ye daft cummer?' (*O*) says I; and I held her on the bank itsel'; but if I was strong in the water, she was stronger on land wi' her daftness, and she flung me off and in again. 'Vara weel, my leddy,' says I. Sae—d'ye ken what I did noo?"

"No."

"I just drooned her. I pit her heed under water, and kept it there till I made her taste the bitterness o' dethe—for her gude, ye ken. Hech, sirr, but it sickened her o' yon game. She brought up a quart o' Clyde, and then she lay and rolled a bit, and pu'd the grass, and then she sat up quiet as a lamb; and I stood sentinel over her leddyship, and my claes a' drippin'. By this time a wheen folk cam' aboot to see, and doesna the lad that was wi' her step furrud and complain to me. 'Ye'd little to do to interfere,' says he;

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'she was wi' me; she wasna wi' you.' 'What!' says I; 'd'ye begroodge the lass her life?' 'Not I,' says he; 'but y' had no need to meddle. What's your business?' So I gied him his answer. Says I, 'You have ta'en her character, and turned her on the maircy of the warld, and noo it's a' your vexation that ye couldna be rid of her in the Clyde. But she shall outlive you, ye blackguard,' says I, 'please Gude.' So then he challenged me to fight. But as I made ready to take off my coat a fine lad steps furrud and lays his hand on my arm. 'Ye're no fit for him,' says he; 'an' ye've done your wark,' says he, 'and this is mines.' So at it they went, and t'other stood up and fought for about five minutes. But oh! he napped it. My lad just hashed him. Gied him twa black een, and at the hinder end laid him sprawlin' and smothered i' bluid."

"But the woman?"

"She wasna a woman. She was but a lassie, about nineteen."

"Little fool! and thought she was ruined for life, when all her life was before her."

"Ye may say that, sirr. Why, that very year wasna she married on a decent tradesman? I often saw her after she was married, but she wadna speak to me. She couldna look me straught i' the face. She'd say, 'Gude morning,' though, when she couldna get by me."

"Ungrateful little brute!"

"Na, na; it wasna ingratitude ava; it was just shame. Aweel, she needna run fra' me noo; for I canna see her, nor ony of those I hae saved."

This made me gulp a bit, and when I had done I said, "She measured you by her small self. She would have been sure to blab in such a case, so she thought you would."

"Aweel, then," said he, "she was mista'en; for I maun tell ye that some mischief-maker let on something or other about it to her man, and he was uneasy, and came and asked me if 'twas true I had taken his wife out o' the water. 'Ay,' said I, 'her and twarree mair.' 'What had she to do i' the water?' says he. 'That's her business,' says I; 'mine was to tak' her oot.' He questioned me had she been drinking. 'Like eneuch,' says I, 'but I couldna say.' He questioned me and questioned me; but I pit the collar on, ye ken. I behooved to clear the wife a' I could. I didna lee neither; but I was afflickit wi' a' sooden obleevion o' sma' parteeculars, haw!"

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haw! I dinna think muckle o' yon carle. He had a rare gude wife; they a' said so, and whaur was the sense o' him diving into her past life, to stir the mud?"

Passing over an easy job or two, and a few melancholy cases, in which he had dived and groped the river, and restored dead bodies to their friends, I come now to a passage which, but for its truth, I should hesitate to relate exactly as he told it me; but if I were to yield to squeamishness and slur it, a chapter of human nature revealed to me would by me be meanly carried to my grave and hidden from the scholars of other ages and nations.

Thus, then, it was:—James Lambert was bathing in the Clyde one evening at the hour when it was allowed at that epoch.

Suddenly Mrs. Cooper, that kept the Society's house, cried to him over the window, "Rin, Jamie Lambert; there is a laddie in the water."

Up ran James Lambert, but the boy had sunk. A bystander directed him to the place; but it is not so easy to mark the exact spot where a body has disappeared in the water, and James Lambert dived twice, and came up without the child. He dived a third time, and groped along the bottom. He was down so long that the cry got up he was drowned too. Others scouted the idea. James Lambert drown! They had known him cross the Clyde, under the water, from bank to bank. Some time having elapsed since the first alarm, people had poured across the green and down the banks, and there was quite a crowd there murmuring and gazing, when up came James Lambert, panting, with the child in his arms.

There was a roar of exultation at the sight, but James Lambert did not hear it, and did not see the crowd. (Take note of that fact.) His whole soul was in the lovely boy, that lay white and inanimate in his arms. He ran into the house, uttering cries of concern.

"But when I got him in the hoose he opens ae eye on me—like a bonny blue bead it was. Eh! I was happy, I was happy. I gied the bonny bairn a kiss and hands him to the wife, and orders her to the fire wi' him. Then I'm going oot, when a' of a soodden I find I haena a steek on me, and twa hundred folk about the door. Wad ye believe it, *wi' the great excitement I never knew I was nakit* till I saw the folk, and bethought me. I rins back again, and at the stair-foot there's a bundle o' linen. I wasna lang happing mysel', I

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can tell ye, and oot I comes as bold as brass, in the wife's apron and a muckle sheet. The sight o' me made the lasses scairt and skirl (*P*), for I was like a corp just poppit oot o' the grave. I went for my clothes, and—they were away. My bluid gat up at that, and I chackit them sair. 'Hech,' says I, 'ye maun be a cauld-hairted set o' thieves,' says I, 'to tak' my very claes when I was doing a mon's pairt.' Bym-by (*Q*) I sees a young leddy in a silk gown wagging on me (*R*), and she points to a hedge near by. So I went, and there were my claes. She had put them aside for me, ye ken, and keepit her ee on them. Wasna that thoughtful o' her noo?"

"It was indeed."

"Aweel, sirr, I got my things on at the hedge, an' tied up the wife's bundle, and cam' forruid; and by this time the folk was dispaired like. But the same young leddy was walking to and fra, with her een doon, reflecting like. She wagged on me, and I came to her. So she askit me who I was, and I tell't her I was a cotton-spinner, and they ca'ed me James Lambert. So she lookit at me full, and says she, 'James, are ye married?' 'Oh yes, ma'am,' says I, 'this three years.' So she lookit me all over, in a vara curious way, and she says softly, 'James—it is—a—great—pity—ye're married—for ye're a vara—gallant—man.' So ye see, sir, I could hae had a young leddy—for her ee tell't me mair nor her words—if I hadna had the wife. But then I'd no hae had the wife. So it comes a' to the same thing."

I stared at him with surprise, for to me it did not seem quite the same thing to marry high sympathy, swift intelligence, and plenty of money, and to marry poverty, plus grovelling mediocrity. However, it was not for me to satirise conjugal affection and its amiable delusions. But I proposed the young lady's health, and we drank it cordially.

By this time I conclude I have so spoiled the readers of James Lambert that they will care for no passage of his extraordinary career that does not offer some new feature. So I go from water to the double peril of ice and water at the freezing-point.

"It was a hard winter, and I had chairge o' the gentlemen belonging to the skating club. So I had to go to Hugginfield Loch. But I was clean wastit there. I was armed wi' ladders an' ropes and corks. Mon, ony fule can stand and fling gear till a drooning body. And I gat an awfu' affront intil the bargain; they castit in my teeth that I was partial, and saved the rich afore the poor. Noo I let naebody droon,

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but my bargain was with the club to save them *first*, so I behooved to keep to the contract. Aweel, then, I did nae execution worth speaking o'. The thing I'm coming tae was at the bend of the Clyde they ca' 'the peat bog.' A number was skating on the river, and the ice began to heave an' shake wi' the high tide. So I chased all the boys aff wi' my belt and warned the men; but some folk winna be warned by me. The ice breaks under a labouring man, and in he goes, and the tide sucked him under in a moment. I ran to the place as fast as I could and under the ice after him. Aweel, I soomed and soomed, and didna catch him. I soomed and soomed, aye hoping to find him, till I had nae chance to come back alive if I didna turn. But just as I turned my feet struck him. Then my hairt got up again, and I grippit him, and I dragged him back wi' me, and soomed and soomed for my ain life the noo as weel as his. Eh, mon, I was amaist gane. But I wadna lose him. 'Twas baith live or baith dee. I'm just givin' in, when I see the light o' the hole, and mak' for't, and get him oot and on to the ice, and dizna it keep breaking direckly with the pair o' us, and sae we go floonderin' and smashing, till we are helpit ashore. Noo I'll tell ye a farce. I'm hauilding the chiel prisoner by the collar, and shaking t'other neif (*S*) at them a'. Ye ken I wantit to fleicht on them for saying I riskit myself mair for the rich than the puir. But a' I could say was, 'Wow—wow—wow'—the brethe wadna come bock to my body. And while I was 'wow—wow—wowing' at them, and grippin' my coptive like a mollyfactor, dizna he turn roond and thank me in a brief discourse vara ceevil. Eh, mon, I glowered at him; I loosed him, an' rolled away back'ards to glower at him. He could hae repeated his catecheesm, and I could only baash and blather. The man was a better man than me; for he had been langer in. Oh, I declared that on the bank, sune as ever I could speak."

I come now to the crowning feat of this philanthropic and adventurous life, and I doubt my power to describe it. I halt before it, like one that feels weak and a mountain to climb; for such a feat, I believe, was never done in the water by mortal man, nor ever will again while earth shall last.

James Lambert worked in Somerville's mill. Like most of the hands, he must cross the water to get home. For that purpose a small ferry-boat was provided; it lay at a little quay near the mill. One Andrew had charge of it ashore,

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and used to shove it off with a lever, and receive it on its return. He often let more people go into it than Lambert thought safe, and Lambert had remonstrated, and had even said, "Ye'll hae an occident some day that ye'll rue but ance, and that will be a' your life." Andrew, in reply, told him to mind his own business.

Well, one evening James Lambert wanted to get away in the first boat-load. This was somehow connected with his having bought a new hat; perhaps he wished to avoid the crowd of workpeople—here I am not very clear. However, he watched the great wheel, and the moment it began to waver, previous to stopping, he ran for his hat and darted down the stairs. But, as he worked in an upper story, full a dozen got into the boat before him. He told Andrew to put off, but Andrew would not till the boat should be full; and soon it was crammed. James Lambert then said it was a shame of him to let so many on board. This angered the man, and when the boat was so crowded that her gunwale was not far above water, he shoved her violently off into the tideway, and said words which, if he has not prayed God to forgive them in this world, will perhaps hang heavy round his neck in the next.

"To hell, ye beggars!" he cried.

This rough launching made the overladen boat wobble. The women got frightened, and before the boat had gone twenty yards she upset in dark, icy water, ten feet deep.

It was night.

"Before the boat coupit (*T*) athegither, they a' flew to me that could, for they a'kenned me. I' the water, them that hadna a haud o' me had a haud o' them that had a haud o' me, and they carried me doon like leed."

Now it is an old saying, and a true one, that "Afterwit is everybody's wit." Were I to relate at once what James Lambert accomplished, hundreds would imagine they could have done the same. To correct that self-deception and make men appreciate this hero correctly I shall stop here, and entreat my readers, for the instruction of their own minds, to lay down this narrative and shut their eyes, and ask themselves how it was possible for mortal man to escape drowning himself, and to save those who were drowning him. You have seen that it cost him the skin of his finger to get clear of a single baker. Here he was clutched and

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pinned by at least four desperate drowning creatures, strong as lions, in their wild despair, and the weight of twelve people more hanging on to those that clutched him, so that the united weight of them all carried down the strong swimmer, like a statue in a sack.

"Sirr, when ye've twa feet i' the grave your mind warks hard. I didna' struggle, for it was nae mair use than to wrastle wi' a kirk. I just strauchened myself oot like a corp (U), and let them tak' me doon to the bottom o' the Clyde; and there I stood upright an' waited; for I kenned the puir sauls would droon afore me, and I saw just ae wee wee chance to save them yet. Ye shall understand, sirr, that when folk are drooning they dinna settle doon till the water fills their lungs and drives the air oot. At first they waver up and doon at cairtain intervals. Aweel, sirr, I waited for that on the grund. I was the only ane grunded, ye'll obsairve. A slight upward movement commenced. I took advantage, and gied a vi'lent spang wi' my feet against the bottom, and, wi' me choosing my time, up we a' came. My arms were grippit; but I could strike oot wi' my feet, and before ever we reached the surface I lashed oot like a deevil for the quay. Aweel, sirr, wi' all I could do, we didna wend abune a yard, or maybe a yard an' a hauf, and doon they carried me like leed. I strauchened myself as we sank, and I grunded. The lave were a' roond me like a fon (V). I bides my time, and when they are inclining upward I strikes fra the grund, an' this time mair slanting towards the quay. That helpit us, and in a dozen vi'lent strokes we maybe gained twa yards this time; then doon like leed. Plays the same game again, up, and doon again. And noo, sirr, there was something that turned sair against us; but then there was something for us, to bollance it. It was against us that they had all swallowed their pint o' water by this time, and werena sae buoyant; it was for us that the water was shallower noo, maybe not mair than twa feet ower heed. Noo this twa feet wad droon us as weel as twanty, but wi' nae mair nor twa feet water abune us, I could spring up fra the grun by mere force; for the grun gi'es ye an awfu' poower for a foot or twa. Sae noo I'm nae suner doon than up again, and still creeping for the quay, and the water aye a wee bit shallower. The next news is, I gat sair spent, and that was bad; but, to bollance that, some folk on the quay gat rapes and boat-hooks, and pickit off ane or twa that was the nearest; and now ilka time I cam' up they

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pickit ane off, and that lightened my burden; and bym-by I drave a couple into shallow water mysel' wi' my feet. When I was in seven fut water mysel', and fewer folk hauding me doon, I got to be maister, and shovit ane and pu'd anither in, till we landed the whole saxteen or seventeen. But my wark wasna done, for I kenned there were mair in the river. I saw the last o' my ain band safe, then oot into the Clyde, wherever I heerd cries, and sune I fand twa lasses skirling, takes 'em by their lang hair, and tows them to the quay in a minute. Just as I'm landing thir (*W*) twa I hear a cry in the vara middle o' the river, and in I splash. It was a strapping lass; they ca'ed her Elizabeth Whitelaw. 'C'way, ye lang daftie,' says I, and begins to tow her. Lo an' behold, I'm grippit wi' a man under the water! It was her sweet-hairt. She was hauding him doon. The hizzy was a' reicht, but she was drooning the lad. Pairs these (*X*) twa lovers—for their gude—and taks 'em ashore, one in each hand. Aweel, sirr, I saved just ane mair, and then I plunged in again and sairched; but there was nae mair to be seen noo. Three puir lasses were drooned, but I didna ken that at the time. And noo I'll tell ye a farce. I'm seized wi' a faintness, and mak's for the shore. But I gat weaker and dazed like, and the lights o' Glasgow begins to flecker afore my een; and thinks I, 'I'll no see *ye* again; I'm done this time.' It was all I could do, for the bare life, to drift to the hinder part of the quay. I hadna the power to draw mysel' oot. I just grippit the quay and sobbit. The folk were a' busy with them I had saved; nane of them noticed me, and I would ha' been drooned that nicht; but wha d'ye think saved me that had saved sae mony?—an auld decrepit man: haw! haw! haw! He had a hookit stick, and gied me the handle, and towed me along the quay into shallow water, and I gat oot, wi' his help, and swooned deed away. I'm tauld I lay there negleckit a while; but they fand me at last, and then I had fifty nurses for ane."

Have I exaggerated? Does history record any other example of a man being clutched by a great number of drowning people and carried to the bottom, and saving them all in the lump, and then dashing in and saving the outsiders in detail?

By way of illustration let the reader imagine an umbrella-frame, and only four or five curved whalebones attached to the top part of the upright. Now fasten several other curved

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whalebones high up, to each of those four or five curves. Now plunge the whole frame into water till the upright touches the ground. Not one of the sixteen curved pieces will touch the ground. But, in the water, if a person, male or female, clings to a fixed upright, that person's body floats up, more or less; at all events it inclines towards the horizontal.

Now James Lambert, by artificially straightening his body, made himself the stick of that human umbrella, or the upright post they all clung to directly or indirectly, and so were kept floating in a curve, instead of sinking to the bottom. This enabled him, but only by patiently and artfully watching the fluctuations up and down of those floating bodies, to spring at the nick of time from the hard ground and carry them all to the surface for a few seconds. The rest is detail, and his own narrative makes it clear. But see what intellectual and moral qualities were here combined. Genius is often without courage; courage is generally without genius, and so, indeed, is bare skill; and, in desperate danger, how often has genius lost its head and blundered like an idiot; how often has courage lacked invention, and relied on precedent, that did not fit the novel danger, and so led it to death! But this man, even as his body touched the water, was all cool courage and swift inventive genius. He did not repeat himself, as mere skill does. Hugged in the water by a single man—the baker—he hit, with prompt invention, on the one way to save both lives; he used the baker's own chest as a fulcrum, and so tore himself free. But clutched by a dozen and more, he never attempted to get free at all, but straightened and stiffened himself into an upright post, and used the ground as his fulcrum to save himself and those who were drowning themselves and him.

I come now to the sad ending of all these glorious deeds.

James Lambert was up the river working, but at what business I forget. An engineer fell into the water, and sank for the last time before James could get to the place.

Following the direction of persons on the bank, he flung himself from a bridge and dived for the man. But the others had not marked the place precisely, and when, after repeated efforts, he brought the man to land, life was gone for ever. To use his own words, "It was a dear jump. He lost his life, and I lost my sight."

It was winter, and he was perspiring freely when he jumped into the icy water.

Very soon after a great dazzling seized him, followed by

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darkness. It cleared after a time, and he saw again. But the same thing occurred at intervals, and by degrees the attacks came oftener, and remained longer, until at last the darkness settled down and the light fled for ever.

Think of it. This twenty years he can no longer see the "Dominie's Hole," nor "the three stanes," nor "the peat bog," nor "the dead-house," nor the Clyde itself, where every bend is the scene of some great good feat he did. More than fourscore eyes he rescued from the darkness of the grave; yet unjust fate and dire calamity have not left him one poor orb to see the blessed day and the faces of those he has saved.

Now turn back to the story repeated from the *Glasgow Times*, and surely you will say that it was a rare and noble and poetic distress, and worthy to be sung by some great poet.

I am no poet, and cannot adorn so strong a tale; therefore I have aimed at that which all honest men can attain, if they will but take trouble, viz., the exact truth. I travelled to see him. I stayed in Glasgow many days to know him. I took him down to the Clyde and verified every spot, and got him to tell me each principal incident over again, at its own site, and I noted down his very words as well as I could.

The next thing was to rescue his features from oblivion. I asked him to meet me at the photographer's. He did so, but, horrible to relate, dressed as all Scotchmen dress on Sundays.

"James," said I severely, "was it in this clerical suit you saved so many lives?"

"No likely," said he; "except yon carle that was bathing o' the Sabba'-day. Mon, I was for coming in my auld claes that I wrought in at the mill yon time, but the wife cried shame; she wadna let me."

Observe how devoid of common-sense is common-sense the moment it meddles with the things of genius. So I sent him back for his old clothes, and I now present you, not indeed the hero himself, but his true wreck. The picture will mislead you, unless you allow for that sad misrepresentation of the manly mouth which takes place when a hero loses his front teeth. Observe the thin, straight lips and the strong chin; those lips, when the teeth were behind them, marked iron resolution. Add to the straight, thin, American mouth an eye full of fire, and by the wreck you may divine the man.

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OBSERVATIONS.

'James Lambert is of ordinary size, but very clean-built and wiry. The signs of great activity still linger about him. The easy attitude in which I first saw him was that of a man who could spring across the room in a moment from where he stood.

In manner he is two men; sometimes grave, slow, and thoughtful; sometimes fiery and vivacious; and the changes are well timed; for he relates his feats with French vivacity, but makes his reflections in a slow, thoughtful way that is Scotch all over. It is just possible that "race" may have a hand in his vivacious half, for he admits a French progenitor, and "Lambert" is a French name.

I have not known him long enough to draw his whole character; but to what is revealed in his recorded acts I can add one trait—he is a man without bile. I offer one example: after describing with great spirit how he saved a respectable acquaintance, he told me that the said individual had afterwards avoided him; and then he stopped and went in a moment from his French manner to his Scotch.

"And—I ha'e—obsairved, sirr, that the mair part—of them I ha'e saved—shuns me."

Straight I exploded with ire at their baseness. But I could not convey my spleen into this heroic bosom void of bile.

"Na, sirr," said he, with the same measured thoughtfulness, "I just—think—it is ower great—a debt—to awe to ony man, and they feel it a burrden."

Almost any other man, finding in a certain base biped vanity too strong for gratitude, would have vented the discovery in tones either of wrath or of piteous complaint, but this man sounded like a patient, inquiring philosopher. Certainly a faint tone of regret pierced through, but no more than became a philosopher, gently disappointed in mankind. To me, who have seen so much storming and blubbering over trifles, this thoughtful, uncomplaining dignity was as pathetic as it was noble.

If the man seems egotistical, his discourse being all about himself, you must remember that I kept drawing him out, and that the true balance of the dialogue is not presented, since I have suppressed the greater part of my questions as not worth printing.

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I ought also to tell you that his manner of relating his exploits had no touch of vanity, nor boasting, nor self-gratulation. It was a thing both strange and fine to see how he was carried away out of the dark present into those glowing scenes, relighted by the sun of memory. As he related, the whole man quivered with excitement. When he was telling me how he dived for the little boy opposite "the dead-house," I took his hand, and—under cover of sympathy, being a prying scoundrel—I furtively felt his pulse. It was beating about one hundred and ten to the minute; *his heart was once more doing the deed*, and his poor blind face shone with angelic goodness and gleamed with heroic fire.

This hero and martyr has a foible—not an uncommon one in Glasgow, but still a sad fault. He is too fond of whisky—much.

Bookmakers' morality will say, "Why reveal the infirmity of such a man?" I'll tell you; because in less than two hundred years the first stone of honesty in biography will have to be laid; so, not to waste the world's time, I lay it now.

Since, in this best of all possible worlds, much is done for moderately good killers of men, you may be curious to know what man has done for this incomparable saver of men.

He has earned the gold medal of the Humane Society twice, and the silver about twelve times.

He has never received either.

He better deserves every order and decoration the State or the Sovereign can bestow than does any gentleman or nobleman in this land whose bosom is a constellation. Yet not a cross nor a ribbon has ascended from the vulgar levels, where they grow like buttercups, to the breast of this immortal hero. And why? He is but a saver of men, not a killer; he is only a Christian hero; and in the distribution of glory the world, including the very preachers of the Gospel, is as rank a heathen as ever in spite of Christ, and a fool in spite of Voltaire.

The one public honour paid him is this. A suspension-bridge has been built over the Clyde where he saved more than twenty lives that one dark night; and over this bridge two men pass gratis till they die—Bailie Harvey and Hero Lambert. The rest of mankind pays a halfpenny.

So much for his decorations. Then for his pensions. He has but one, and that is local, not imperial, though the places the man adorns are the empire and the world. The

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Barony Parish, Glasgow, allows him three-and-sixpence a week. But he was earning twenty-five to thirty when he fell blind. So that his local allowance, for benefits to mankind, does not compensate him for his calamity by five-sixths; and his heroic and philanthropic feats are left out of the arithmetic altogether

I propose, then, to those who govern this country, to depart from the stiff precedents of savages, and to take wider and more enlightened views of heroism, beginning with James Lambert, since they cannot begin better. They have the example of France; she bestows civic honours on the heroes who save, as well as on the heroes who kill.

I propose to the Humane Society to bestow their gold medal. Anything less would be no compliment to this great Saver.

As for the English public, that needs no spur. When this narrative appears in an influential journal, hundreds will desire to improve James Lambert's condition. The best way to do that would be to secure him a fixed and large increase of income for the few years he has to live. It is out of my way, but in this one case I would receive and acknowledge donations with this object.

But I also wish to procure him the blessed boon of personal sympathy. I will not encourage a raid of staring dunces, pragmatical charlatans, and gaping quidnuncs; for that would do him harm, not good. But I will give his present address to any ladies and gentlemen who may be able and willing to go to him in the right spirit. Any such superior soul who will visit him in person, and with gentle hand draw him a while from the things present, which he cannot see, to the past, which he can see, will mount high on what an old author calls "the ladder of charity," for this will be a charity in a very refined and gracious form; it will be charity + brains. None will repent such a visit: though his estate is humble, he is one of nature's gentlemen, fit company for an emperor; and he is a sight better worth seeing than half the public shows, for he is a man without his fellow.

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GLOSSARY

- (A) Cry me to him—i.e., *Cry right, left, &c., till I find him*
- (B) The lave—*The rest.*
- (C) Faitour—*Feat.*
- (D) Soom—*Swim.*
- (E) Callant—*A boy.*
- (F) Naepkin—*Handkerchief. English.*
- (G) Lug—*Ear.*
- (H) Twarree—*Two or three.*
- (I) Washing-bay, or bayne—*Tub. French, "Bain."*
- (J) Dour, Grim—*severe. Latin, "Durus."*
- (K) A wean wastit—*A child thrown away.*
- (L) Spate—*Flood.*
- (M) Win, won, &c.—*Tenses of the old verb "wend"—to go. Saxon.*
- (N) Fleichting—*Scolding.*
- (O) Cummer—*A woman of the people. French, "Commère."*
- (P) Scairt and skirl—*Run and squeal. Scairt is French "Sortir."*
- (Q) Bym-by—*By-and-by.*
- (R) Wagging on me—*Beckoning to me.*
- (S) Neif—*Fist. English.*
- (T) Coupit—*Upset.*
- (U) Corp—*Corpse.*
- (V) Fon—*Fan.*
- (W) Thir—*These.*
- (X) These—*Those.*

THE WANDERING HEIR

*I Dedicate this Narrative to my Friend
M. E. Braddon, as a slight mark of Respect
for her Private Virtues and Public Talents.*

THE WANDERING HEIR

CHAPTER I.

ONE raw windy day in the spring of 1726 there was a strange buzzing by the side of a public road in the very heart of Old Ireland. It came from a great many boys, seated by the roadside, plying their books and slates, with here and there a neighbourly prod, followed by invectives, whispered; for the pedagogue was marching up and down the line with a keen eye, and an immensely long black ruler well known to the backs and limbs of the scholars, except three or four, whose fathers asked him to dine on poultry or butcher's meat, whenever those rarities were at the fire. The schoolroom stood opposite, and still belched through its one window the peat-smoke that had driven out the hive. There was a chimney, but so constructed that on a windy day the smoke pooh-poohed it, and sought the sky by vents more congenial to the habits of the nation.

The boys were mostly farmers' sons, in long frieze coats, breeches loose at the knee, clouted shoes tied with strips of raw neat-skin, and slovenly caubeens; but there was a sprinkling of broadcloth, plain three-cornered hats, and shoe-buckles. There were also five or six barefooted urchins, not the worst scholars there; for this strange, anomalous people, with many traits of the pure savage, had been leaders in mediæval literature, had founded the University of Paris, and had still a noble reverence for learning. The humblest would struggle to pay a sharp boy's schooling, and so qualify him for business, perhaps for the priesthood itself, pinnacle of an Irish peasant's ambition.

Aloof from this motley line stood a single, timid figure—a boy with delicate skin and exquisite golden hair; his face pale and anxious. He wore a straight-cut coat, scarlet once, but now a rusty red, no hat, shoes with steel buckles—and holes. This decayed little gentleman peered anxiously round

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a corner of the building, and as soon as ever the school broke up with horrid yells, ran and hid himself.

Too late! One quick young eye had seen him; and while the rest dispersed—two or three galloping off on rough ponies, neck or nought, in a style to set their unfortunate mothers screaming to the saints—a little party of five, eager for diversion on the spot where they had suffered study, chased the golden-haired boy with an appalling whoop. Fear gave him wings; but numbers prevailed. They caught him, and plagued him sore; giped him, poked him, pinched him, got him by the head and legs, and flogged a tree with him, and, in the exuberance of their gay hearts, pumped on his head till he gasped and cried for mercy in vain.

"That is foul play—five to one," said a cheerful voice—*crick, crack, crick, crack, crack*—and in a moment Master Matthews, one of the superior scholars, made all five heads ring with a light shillelah, but not a grain of malice; only he was a promising young cudgel-player, and must be diverted as well as the younger ones. The obstreperous mirth turned, with ludicrous swiftness, to yells of dismay.

But the warlike spirit of the O'Tooles and the O'Shaughnessys soon revived; battle was quickly arrayed with traditional skill. Here a crescent of five, armed with stones; there Master Matthews, with a tree at his back, the lid of a slop-pail for shield, and a shillelah for sword, grinding his teeth and looking dangerous, the fair-headed boy clasping his hands apart. Mr. Hoolaghan and his servant-man ran out staring.

"Och, ye disperadoes! ye murtherin' villins! what is this at all?" cried Mr. Hoolaghan.

Then each side set to work to talk him over. "Masther avick," whined the army, "he broke our heads and kilt us with his murtherin' shillelah, the maraudin' villin, intirely."

"Masther dear, they were five to one, torminting the life out of this little boccawn. Why didn't ye catch up a flint and crack their skulls like nuts at Hallowe'en?"

"Och! hear to the fungaleering ruffin!" And five hands were lifted high in a moment, each armed with a pebble.

Then the pedagogue grew warm, and gave them what he called his "tall English"—"The first that rises a hand I'll poolverise um. Lay down your bellicose weapons, ye insurrectionary thaves, or Norah shall perforate ye. Bring the spit out, wench, and transfix ye to the primises, while I flagellate ye by dozens, till the blood pours down yer heels. Lay down

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yer sprig of homicide and stand on it this minit, ye vagabone, or I'll baste you with the kitchen poker, till your back is coorant jelly and your head is a mashed turnup."

Mrs. Malaprop observed, in the next generation, that "there is nothing so conciliating to young people as a little severity," and so it proved even in this. The weapons were laid down, and then Matthew Hoolaghan, changing at once to the most affectionate and dulcet tones, said, "Now, honeys, we'll dis-coorse the matter, not like the barbarian voolgar, that can only ratiocinate with a bludgeon, but like good Chrischins and rale piripatetic philosophers that I have insensed in polite larning, multiplication, and all the humanities, glory be to God. Spake first, ye omadhaun, ye causa titirrima belly, and revale your crime."

"Masther, sir," said the victim, "I never done no crime. They do be always torminting me. I never offinded them. Spake the truth now; did iver I offind you?"

"Sowl, ye did then. Masther dear, look at um; he's got a Protestant face."

"Oh, fie! my father is a good Catholic; isn't he then, sir?"

The pedagogue took fright at this turn. "Och, murther, murther!" he shrieked, "ye conthrairy devils, would ye import the apple o' discord, an' set my two parishes cracking skulls and starving me? Would ye conflagrate the Timple of the Muses with ojum theologicum? The first that divairges to controversial polimics in this acadimy, I'll go to my brother the priest, and have him exkimminicated alive. Face! it is a likely face enough, I'm thinkin'."

"It's the purtiest in the school, ony way," said Norah—the argument having now come within her scope—"and a dale the clanest." Whereupon one of these ready imps reminded her it was the oftenest pumped on.

Said another, "He shouldn't pretind to be a lord's son, then, the little glorigoteen."

"But I am a lord's son," said the boy stoutly. Then there was a roar of derision. But the boy persisted that he was Lord Altham's son, and half the county of Wexford belonged to his father. Both sides appealed to the master; but he only said "Hum!" So Norah put in her word, and said the boy had been brought there by a great lord, in a coach-and-six; and the lord had kissed him tenderly, and called him his darling Jemmy, in her sight and hearing.

Mr. Hoolaghan admitted all that, but said, "If he was my

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lord's *real* son, would my lord leave his board, lodging, and schooling unpaid these fourteen months?"

"Divil a one of him!" replied an urchin, with the modest promptitude of his tribe.

Jemmy was himself struck by this argument. "Alas! then," said he, "I fear he must be dead. He was always good to me before. I was never away from him in all my life till now. Norah, when we were at Kinna I had a little horse, and boots, and rode with him a-hunting. I went to a day-school then, and mine was the only laced hat in the school. I brought it here."

"Thru for you, ma bouchal," said Norah, "and by the same token 'twas that thief 'o the warld, Tim Doolan, that stripped it, and gave the lace to his cross-eyed wench, bloody end to the pair of 'em!"

"Oh, masther!" cried James all of a sudden, clasping his hands, "you that knows everything, tell me, is my father dead?—the only friend I have. Ochoon! ochoon!"

"Nay, nay," said Hoolaghan, touched by this cry of despair, "Jemmy avick, if Lord Altham is your father, ye needn't cry and wring your hands; for he is alive, bad cess to him. My cousin seen him in Dublin a se'nnight ago, spinding money like wather, and divil a tin-penny he paid me this fourteen months."

"Masther, sir," said Jemmy firmly, "how far is it to Dublin, av ye plase?"

"A hundred miles and more."

"Then I'll go to him there, sir."

There was an ironical shout.

"Give me one good male to start on and I'll go, for I'm a lost boy here; and I'm ashamed to be in this place, an' him not paying for me, like the rest."

Now this sudden resolution was quite agreeable to Hoolaghan. Norah took the boy into the kitchen to feed him for the journey. The cubs began to feel rather sorry, for they were thoughtless, not bad-hearted; they scraped together fourpence for his journey. Norah gave him an old hat, and kisses, and a word of feminine advice. "Ma bouchal," said she, "wheniver you are in trouble, spake to the women; they will be *your* best friends; but keep clear of your own colour—not intirely—only brown women, and yellow women, is more prifirabler, by raison you are fair, like an angel herself."

The boys set him on his road a mile; then stopped and

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blessed him, and asked his forgiveness, being, to tell the truth, now quaking in the shoes of superstition lest he should put "the hard word" on them at parting, and him "a piece of an orphan," as the biggest remarked. But his nature was too gentle for that; he forgave them, and blessed them, and they all kissed him, and he kissed them, and they went their way. But Matthews would go another mile with him. At parting he said, "Tell me God's truth; are ye that lord's son?"

"Indeed, then, I am, sir."

"I wish I had known before. Let me look at thee well. I wonder whether I shall ever meet thee again, purty Jemmy."

"Indeed and I hope so, sir; for you are all the friend I iver found in this place."

"Jemmy, it seems hard to make friends one afternoon, and then to part for ever," said the elder boy, philosophising.

Jemmy's heart was swelling already, and at this the lonely boy began to cry piteously. Then Matthews blubbered right out; and so they cried together, and kissed one another many times, and James Annesley began his wanderings.

He walked on till dusk, and saw a small farm. He went by Norah's advice; made up straight to the farmer's wife, and asked her leave to sleep on the premises. She looked at him full before she answered, gave him some potatoes and buttermilk, and let him sleep in a little barn. He walked on the next day, and fared much the same; but by the third day he got footsore, and could only limp along. But he persevered. He sometimes got a lift in a cart, and sometimes, when a farmer's wife or daughter, on horseback, overtook him, he would appeal to her, especially if she was dark; and, true it was, the dark women, of whom were plenty in Ireland, would generally take him up and give him a ride before, or behind, as might be most convenient.

Still creeping on, he got into a county where the people had faces unlike those he had left behind, and both men and women wore long frieze cloaks, and the women linen head-dresses, and sometimes a handkerchief over that; and he limped into a village where was a sort of fair; but he had no money left to spend, and he sat down on the shaft of a cart, disconsolate, and seeing others so merry, began to weep with fatigue, hunger, and sorrow. By-and-by a man saw him, and asked him what ailed him; and he told his sad case. "Nay, then, sir," said the man, "you must come to The O'Brien." He took him to a little old man, exceedingly shabby, on a little white horse; he doffed his caubeen, and said, "An'

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it please your honour's worship, this is a gentleman's son in trouble ; he's hunting his own father—glory be to God."

"Who is your father, friend?" asked The O'Brien.

"An' please your worship, he is my Lord Altham."

The O'Brien made a wry face. "That is not Oirish," said he. "Some mushroom lord ; maybe one of William's men."

"Nay, sir, he is a good Catholic. Glory be to Hiven."

By this time there was a bit of a crowd collected to hear ; but the dialogue was interrupted by a simple fellow who had lost his wife. He burst in wildly, crying, "Arrah, people, people, did ye see Mary Sullivan, a tall woman, a tall yellow woman, not very yellow intirely, with a white pipe in her cheek?" They roared at him ; but he just rushed on, repeating that strange formula. The fair rang with it. But the little old scarecrow, descended from Ireland's kings, smiled superior, and took Jemmy home on his saddle-bow. Caubeens were lifted in the village wherever this decayed noble passed. He told the boy the whole county belonged to him and his ancestors, and he should sup and sleep where he liked. Finally, he showed him a large mansion and a cabin, not far apart ; let him know that these houses were his ; only various families had lived in the mansion for the last few centuries. "Now, sir," said he, "will you slape in my large house, where other people live this five hundred years, by my lave, or in my small house where I live—at present—for my convaynience?" Says Jemmy, "Sir, the small house, if it please you ; by reason I desire your company, as well as your house." The mighty scarecrow was pleased with this answer, and took him to his mud cabin. He sent his one servant, a bare-legged girl, to demand a rasher from a neighbouring farmer. No doubt, she said, The O'Brien had company ; for eggs and perch were sent directly, as well as a large piece of bacon. The two personages supped together, and slept on a heap of straw.

In the morning one peasant brought butter-milk, and another trout, and another oatmeal, and another a vehicle, the body of which was a square box suspended on a trap ; and The O'Brien's guest was taken five miles on his road, and his blessing sought by his conductor, a simple peasant, who discoursed on the grandeur of The O'Brien, and boasted that neither he nor his race had ever done a hand's-turn of work—and would never be allowed to—in the country. James limped out of that county into another, and met with no adventure till he came to Dunnyshallan, and was turned into a dice-box. The young men of the village had cut a gigantic

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backgammon-board on the green, very neat; it occupied the sixth part of an acre; and they had black and white flagstones to play with. Their dice-box was always a boy; and catching sight of James, one sang out, "Hurrooh! here's a strange gossoon. *We'll have luck all round.*"

So James was seated on high, with his back to the players, and ordered, on pain of death, to sing out sixes, fours, quater-ace, and all the combinations *ad libitum*. He complied, to avoid worse; and then it was he learned the literature of curses, in which this one small island was so fertile and ingenious that all the blasphemy in the rest of Europe was poor and monotonous by comparison. The infinite maledictions would doubtless have instructed and amused him had they been levelled at another, but being fired at him whenever he called a number that did not suit the player, and uttered with every appearance of fury, they frightened him, and he began to tremble and snivel.

"Now, thin, ye vagabone, give me a good number, or may St. Anthony's sow trample out your intrails."

"Oh! oh! oh! Sixes."

"Sixes! ye conthrary villin! Is it sixes I'm asking? The divil go a-buck-hunting with ye up and down" (the hunting-ground was distinctly specified).

"Oh! oh! oh!"

"Never heed the bally-ragging ruffin. Cry for me now, honey."

"Oh! I'm afraid. Deuce-ace."

"Och, ye're a broth of a boy! May ye live till the skirts of your coat knock your brains out! Now cry for Barney."

"Oh! I am afraid to spake. The Virgin be good to me. Deuce-ace."

"Och, ye thafe o' the world! May you die with a caper in your heel, and give the crows a puddin'."

And so on till dark, when a losing player threatened to murder the dice; a winner objected; the two quarrelled; shillelahs crossed; a ring was made; and there was much subtle play, and the whistling cudgels parried, or met with a clash, and bent over each other; till at last Jemmy's friend parried an excessive blow, and rising nimbly, delivered such a crasher on the other's skull that it literally shot him to the ground like a bullet, and he rolled over, by the impetus, after he landed.

Then Jemmy screamed with dismay; but the more experienced laughed at his notion of what the true old Irish skull

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would bear, and the victor took him home to supper and bed, *i.e.*, stirabout and straw.

He came to a fall in a river eight feet high, and saw salmon glittering prismatic in the sun, like rainbows, as they leaped; but they struck the descending column a foot too low, struggled in it a moment, then came down as stupid as tin fish. And here he saw a sight he might have travelled creation and never seen elsewhere—a corpse-like man lying flat in a coffin, and towed gingerly up to the fall by his bare-armed wife straddling on a rock. The man caught the salmon on the ground, one after the other, by the belly, with a cart-rope and three barbed hooks that would have landed a whale. 'Twas his own coffin, ordered by his uneasy wife, with true Hibernian judgment, the moment he was expected to die. But the salmon came up from the sea, and began to leap like mad. Pat put off dying directly, and took to poaching. We are creatures of habit, and salmon-slaughtering was his custom at that time of year, not dying.

The woman being dark—partly with dirt—James asked her for a fish supper. She boiled him half a salmon, and threw the rest to the pig; but she told James that in the big towns there were fools who would give 4s. a hundred-weight for the trash. Within fifteen miles of the capital he witnessed two abductions—one real, one sham; both commonish customs. The imitation was the lineal descendant of the real, and the men halloed and galloped so much alike in both pageants, and the two brides screamed so much alike, that he never knew for certain which was the pseudo-Sabine, which the real—and never will. His feet were bleeding; his clothes only just hung together; his little heart was faint; when at last he mounted a hill, and looked down on Dublin, which, by its buildings, its size, and its blue-slatted roofs, far transcended all that he had ever imagined of a mortal city. The town did not then overflow into pretty villas. Mud cabins prevailed up to the city gates, and from them this weary, wondering child plunged into streets and mansions. At the very first street he stopped and asked a decent man where Lord Altham lived. The decent man met this question by another: "How was he to know?" The same answer was returned in the next street, and the next; and this poor little mite of humanity wandered up and down in vain. Then a great and new fear fell on him: this Dublin was

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not a town like Ross; it was another world—a world of stone and slate, and hard hearts, not like the simple country folk. He might as well grope for his father in all Ireland as in this wilderness of labyrinths of stone. Snubbed, sneered at, rejected on all sides, he cried his sick heart and his hungry stomach to sleep in a church porch; and so he passed his first night in the capital.

Day after day the same, till at last he found a dark woman, a gentleman's cook, who listened to his tale and gave him some broken victuals. She was an Englishwoman; her name was Martha. One day Jemmy came for his dinner, as usual, but was disappointed. Kathleen, the kitchen-maid, informed him, with a marked elevation of the nose, that "madam" had gone out for the day, and locked up the safe, like a mane, miserly Sassenach as she was, bad cess to her and all her dhirty breed; but she'd be back again by five. Hungry Jemmy attended faithfully at five, in spite of the rain, and great was his surprise and awe when two chairmen brought up a chair, and there emerged from it—a duchess? No, but a fair imitation thereof—Mrs. Martha, with her income on her back and two little black patches on her cheeks. She smiled at his adoration, paid the chairmen loftily, who retired with expressions of adulation, and sly, satirical looks at each other, and she took James by the hand and led him to her sanctum. "Sir," said she, instead of "child," or "my dear," as heretofore, "I have been visiting my friends, and, from one to another, I have found ye my Lord Altham. As luck would have it, a countrywoman of mine, one Elizabeth Grainger, she lives in the house, but she tells me she shall give her notice." "Oh, madam! dear good madam!" began Jemmy. "Nay, sir," said she, "but you must hear me out. I am afeared you will not be so welcome as you ought to be. You are a sensible little gentleman as e'er I saw, so I'll e'en tell you the truth. Mrs. Betty did let me know my lord is in ill hands; this Dame Gregory and her daughter have got him. The old woman goes about her own house like a servant; but miss, she is mistress, and games with the quality, and spends money like dirt. They are betrothed to each other, and his wife laying sick in the town, on her way back to England. Poor soul, she rues the day she ever saw this hole of a country, I'll go bail. They look for her to die—for their convenience. Well, if I was her, I'd spite 'em; I'd play the woman, and

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outlive the brute and the hussy both, saving your presence."

"Oh, madam! an' if it please you, where does my father live?"

"'Tis in Frapper Lane, the corner house. What! will you be going, and no supper? Nay, then, God speed you. Give me a kiss, sweetheart. So. Your breath is honey. Sir," said she, curtsying to him all of a sudden, "I do wish you well. When you come into your estate, sir, prithee remember Martha Knatchbull, that took your part when fortune frowned."

"Ay, that I will, good, kind lady," said James, still overpowered by her glorious costume; and so he shuffled off, limping fast, and, in the hunger of his longing heart, forgot his hungry belly for a time.

To give the reader some idea of the house he was going to, I will sketch the domestic performances from 9 p.m. on the previous evening. Lord Altham and friends had a drinking-bout, at the end of which he was assisted to bed, and his friends sent home in chairs. But the ladies did not drink; they gamed their lives away. Mistress Anne Gregory received Lady Dace and Mistress Carmichael, and other ladies gloriously dressed, and, at first starting, most polite and ceremonious; they drank tea, and soon warmed into scandal—each accusing some other lady of her own especial vice—till at last they got upon politics. Inflamed by this topic, they soon boiled over. Voices rose over voices; not a single tongue was mute a moment; and such was the Babel that at last the fat, lazy lap-dog wriggled himself erect and looked furiously at the disturbers of his peace. Then a Neptune arose to still the raging voices; in other words, Mrs. Betty set out the card-tables. Down they sat, and soon their eyes were gleaming and their flesh trembling with excitement. Mistress Anne Gregory held bad cards; she had to pawn ring after ring—for these ladies, being well acquainted with each other, never played on parole—and she kept bemoaning her bad luck. "Betty, I knew how 'twould be. The parson called to-day. This odious chair, why will you stick me in it? Stand farther, girl. I always lose when you look on." Mrs. Betty tossed her head and went behind another lady. Miss Gregory still lost, and had to pawn her snuff-box to Lady Dace. She consoled herself by an insinuation—"My lady, you touched your wedding-ring; that was a sign to your partner here."

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"Nay, madam, 'twas but a sign my finger itched. But, if you go to that, you spoke a word began with H. Then she knew you had the king of hearts."

"That is like miss, here," said another matron; "she rubs her chair when she hath matadore in hand."

"Set a thief to catch a thief, madam," was miss's ingenious and polished reply.

"Hey-dey!" cries one. "Here's spadillo got a mark on the back; a child might know it in the dark. Mistress Pigot, I wish you'd be pleased to pare your nails."

In short, they said things to each other all night, the slightest of which among men would have filled the Phoenix Park next morning with drawn swords. But it went for little here; they were all cheats, and knew it, and knew the others knew it; and didn't care. It was four o'clock before they broke up, huddled on their cloaks and hoods, and their chairs took them home with cold feet and aching heads.

At twelve next day Miss Gregory was prematurely disturbed by her lap-dog barking like a demon for his breakfast. She stretched, gaped, unglued her eyes, and rang for Betty. No answer. She rang again, and beat the wall viciously with her slipper. Betty came in yawning.

"Here, child. Let in some light. Nay, not so much; wouldst blind me? I'm dead of the vapours. Get me a dram of citron-water. So. Now bring me a looking-glass. I will lie abed. Alack! I look frightfully to-day. If ever I touch a card again! Didst ever see such luck as mine? Four matadores, and lose codille!"

"Nay, madam," said Mrs. Betty, who was infected with the tastes of her betters, "with submission, you played bad cards."

"Hoity-toity, wench," cried the lady, "was ever such assurance? What is the world coming to?" And she packed her off contemptuously to get her tea and cream.

Betty turned pale with wrath, but retired.

Once outside the door, she said, "I'll be even with the jade. I'm as good as she."

Miss Gregory was at her glass when Betty returned with the tea. "Madam," said she, with a sly sneer, "the goldsmith waits below to know if you will redeem the silver cup."

"There, give him that for interest."

"And my Lady Dace has sent her maid."

"That is for her winnings. Never was such a dun. Here,

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take these ten pistoles my lord left for the wine merchant. They are all light, thank Heaven !”

At two, being half dressed, and the room tidied, but not a window opened, she received the visit of a fop. He paid her hyperbolical compliments, at which you should have seen Mrs. Betty's lip curl, and was consulted as to where she should put her patches, but was driven out like chaff before the wind by a creature more attractive—to wit, a mercer with silks, patterns, and laces from Paris ; so the toilet was not complete at four, when a footman knocked at the door with “Madam, dinner stays.”

“Then the cook must keep it back. I never can have time to dress, and I am sure no living woman takes less.”

However, she soon came down, distended with an enormous hoop, glorious with brocaded skirt and quilted petticoat, and cocked up on red high-heeled shoes ; bedizened, belaced, powdered, pomatumed, pulvilioed, patched, perfumed, and everything else—except washed ; yet less savage than the men in one respect : the commode and all the pyramidal, scaffolded heads had gone out ; her hair was her own, and, though long, was compressed into a small compass ; whereas the gentlemen had full-bottomed wigs that smothered their heads, contracted their cheeks, flowed over their shoulders, and befloured their backs.

My Lord Altham and two or three other gentlemen were there, and three ladies. Lord Altham, a little, dark man with a loud voice, received her with great respect, and told her they waited only for his brother, Captain Richard Annesley.

“Nay, he will not come, methinks,” said she. “He and I had words t’other day.”

“Nay, then let the churl hang. Who waits ?”

A flaring footman appeared, as if his string had been pulled.

“Bid them serve the dinner.”

“I will, my lord.”

For the conversation during dinner see Swift's “Polite Conversation.” You will be a gainer by the exchange ; for the discourse at Lord Altham's board was half as coarse, and not half so witty.

Soon after dinner the host proposed “Church and State.”

From that moment the ladies were evidently on their guard and ready for flight.

“Parson,” says my lord, “I'll tell you a merry story.”

The ladies rose like one and retired. My lord, having

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achieved his end, for at this time of night the bottle was his mistress, until it became his master, substituted a toast for his song:—

“The finest sight beneath the moon
Is to see the ladies quit the room.”

He then ordered the present bottles and glasses to be exchanged for others that would not stand upright, the stems of the glasses having been knocked off and the decanters being made like a soda-water bottle. This ensured so brisk a circulation that, although they were gentlemen who had all “made their heads” in early life, the claret began to tell, as was proved by the swift alternations of superfluous ire, and hyperbolical affection, and peals of idiotic laughter; when, in the midst of the din, an altercation was heard in the hall. The disputants were three, and each voice had its own key. First there was a sweet little quavering soprano, appealing to a flaming footman; then there was a flaming footman, objurgating the cherubic voice an octave lower; then came the commanding alto of Mrs. Betty.

“What is to do?” roared Lord Altham.

“Why,” said Mrs. Betty, seizing this opportunity, “’tis a young gentleman that hath travelled an hundred miles to see my lord, and my lord’s valet denied him, being stained with travel; but ’twas ill done, and him of kin to my lord.”

“Of kin to my lord! Nay, then, Mistress Betty, he is welcome to all here.”

Betty, who had her cue from the English cook, and who was already interested in the fair, sorrowful young face and golden hair, made no more ado, but led James into the room by the hand. The numerous lights in the candelabra dazzled him at first, and the fine clothes and perukes awed him; he hid against Betty’s capacious apron, that descended from waist to ankle. Then he peered, and saw Lord Altham standing up, looking half pleased, half vexed; he gave a loud cry, as if his heart was flying out of his body, stretched out his arms, and flew to him. “Oh father! father!” The sorrow he had endured, the joy and infinite trust that swallowed all sorrow up at sight of his father, both spoke in that one wild cry. It thrilled; it startled; it sent Mrs. Betty’s apron to her eyes in a moment, and pierced the heart even of this silly, brutal lord.

“My boy! my sweet Jemmy!” he cried, and sat down,

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and folded him in his arm, and kissed him tenderly, with a mawkish tear or two.

The guests then stood up respectfully and drank welcome to the young gentleman. "Not forgetting Mrs. Betty, that brought him to us," said the chaplain, who had a sheep's eye to her and her savings; she was a Sassenach, and sure to have savings. Irish savings were not.

"Father," said Jemmy, "they used me very cruel at that school, bad luck to it! They were always bating me, and the masther would not rise a hand for me, bekase you sent him no money for my schoolin'. Why didn't you send him his money?"

This, which would have made a Sassenach father blush, did but divert my lord and his company. "I kept it for yourself, Jemmy," said he.

"My lord is a great saver, sir. Long life to him!" said another.

"He is putting it by to build a church," suggested the chaplain.

"Twill be a church with a chimney, then," said Betty, who was somewhat free of her tongue. This sally was mightily approved by that unceremonious company. When the laughter ceased the sweet little voice of Jemmy crept timidly in.

"Father avick, does my mother live here?"

Now this question made the company very uncomfortable. It quite staggered Lord Altham for a minute. But he burst out furiously, "Thou hast no mother."

"Nay, father; then what hath come of the gentlewoman that had red shoes—two pair—made for me in Ross; and the likely woman that brought me woollen hose she had made for me herself, and called me her child?" Then, seeing my lord silent and much disturbed, he bethought himself, and said, "Well, if my mothers are both dead, I must love thee all the more."

Betty, who was watching Lord Altham's face very keenly all the time, now stepped forward and took James away. She fed him, and then proceeded to ablutions. The cleanliness of his skin, dusty but not grimed, surprised her; but, above all, his head. "Gramercy," said she, "not one to be seen, and they swarm in my lady's. To be sure, that same powder is a convenient habitation."

She put him to bed, and being a notable woman, sat up half the night, and made him a loose habit and a little hat. With this, and clean linen and a cambric tie, she brought him to Lord Altham while Miss Gregory was abed. Lord

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Altham was surprised and pleased, and took him out in a chair, and had him shod on the spot, and measured for a fine suit from top to toe. He was petted by everybody, and especially by Miss Gregory. This was a very clever young lady; she was not going to risk Lord Altham's affections by snubbing his son, a pretty, amiable boy. Mrs. Betty's shot missed fire. Miss Gregory went with the stream, and had two riding-suits made, one for James and one for herself, and she got him a pony, and he was her cavalier. They were the glory of Dublin and the Phoenix, and had often a crowd at their tails. Their accoutrement was as follows: each had a beaver hat, gold laced, looped, and with a handsome feather; a coat and waistcoat blazing with gold lace and gold buttons; only the lady ended in a petticoat of the same stuff, clinging close to her as a blister. She had also a little powdered peruke like a man, her object being to seem a smart cavalier by day, and a finicking fine lady, hooped and furbelowed, by night. The only drawback was, that this exquisite costume brought her mercer's bill to a climax, and he demanded payment of the following trifles, and threatened law:—Fine Holland smock, one guinea; Marseilles quilted silk petticoat, three pounds six; hooped petticoat, two pounds five; Italian quilted ditto, ten pounds; mantua and petticoat of French brocade, seventy-eight pounds; English stays, three pounds; Italian fan, five pounds; a laced head, of Flanders point, sixty pounds; silk stockings, one pound; a black-laced hood and a French silk *à la mode* hood, six pounds; French garters, one pound five; French bosom-knot, one pound twelve; beaver hat and feather, three pounds; ditto for James, two pounds; embroidered riding-suit of Lyons velvet and gold lace, forty-seven pounds; ditto for my young lord, nineteen pounds; sable muff, five pounds; red shoes (English), two guineas; tippet, seven guineas; French kid gloves, two shillings and sixpence; with innumerable other articles, all for outside wear, the body linen being in the proportion of the bread to the sack in Falstaff's tavern bill. Many of these articles could have been had for half the price, if the lady would have listened to Dr. Swift and bought Irish goods, but she would almost rather have gone bare. No, she was Irish to the core; so everything she wore must come from England or the Continent.

This bill and the man's threats brought on a fit of the vapours—another fashionable importation. She rode out with Jemmy one day to shake them off, and they met a gentleman

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riding, in a scarlet coat and a hat like a bishop's mitre. He drew up and saluted Miss Gregory stiffly, and cast a sour look at Jemmy. "Odzooks!" said he, "have you got that boy in the house?"

"What matters it to you, sir," said the lady, firing up, "since you do never come there?"

The officer explained that he and his brother, Lord Altham, had been out for some time. "To tell the truth, we are like cat and dog. Nought but want of money brings us together. You will see me now every day," said he, with a sneer; then lowering his voice, "Madam, I desire some private conference with you. Will it please you to be at home this afternoon?"

"Certainly, sir; in one hour."

When he was gone she asked the boy if he knew the gentleman. James answered very gravely that it was his uncle, Richard Annesley, and no friend to him—"Never gave me a good word nor a look in his life."

"Perhaps you are in his way," said she, with a laugh.

She gave Captain Annesley the *tête-à-tête* he had asked for, and he came to the point in a moment. Lord Altham and himself were both in want of money, and in order to get it had patched up their quarrels; parading Jemmy about the streets of Dublin was unseasonable, and just the thing to stop the business, or at least retard it. The money-lenders might hesitate, and say there was another interest to be thought of.

"Nay," said Miss Gregory, "that would never do; for here I am threatened for £200 and more."

Captain Annesley worked on her cupidity till she consented to part father and son; but she refused to do it with a high hand or with brutal severity. She could never urge the father to turn his son out of the house. Richard Annesley, as artful as he was unscrupulous, offered her his house at Inchicore, and they settled that Lord Altham should be taken out there, and every means employed to separate him from James, till the money was raised. This artful pair now put their heads together every day, and the first thing done was to discharge Mrs. Betty. She went back to England, leaving James in the house. Next all the servants were discharged, except two, who were sent on to Inchicore, and an old woman left in charge of the house and Jemmy.

Miss Gregory so worked on Lord Altham that he hid from James where he was going, stipulating only, like a sot as he

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was, that Richard should look to the boy and see he wanted for nothing.

After all, the money-lenders hesitated, on account of the previous mortgages, and my lord remained in hiding with Mrs. Gregory and her daughter, and had to cut down his expenses and live upon his rents.

James Annesley stayed in the house, hoping every day he should be sent for; till one day an execution was put in for rent, his riding-suit was seized, and he was turned out into the streets, with nothing but what he carried on his back.

Then he began to wonder and fear. He ran to Mrs. Martha, whom he had neglected in his prosperity. She had left the town. He was amazed, confused, heart-sick. He wandered to and fro, wondering what this might mean. He had to sell his fine suit for a plain one and a very little money, and when that was done starvation stared him in the face. Deserted and penniless, he had hard work to live. At first a playmate, one Byrne, brought him morsels of food in secret and lodged him in a hayloft. Then he got into the college, and used to run errands and black shoes. Vacation came, and even that resource failed, and then he held horses, for a halfpenny or a farthing, in Ormond Market, and was almost in rags: no other ragged boy so unhappy as he, since under those rags there beat the heart of a little gentleman and rankled the deep sense of injustice and unnatural cruelty. Of late he had avoided speaking of his parentage, but one day insults dragged it out of him. A bigger boy was abusing him because a gentleman, liking his face, had selected him to hold his horse; the boy called him a blackguard, a beggar, and other opprobrious terms. "You lie," said James, losing all patience, "I am come of better folk than thou. My father is a lord, and I am heir to great estates, and have been served by thy betters, and so should now if the world was not so wicked." These words did not fall unheeded; henceforth he was the scoff of all the dirty boys in the place, and they cried "My lord!" after him. One Farrell, that kept a shop on the quay, heard them at it, and said to his shopman, "Why, I see no hump on him; the boy is straight enough, and fair, if he were cleaned." He called James to him, and asked him why they called him "My lord." The boy hung his head, and would not say at first, he was so used to be jeered; but being pressed, and seeing a kindly face enough, began to tell his tale. But Farrell interrupted him. "Lord Altham," said he, "I know

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him, to my cost. Well, I do remember one time I went to Dunmaine for my money, and got mulled claret instead on't; there was a child there, with my lady and his nurse." James said eagerly that was himself. "Nay, then," said Farrell, "why not seek thy mother, Lady Altham, if she be thy mother?"

"Oh, sir!" said James, "I thought my mother was gone back to England. Dear, good sir, have pity on me, and take me to her, if she is in this wicked place."

"Child," said the man, "I know that my Lady Altham sojourned with her friend, Alderman King; but you are not fit to go there. Come you home with me." So he took him home, and bade his wife clean him and lend him an old suit of his son that was away at school. The wife complied, with no great cordiality; and Farrell sent a line about him to Alderman King, and then called at the alderman's house and asked for my Lady Altham. "Nay," said the alderman, "my lady sailed for England a se'nnight ago. But, Master Farrell, what tale is this you bring me? Why, my lady never had a son."

"Oh!" cried James, as if he had been struck.

Farrell looked blank: but said, "Sure your worship is mistook."

"I tell ye, Master Farrell, she was eight months in this house, and discoursed of all her troubles, and she never breathed a word about a son of hers. Did she, Mistress Avice?" turning to his housekeeper.

"She did—to me, sir," said the woman coolly. "My lady was my countrywoman, and opened her heart to me. She spoke once of her son, and said the greatest of her grief was she could never see him."

Here the alderman was called away, and Farrell took James home in tears. "Keep a stout heart, sir," said he; "your mother is gone, but I'll soon find your father, if he is above ground."

Farrell wanted to keep him, but his wife would not hear of it. "We have lost above £50 by that Lord Altham already. I'll have none of his breed in this house, bad scan to the dirty clan of 'em."

Now Farrell had a friend, a very honest fellow, one Purcell; so he told him the whole story one day over a pipe. "Let me see him," said Purcell; "if I like his looks—why, we can afford to keep something young about us. But I must see him first."

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So these two went to one likely place and another, and presently Farrell saw Jemmy in Smithfield riding a horse, and pointed him out to Purcell. "Stand you aside," said Purcell, "and be not seen." He took a good look at the boy, and liked his face. "Child," said he rather shortly, "what is your name?"

"James Annesley, sir."

"Whose son are you?"

"Alas! sir," said James, "prithce do not ask me; it makes me cry so. I'm a lost boy."

Then the honest man's bowels were moved for the child; but he would not show it all at once. "Are you Lord Altham's son?" said he a little roughly. "Indeed, then, I am, sir," said the boy, and looked him in the face. "Then," says Purcell, still a little roughly, "get you off that horse; for if you will be a good boy I'll take you home with me, and," says he warmly, "you shall never want while I have it." Then Jemmy stared at him, and the next moment fell on his knees in the market-place and gave him a thousand blessings, "For, oh, sir!" said he, "I am almost lost;" and he trembled greatly.

"Have a good heart, sir," said Purcell, and took him by the hand, all shabby and dirty as he was, and brought him home to his wife, that was busy cooking, being a right good housewife. "There," says he, "Mary, here's a little gentleman for thee." So she looked at him and smiled, and asked who he was. "Thou'lt know anon," said he; "but take care of him as if he was thine own." Now she was not like Farrell's wife, but one that had a good man, and knew it. "Go thy ways," said she, and gave him a merry push, "and come thou here no more till supper-time." Then he went away, and she soon had a great pot on the fire, and made the boy wash in a two-eared tub, and put decent clothes on him; and drew all his history from him with her kind words and ways; and when the honest man came home he started at the door, for there sat his wife knitting, in her best apron, and beside her a lovely little gentleman with golden hair, leaning on her shoulder, and they were prattling together; and one was "My child," and the other was "Mammy," already. It was the happiest fireside in Ireland that night, and it deserved to be.

Here was a respite to all James Annesley's troubles. He grew, he fattened, he brightened; he loved his mammy and stout John Purcell, and they loved him.

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Unfortunately Farrell found out Lord Altham at Inchicore, and went to dun him, and told him about Jemmy. Lord Altham was shocked, and promised to remunerate both Farrell and Purcell as soon as he could raise money. Meantime he blustered to Miss Gregory, and she must have told Richard Annesley; for one September afternoon there walked into Purcell's shop a gentleman, with a gun and a setter, and inquired, "Is there not one Purcell lives here?"

"Yes, sir," said Purcell; "I am the man."

Then the gentleman called for a pot of beer, and sat down by the fire, inviting Purcell to partake. When the gentleman had drunk a drop he asked Purcell if he had not a boy called James Annesley. Purcell said yes, and the gentleman said he desired to see him. Now Jemmy had been ailing a little, and was in the parlour, with Mrs. Purcell, in an arm-chair by the fire; so Purcell went in to tell him, and found him in tears. "Why, what is the matter?" said Purcell. Says the boy, "It is that gentleman; the sight of him has put such a dread on me, I don't know what to do with myself."

"Nay," said Purcell, "the gentleman is civil enough. Come and speak to him." So he came very unwillingly. The gentleman said, "So, James, how do you do?" The boy answered stiffly, "Sir, I thank you; I am pretty well." The gentleman said, "And I am glad you have fallen into such good hands." The boy said gravely, "Sir, I have reason to thank God for it. They are kinder to me than my own kin." The gentleman said he must not say so, and asked him if he knew him.

"I know you well," said he; "you are my uncle, Richard Annesley;" and, at the first opportunity, slipped back to his "mammy," as he called her. He was all trembling, and she asked him why he was so, and he said, "That's a wicked man; he hates me; he hates me. He never came near me but to hurt me. I'd liefer meet the devil. Some day he will kill me."

Whilst Dame Purcell was comforting him, and telling him nobody should harm him under her wing, Richard Annesley treated Purcell, and told him Lord Altham should recompense him; but Purcell declined that favour, and said rather contemptuously, "When he is man enough to take his own flesh and blood into the house, he knows where to find him; but I ask no pay. I can keep a lord's son, if his father can't; and I can love one, if his father can't, for there never was a better boy stood in the walls of a house."

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Three months after this Lord Altham had a short illness, and died. He was to be buried at Christchurch, and the sexton told Mrs. Purcell the afternoon before the funeral. They buried at night in those days. Mrs. Purcell had not the heart to keep it from the boy; he turned very pale, but did not cry. Only he would go to the funeral. Purcell dissuaded him, and then he began to wring his hands. Mrs. Purcell had her way for once, and got him weepers to attend.

It was a fine funeral, by torchlight. Velvets, plumes, mutes, flambeaux. One thing only was wanting—mourners. The tenants of his vast estates—his numerous boon companions—his wife—his betrothed—his brothers, Lord Anglesey and Richard Annesley—all drinking, or gaming, or minding their own business. There stood by this wretched noble's open grave only two that cared—an old coachman, Weedon, and the poor boy he had so basely abandoned. The rest were strangers, brought there by hard curiosity.

When the coffin began to sink out of sight, the tender heart of the deserted one almost burst with grief and wasted love.

"OH, MY FATHER! MY FATHER!" cried the desolate child! and that wild cry of woe rang in ears that remembered it, and spoke of it long after, and under strange circumstances no one could foresee at that time.

When he came back all in tears Purcell said, "There, dame, I knew how 'twould be;" and he was almost angry.

"But 'tis best so, John," said she. "Dear heart, when he comes to be old, would you have him remember he could not find a tear for his father, and him no more?"

"Oh, mammy, mammy!" said James, "only one old man and me to weep for him; those he loved before me never cared for him;" and then his tears burst out afresh.

A day or two after this a message came to James Annesley that his uncle wanted to see him at Mr. Jones's in the market. The boy refused to go. "It is not for any good, I know," said he. But at last he consented to accompany Mr. Purcell, if he would go armed. Stout-hearted Purcell laughed at his fears, but yielded to his entreaties, and took a thick stick. James held him fast by the skirt all the way. In the entry to Jones's three fellows slouched against the wall. "Oho!" thought John Purcell.

Mr. Annesley met him, and Purcell took off his hat, and Mr. Annesley gave him good morning, and then, without

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more ceremony, called to one of the fellows to seize that thieving rogue and take him to the proper place.

"Who do you call a thief?" said Purcell sternly.

"Confound you," says the gentleman, "I am not speaking to you." Then he ordered the fellows again to take Jemmy away. But Purcell put the boy between his legs and raised his stick high. "The first of you lays a hand on him, by God I'll knock his brains out!" Hearing him raise his voice in anger, one or two people came about the entry, and the bullies sneaked off. "You a gentleman," said John Purcell, "and would go to destroy this poor creature you were never man enough to maintain."

"Go you and talk to his nurse," said Richard Annesley spitefully; "she knows more of him than you do."

"This is idle chat," said John Purcell. "He has neither father, mother, nor nurse left in this kingdom but my dame and me. Let us go home, Jemmy. We have fallen in ill company."

But from that day there were always fellows lurking about John Purcell's house; sometimes bailiffs, or constables, or sharks disguised as such; and the boy one day lost his nerve and ran away. He entered the service of a Mr. Tighe, and sent word to Purcell that his life was not safe so long as his uncle knew where to find him, and he also feared to bring him and his mammy into trouble.

For this cowardice he paid dear. He had been watched, and an opportunity was taken to seize him one day in the open street by men disguised as bailiffs, on a charge of theft, and, instead of being taken to a court, he was brought to Richard Annesley's house. Richard Annesley charged him with stealing a silver spoon. The boy was quiet till he saw that fatal face, and then he began to scream, and to cry, "He will kill me or transport me." Annesley's eyes glittered fiendishly. "Ay, thou knave," said he, "I have been insulted enough for thee, and my very title denied me because of thy noise. Away with him!"

Then the men put him into a coach, and took him along by the quay, screaming and crying for help. "They will kill me, they will transport me, because I am Lord Altham's son;" and people followed the coach and murmured loud. But the men were quick and resolute, and while one told some lie or other to the people, the others got him into a boat, and pulled lustily out to a ship that lay ready to cross the bar, for all this had been timed beforehand; and once on

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board that wooden hell, he had no chance. He was thrust into the hold.

The law protected Englishmen from this in theory, but not in practice. Some agent of Richard Annesley's indented James Annesley as his nearest friend, acting *at his request*, and the sole record of this act of villainy read like an act of plain, unobjectionable business. He was kept in the hold and his cries unregarded. The ship spread her pinions and away. Then the boy was allowed to come on deck and take his last look of Ireland. He asked a sailor-boy where they were going. "Bound for Philadelphia," was the reply. At the bare word the poor little wretch uttered shriek upon shriek and ran aft, to throw himself into the sea. The man at the wheel caught him by his skirt, and had much ado to hold him, till a sailor ran up, and they got him on board again, screaming and biting like a wild cat. The gentle boy was quite changed by desperation; for Philadelphia, though it means "brotherly love" in Greek, meant "white slavery" to poor betrayed creatures from the mother country.

Finally, after superhuman struggles and shrieks of despair, so piteous that even the rugged sailors began to look blank, he went off into a dead swoon, and was white as ashes and his lips blue. "He is dead," was the cry.

"Lord forbid!" said the captain. "Stand aloof, ye fools, and give him air."

"Oh, humane captain!" says my reader; but "Oh, good trader captain!" would be nearer the mark. This Richard Annesley, to save his purse, had given the captain an interest in the boy's life. The captain was to sell him over the water and pocket the money. This fatal oversight elevated a human creature into merchandise. The worthy captain set himself in earnest to keep it alive. He fanned his merchandise, sprinkled his merchandise, and when his merchandise came to, and with a stare and a loud scream went off into heart-rending and distracting cries, he comforted his merchandise, and gave it a sup of rum and water, and hurried it down into a cabin, and set a guard on it night and day, with orders to be kind to it, but very watchful; this done, he gave his mind to sailing the good ship *James* of Dublin.

But next day he was informed that the merchandise would not eat nor drink, but was resolved to die. "Drat him! drench him," said the stout-hearted captain.

"Drench him yourself," said the mate. "I'm sick on't."

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Then the captain bade the cook prepare a savoury dish, and brought it down to James. "Eat this, sir," said he, as one used to be obeyed. The young gentleman made no reply, but his eyes gleamed. The captain drew his hanger with one hand, and stuck a two-pronged fork into a morsel with the other. "Eat that, ye contrary toad," said he, "or I'll make minced collops of thee." The boy took the morsel. "So!" said the captain, sneering over his shoulder at the mate. The boy spat it furiously in his face. "May God sink thy ship and burn thy soul, thou knave, that wouldst steal away a nobleman's son and sell him for a slave."

The captain drew back a moment, like a dog a hen has flown at, and had hard work not to cut him in two; but he forbore, and said, "Starve, then, and feed the fishes;" and so left the cabin. The mate, who was at his back all the time, told the boatswain young master was a nobleman's son, and was being spirited away, and there was "foul play" in it. Some remarks were made which it was intended the captain should hear. He took them up directly. "A nobleman's son," said he; "ay, but only a merrybegot, and so given to thieving he will do no good at home. Why, 'twas his own uncle shipped him—for his good." This quieted the men directly, and from that moment they made light of the matter.

When James was downright faint with hunger the captain took quite another way with him; went to him and said he feared there was some mistake, and he was sorry he had been led to take him on board; but the matter should be set right at landing. "No, no," said James, "I shall be bound as a slave. May Heaven revenge me on my wicked uncle! I see now why he has done this—to rob me of my estate and my title."

"Indeed, I begin to think he is to blame," said the captain. "But why take fright at a word, sir? None can make you a slave for life, as the negroes are, but only an apprentice for a time."

"I am beholden to you, sir," said James; "but call it what you will, 'tis slavery; and I'd liever die. But promise to send me back by the first ship, and I will give you a hatful of money when I come to my rights, and pray for you all my days."

"Ay, but if I do so, will you eat and drink, and be of good heart?"

"That will I, sir."

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"Then 'tis a bargain."

They shook hands upon it, and from that hour were good friends. James was treated like a guest. He ate and drank so heartily that the captain began to wince at his appetite; and, in a word, what with the sea air, plentiful diet, and a mind relieved from fear of slavery, the young gentleman's cheeks plumped out and became rosy, he grew an inch and a half in height, and landed at Philadelphia a picture of a little Briton.

The planters boarded the ship; the captain threw off the mask, and sold him directly, for a high price, to one Drummond.

James raged and cried, and demanded to be taken before a justice.

Then, for the first time, the captain produced papers, all prepared by Richard Annesley, under legal advice. The colony wanted labour, and was ill-disposed to sift the evidence that furnished it; it all ended in Drummond carrying his prize home to Newcastle County.

Next morning, at five o'clock, James found himself engaged, with other slaves, black and white, cutting pipe-staves, and an overseer standing by, provided with a whip of very superior construction to anything he ever saw in Ireland.

Being only a boy, and new at the work, he was first ridiculed, then threatened, and before the day ended the whip fell on his shoulders, stinging, branding, burning his back much, his heart more; for then this noble boy felt, with all his soul and all his body, what he was come to: an ox—an ass—a beast—a slave!

CHAPTER II.

In this miserable condition of servitude James Annesley remained nearly seven years, having been indented for an extreme period; and many a sigh he heaved, and many a tear he shed in solitude, thinking of what he had been, and what he had a right to be, and what he was. But, being now a full-grown young man, tall, and very robust, he could do his work, and his misery was alleviated by caution, and, above all, by the blessed thought that his

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servitude was drawing to an end, since a white man could only be bound for a limited term.

But let all shallow statesmen and pedantic lawyers who trifle with the equal rights of humanity be warned that you cannot play fast and loose with things so sacred. The mother country, in its stupidity, allowed its citizens to be made slaves for a time; the Pilgrim Fathers and their grandchildren, though no men ever valued liberty more in their own persons, or talked more about it, had not that *disinterested* respect for it which marks their nobler descendants, and so they, by a bye-law or custom, enlarged the term of servitude. This they contrived by ordering that, if one of these temporary slaves misbehaved grossly, and, above all, attempted to escape, his term of servitude could be enlarged in proportion by judges who were in the interest of the planters.

So the game was, when the white slave's term of servitude drew near, to make his life intolerable, then, in his despair, he rebelled, or ran for it, and was recaptured, and re-enslaved by this bye-law passed in the colony.

"Where there's a multitude there's a mixture," and not every planter played this heartless dodge; but too many did, and no man more barbarously than this Drummond. By the help of an unscrupulous overseer, who did and said whatever he was ordered, he starved, he insulted, he flogged, he made his slaves' life intolerable; and so, in a fit of desperation, James started one night for the Delaware River. He armed himself with a little bill-hook, for he was quite resolved not to be taken alive.

In the morning they found he was gone, and followed him horse and foot. But they did not catch him, for rather a curious reason—he had the ill-luck to miss his road, and got to the Susquehanna instead.

He found his mistake when too late; but he did not give up all hope; for he saw some ships, and a town, into which he resolved to penetrate at nightfall. It was then about ten o'clock. Meantime he thought it best to hide; and coming to two roads, one of which turned to his right and passed through a wood, he turned off that way, and lay down in shelter, and unseen, though close to the roadside. Here fatigue overpowered him, and he went to sleep, fast as a church, and slept till four in the afternoon. Then he awoke, with voices in his ears, and peeping through the leafy screen, he saw, with surprise, that there was company close to him.

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There was a man haltering a horse to a tree near him, and another already haltered; a gentlewoman in a riding-habit stood looking on, while another man drew provisions and wine from some saddle-bags, and spread a cloth on the grass and made every preparation for a repast.

Then they all three sat down and enjoyed themselves, so that poor hungry James sighed involuntarily and peeped through the leaves. The lady heard him, turned, saw him, screamed, pointed at him, and in a moment the men were upon him with drawn swords, crying, "Traitor! Spy!"

But James whipped behind a tree and parleyed. "No traitor, sir, but a poor runaway slave, who never set eyes on you before." The men hesitated, and he soon convinced them of his innocence. One of them laughed and said, "Why, then, there's nought to fear from thee."

The lady, however, still anxious, cross-questioned him herself. His answers satisfied her, his appearance pleased her, and it ended to his advantage; they made him sit down with them and eat and drink heartily.

At last the lady let out they were fugitives too, and could feel for him, and she said, "We are going on board a ship bound for Holland. She lies at anchor, waiting for us; and if you can run with us, we will e'en take you on board. But in sooth we must lose no time." They started. The gentleman had the lady behind him, and James ran with his hand on the other horse's mane; but losing breath, the man, who was well mounted, took him up behind him. Night fell, and then they went more slowly, and James, to ease the good horse, walked by his side.

But presently there was a fierce galloping of horses behind them, and lights seemed flying at them from behind. The lady looked back and screamed, "'Tis he himself; we are lost!"

The men had only time to dismount and draw their swords, when the party was upon them, with a score of blades flashing in the torchlight. The men defended themselves, and James, forgetting it was no quarrel of his, laid about him with his bill-hook; but the combat was too unequal. In three minutes the lady, in a dead swoon, was laid before one horseman, her lover and his servant were bound upon their own horses, and James fared worse still, for his hands were tied together and fastened to a horse's tail.

In this wretched plight they were carried to the nearest village, and well guarded for the night in separate rooms.

At daybreak they were marched again, and James

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Annesley, in that horrible attitude of a captive felon, was drawn at a horse's tail through four hooting villages, and lodged in Chester Jail.

Law did not halt here; they were all four put to the bar, and then first he learned, by the evidence, who his companions were, and what he had been doing when he drew bill-hook in their defence. The lady was daughter of a trader in this very town of Chester. Her father, finding her in love with some one beneath her, had compelled her to marry a rich planter. She hated him, and, in an evil hour, listened to her lover, who persuaded her to fly with all she could lay her hands on. The money and jewels were found in the saddle-bags. The husband was vindictive, the crime twofold. The guilty pair, the servant, and James, who was taken fighting on their side, were condemned.

James made an effort to separate his fate from the others. He told the judge who he was, and what master he had run away from; declared it was a mere accident his being there; he had been surprised by the sudden attack on persons who, whatever their faults, had just been good to him. The judge took a note while he was pleading in arrest of judgment, but said nothing; and they were all four condemned to stand on the gallows for one hour with a rope round their necks, to be whipped on their bare backs with so many lashes *well laid on*, and then imprisoned for several years.

CHAPTER III

Two little rivers meet and run to the sea, as naturally as if they had always meant to unite; yet, go to their sources in the hills, how wide apart! How unlikely to come together, or even approach each other! Why, one rises south, and the other north-east; and they do not even look the same way at starting. It is hard to believe they are doomed to trickle hither and thither, meander and curve, and meet at last to part no more.

And so it is with many human lives; the facts of this story compel me to trace, from their tiny sources, two human currents, that I think will bear out my simile. The James Annesley river is set flowing; so now for the Joanna Philippa Chester, and old England.

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She was the orphan daughter of two very superior people, who died too young. Her mother was a Spaniard, her father an Englishman, and a lawyer of great promise. They had but this child. She inherited her mother's jewels and thirteen thousand pounds. Her father, tormented by some cruel experience in his own family, had an almost morbid fear lest she should be caught up by some fortune-hunter and married for her money, she being a black-browed girl with no great promise of beauty at that time. During his last illness he thought much of this, and spoke of it very earnestly to the two gentlemen he had appointed her trustees. These two, Mr. Hanway and Mr. Thomas Chester, hated each other decently but sincerely. Mr. Chester knew that, and, with a lawyer's shrewdness, counted a little on it, as well as on their attachment to himself, to get his views carried out. He made them promise him, in writing, that Joanna's fortune should be concealed from her until she should be twenty-four, or some worthy person, unacquainted with her means, should offer her a marriage of affection; she was to be brought up soberly, taught to read and write very well and cast accounts, and do plain stitching, but never to sit at a harpsichord nor a sampler. She was to live with Mr. Hanway at Colebrook till she was seventeen, and then with Mr. Thomas Chester, her uncle, till her marriage; each trustee, in turn, to receive £100 a year for her board and instruction. Her fortune was all out at good mortgage, paying larger interest than is to be had on that security nowadays.

The £100 a year was of some importance to Mr. Hanway, and he was not at all sorry that Joanna Philippa was to be taught only what he and his housekeeper could teach her; that saved expense. He did teach her an hour every day, and she was so quick that at ten years old she could read and write and sum better than a good many duchesses. But the rest of the day she was entirely neglected; so she was nearly always out of doors, acquiring more health and strength and freckles than a girl is entitled to, and playing pranks that ought to have been restrained. She was at this time a most daring girl, and she always played with the boys, and picked up their ways, and, by superior intelligence, became their leader. From them she learned to look down on her own sex; and the women, in return, called her a tomboy and a witch. Indeed, there was something witch-like in her agility, her unbounded daring, and her great keen grey eyes, with thickish eyebrows, black as jet, that actually met, not

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on her brow, but—with a slight dip—on the bridge of her nose.

One summer afternoon, being then about eleven, she had just ridden one of Farmer Newton's horses into the water to drink, according to her custom, and driven the others in before her, when she became aware of a gentleman in black, with a pale but noble face, looking thoughtfully at her. It was the new vicar, a learned clerk from Oxenford. He smiled on her, and said, "My young madam, may I speak with you?" He knew who she was.

"Ay, sir," says she; and in a moment, from riding astride like a boy, she whipped one leg over and was seated like a woman, and brought the horse out, and slid off down his fat ribs, and lighted like a bird at the parson's feet, and took her hat off to him, instead of curtsying. "Here be I," said the imp. "My dear," says the vicar, "that is not a pastime for a young gentlewoman." Joanna hung her head.

"Not," said the parson, "that I would deprive you of amusement at your age; that were cruel, but—have you no little horse of your own to ride?"

"Nay, not so much as a Jenny ass. Daddy Hanway is—I know what he is, but I won't say till we are better acquainted."

"Come, come, we are to be better acquainted, then."

"Ay, an' you will. Now may I go, sir?"

"Why, we have not half made acquaintance. Madam, I desire to show you my house."

"Alack! and I am dying to see it; so come on," and she caught him by the hand with a fiery little grasp.

"Have with you, then!" cried the parson, affecting excitement, and proposed a race to the vicarage; so they sped across the meadow. His reverence was careful to pound the earth and make a great fuss, but not to distress the imp, who, indeed, skimmed along like a swallow.

"There," said she, panting, "there's none can beat me at running in this parish except that Dick Caulfield; Od rabbit him!" The vicar allowed that refined expression to pass for the present, and took her into his study. "Oh, Jiminy!" she cried; "here's books! I ne'er thought there were as many in the world."

"What! you are fond of books?" said he eagerly.

"I doat on 'em; especially voyages. I have read every book in our house twice over; there's the Bible, and 'Culpepper's Herbal,' and 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and the 'Ready

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Reckoner,' and the 'Prayer Book,' and a volume of the 'Spectator,' and the 'Book of Receipts,' and the 'Book of Thieves.'"

"And which do you like the best of all those?"

"Why, the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' to be sure. 'Tis all travels."

"Strange," said the clergyman, half to himself, "that a girl born in a country village should be so fond of travels."

"Country village!" said she. "Drat the country village! I ran away from it once; but they caught me at Hounslow. But, bless your heart, I was only eight; better luck next time, parson."

"Nay, Mistress Joanna——"

"An't please you, call me Philippa. I like that name best."

"Well, then, Mistress Philippa, I am of your mind about travelling. My studies, and a narrow income somewhat drawn upon by poor relations, have kept me at home; but my mind hath travelled on the wings of books, as yours shall, Mistress Philippa, if you please. See, here's Purchas for you, and Dampier, Cowley, Sharpe, Woodes Rogers, where you shall find the cream of 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Stout John Dunton,' and 'Montaigne's Travels,' short, but priceless. Here be 'Coryat's Crudities' and 'Moryson's Itinerary,' two travellers of the good old school, that footed Europe and told no lies. Ay, Philippa, often, as I sat in my study, or meditated beneath the stars, have I longed to escape the narrow terms of this small island and see the strange and beautiful world. First of all, the Holy Land, where still the vine, the olive-tree, and the cornfield grow side by side; where the Dead Sea rolls o'er those wicked cities, and Lot's wife, in salten pillar, still looks on; to see Rome, that immortal city where ancient and modern history meet and mingle in monuments of surpassing grandeur and beauty. Then would I run East again, and behold the mighty caves of Elephanta, monument of a race that is no more; the Pyramids of Egypt, and her temples approached by avenues of colossal sphinxes a mile long. Thence to the Pole, and see its spectral glories, great temples and palaces of prismatic ice, of which this new poet, Mr. Pope, singeth well:—

'As Atlas fixed, each hoary pile appears
The gathered winter of a thousand years.'

Then away to sunny lands, where for ever the sky is blue,

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and flowers spring spontaneous, and the earth poureth forth pines, and melons, and luscious fruits, without the hand of man :—

‘ And universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Leads on the eternal Spring.’

Then I would see the famous mountains of the world : Ararat, where the ark rested, as the waters of the flood abated ; Teneriffe’s peak, shaped like a sugar-loaf, and by mariners seen often in the clear glassy sky one hundred miles at sea ; and, above all, the mighty Andes, so high that no aspiring cloud may reach his bosom, and his great eye looks out ever calm, from the empyrean, upon half the world.”

The scholar would have gone on, dreaming aloud, an hour more ; but his words, that to him were only words, were fire to the aspiring girl, and set her pale and panting. “ Oh parson ! ” she cried ; “ for the love of God, take hat and come along to all those places ; ” and she crammed his hat into his hand and tugged at him amain.

“ My young mistress,” said he gravely, “ you do use that sacred name too lightly.”

“ Well, then, for the love of the devil ; I care not, so we do go this minute.”

Then he held up his finger, and with kind and soothing words cooled this fiery creature down a little, and put “ Dampier’s Voyages ” into her hand. Down she flung herself—for it was erect as a dart or flat as a pancake with this young gentlewoman ; no half-measures—and sucked the book like an egg.

He gave her the right to come and read when she pleased ; and from this beginning, by degrees, she became his pupil very willingly.

He played the *viol da gamba* himself ; so he asked her, did she like music ?

“ No,” said she ; “ I hate it.” How many of her sex would say the same, if they did but dare.

Would she like to draw and colour ?

“ Ay ; but not to keep me from my travels.”

It turned out that she had an excellent gift at drawing and a fine eye for colour ; so, with instruction, she soon got to draw from nature and to colour very prettily ; the only objection was, in less than six months from the first lesson

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every roadside barn-door within distance presented a caricature in chalk of the farmer who owned it, and often of his wife and family into the bargain. The number and distance of these "sculptures," as she was pleased to call them (why I know not) revealed an active foot, a skilful hand, and a heart not to be daunted by moonlight.

The parson tried to break her spirit—with arithmetic. But no; she was all docility and goodness by his side—she would learn arithmetic, or anything else, with a rapidity that nothing but a precocious girl ever equalled—but a daring demon, when he was not at her back.

In vain he begged her to consider that she was now thirteen years old, and must begin to play the gentlewoman. "I cannot," said she; "gentlewomen are such mincing apes. The boys they scorn them, and so do I; they make me sick. Parson," said she, "I love you;" and she made but one spring, and her arms were round his neck with the same movement. "Grant me a favour," said she, "because I love you. Have me made a boy."

The parson looked at her gazing imploringly right into him with her great eyes, and was sore puzzled what she would be at now. However, the explanation followed in due course.

"Why," said she, "'twill not cost much; 'tis but the price of a coat and waistcoat and breeches, instead of these things," slapping her petticoats contemptuously; "and then I *am* a boy. Oh! 'twill be sweet to have my freedom, and not to be checked at every word because I am a she."

"Why, what stuff is this, child?" said his reverence. "Putting thee in boy's clothes will not make thee a boy."

"Yes, it will. You know it will. Nay, to be sure, there's my hair; but I can soon cut that."

"Now, Philippa," said her preceptor, "I cannot have you cutting your beautiful hair—which is a woman's crown—and talking nonsense. Hum!—the truth is—ahem—when once one has been christened Joanna Philippa in the church, one is a girl for ever."

"Alas!" whined Philippa, "and is it so? Methought it was the clothes the old folks put us in that did our business." Then, going into a fury, "Oh! why did I not scratch their eyes out when they came to christen me a girl? Why cried I not aloud, 'No! No! No!—A Boy!—A Boy!'"

"Well, we must make the best of it, my dear. I will read you what Erasmus saith, in his 'Gunæco-Synedrion,' of the

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female estate and its advantages. Then you will see that each condition of life hath its comforts and its drawbacks."

The compass of my tale does not permit me to deal largely in conversation; otherwise the intercourse of this gentle scholar's mind and this sharp girl's was curious and interesting enough. It left Philippa, at fourteen years of age, very superior to the ladies of the period in reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing, walking, leaping, and running; but far more innocent, in spite of her wildness, than if she had consorted with the women of that day, whose tongues were too often foul.

At this time the good parson fell ill, and having friends in office, obtained leave to go on the Continent.

He returned in two years, and found his pupil transformed into a tall, beautiful girl; even her black brows became her now, and dazzled the beholder. But such a change! She was now extremely shy, avoided the boys, blushed whenever they spoke to her, and played the prude even with her late preceptor. She had a great many new ideas in her head. Need I say that Love was one of them? But, as there was nobody in the parish that approached the Being she had fixed on—young, beautiful, fair, brave, good, and that had made the grand tour—her favourite companion, after all, was the good parson; only she now approached even him with a vast show of timidity. To tell the truth, she had just as much devil in her as ever, but, on the surface, was mighty guarded, demure, and bashful.

And now, seeing her to be beautiful and knowing her to be rich, temptation entered the heart of Jonas Hanway. Jonas was a respectable man, but he was a father; and he thought to himself, "Now, if my boy Silas and she were to make a match on't, what great harm, so that it came about of itself, and not of my tempting Silas with her wealth? The Lord forbid I should ever do that."

So, to bring this about as honestly as might be, the old man indulged miss with a pony and the very masculine riding-dress fashion permitted to women; also a little purple velvet cap and white feather, very neat; and set Silas to ride with her. She used to pace out of sight demurely, then dash out of the road into the fields, and away as the crow flies over hedge and ditch, depositing Silas in the latter now and then. She treated him altogether with queenly superiority; and as for him, he showed no admiration, notwithstanding the insidious praises of her old Hanway poured into his dullish ears.

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One day, when Mr. Hanway was out, this young lady, who was now mighty curious, and always prying about the house, gave the old gentleman's desk a shake with both hands. She had often admired this desk; it was of enormous size and weight, and sculptured at the sides; an antique piece of furniture. When she shook it something metallic seemed to ring at the bottom. She looked inside, and there was nothing but papers. "That is odd," thought Joanna Philippa. She shook it again. Same metallic sound. Then with some difficulty, though she was a most sinewy girl, she turned it over and saw a little button, scarcely perceptible. She pressed it, and lo! a drawer flew out at quite another part of the desk. That drawer dazzled her; it was literally full of sparkling jewels, some of them very beautiful and valuable. She screamed with surprise; she screamed again with delight. She knew in a moment they were her mother's jewels, which Mr. Hanway had told her were a few trifling things, not to be shown her till her twenty-first birthday, and then she was to have them for her own.

"Oh, thou old knave!" said she. She did not hesitate one moment. "I'll have them, and keep them too, if I hang for it; for they are mine." So she swept them all into her apron, and flew upstairs with them and hid them; then back again and put the desk straight.

That night she had them all on, one after another, before she went to bed, and marched about the room like a peacock surveying herself.

Next day she took fright, and carried them out of the house, and hid them in the thatch of an old cart-house that was never used nowadays, so not likely to be repaired.

On moonlight nights she would sometimes take a little hand-glass out, and wear the diamond cross and brooch, and parade with them sparkling in the moonlight. Her bedroom commanded a view of this sacred cart-shed, and she always took a look at it the last thing before she went to sleep.

When temptation gets the small end of the wedge in, how sure the rest is to follow!

In Jonas Hanway's case the wedge widened after this manner. The time drew near when he must hand his ward over to her uncle Chester, and the very day came when Silas must go to London to enter a friendly merchant's house, under circumstances too favourable for the opportunity to be thrown away for nothing.

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It was under this double pressure on Mr. Hanway's conscience that the following dialogue took place between father and son upon the little lawn at the back of the house.

It was a fine spring day; the sun was shining hot after a shower. The gardener had been rolling the turf with a stone roller, and was now trimming the turf. Mr. Hanway had paced the gravel thoughtfully some time with his hands behind him, and Silas beside him, secretly longing to be out of the parish.

"And so, Silas," said the old man regretfully, "in one hour you do leave your father and go to London."

"Ay, father," Silas replied, with the cruel cheerfulness of the young; "and I hope I shan't come back till I've made my fortune;" and then the old man stopped short and confronted him.

"Son Silas," said he after a few moments' silence, "you might make it easier and quicker by staying at home."

"As how?" asked Silas, with an eagerness that showed he was not indifferent to suggestions of that sort. But Mr. Hanway, who had been so ready when he ought to have hesitated, began to hesitate now—because it was too late, I suppose. He said—

"Nay, I ought not to tell thee that. It is very wrong of me. It is breaking faith with the dead."

"Silas, who was a stolid youth in everything that did not touch his interest, replied very characteristically, "Why, you wouldn't keep your own son out of fortune to humour the dead! For shame, dad!"

Mr. Hanway shook his head, as much as to say he was not to be blinded by his hobbadehoy's egotism. He put the matter on a very different footing by a word.

"Nay, nay, 'tis thus," said he. "I see my son going to leave me, and a father's heart gives way. Boy, your cousin—my ward Joanna—she passes for a poor girl; but she is not—the Lord forgive me for telling thee—she is an heiress."

"That tomboy an heiress! Sure you are jesting."

"No, Silas, no. Her father was afraid some fortune-hunter might snap her up, so he bound old Chester and me, that be her guardians—he did bind us solemnly not to tell a living soul. Alas! 'tis a wrong act I am doing; but 'twill all be in the family; and I hope he will forgive me, and not visit me of nights. Whisper, Silas! She is worth thirteen thousand pounds the day she marries, and her mother's jewels, that are worth three thousand more; they came from Spain."

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"Father," cried Silas, "you take my breath away." Then with a doleful whine, "Why did you not tell me before?"

"For conscience' sake. I always hoped you two would pair by nature, being young and housed under one roof. And Silas, bethink thee now, have I not given thee many a hint to woo her?"

Silas was fain to own this was so. "And," says he, "and so I have wooed the minx a bit, after a manner, now and then, to please you, not myself, I can tell ye."

"Good lad! good lad! Obedience to parents still brings a blessing."

Silas, an original observer, though on a very small scale, demurred to that wholesale judgment.

"It ha'n't brought me one, then; on foot nor horseback neither. When I ride out with her to please you, she is ne'er content till she sees me in the mire; and the last time I walked with her I did but offer her a kiss, and she fetched me a slap—made mine ears to ring for half-an-hour and more."

"And what did ye then, son Silas?"

"Why, bade her go to the devil for a vixen and a tomboy, as she is."

Jonas thought this a sinful waste of opportunities. "Ye silly oaf," said he, "ye should have kissed her twenty times directly."

"What! and got twenty cuts on the head?"

Jonas shrugged his shoulders contemptuously at this reasoning. Silas, fancying he had got the best of the argument, added solemnly, "You'd be content with *one*. She hits like a horse kicking."

"Why, faint heart never won fair lady," explained the senior.

"Fair! She is as black as a crow," observed the logical junior.

"Her feathers will make a peacock of thee, boy. Come, Silas, in one day she can make thee a gentleman for life."

"Why didn't ye tell me before?" whined Silas, driven into a corner.

He then represented that it was too late now. His place was taken by the coach, and that would come up to the George Inn, Colebrook, in an hour.

The pertinacious old man turned even this untoward circumstance his way.

"All the better, boy," said he. "Her heart will be softer

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at parting. Don now thy best clothes and woo her like a man. Tell her thou'dst give up London and fortune for her. And see! here's a ring of price. Clap thou it on her finger as thy betrothed. Maids do love rings dearly; ten to one she lets thee put it on; and if so, why, with a buss 'tis settled."

Silas was wrought on. "I'll do't," he cried; "I'll do't; but mind, if she flings it in my face I go straight off to London."

"Ay, but she won't; she won't." Then Silas hedged. "If she won't have the ring, you ought to let me keep it," said he.

"Ay, but she will; she will."

So Silas donned his best clothes, resolved to win Philippa, or else follow his valise to the coach. When he was dressed his father saw him, admired him, pronounced him inimitable, as far as mere personal attractions were concerned; but sore mistrusting his eloquence and tact in a matter of this kind, armed him with the very words he was to say, and so launched him at the unguarded Philippa, whom he had descried taking weeds out of the gravel with her little hoe. As for the old gentleman, he went to his own room and dressed for dinner; and that gave him an opportunity of peeping through the window at the courtship unobserved. The young couple had the lawn all to themselves; for whilst Jonas and his son were conversing the gardener had taken an observation of the sun's altitude through his two hands, and had made it dinner-time or noon. Philippa's first notice of her suitor's approach was a loud sigh, rather theatrical than dramatic; she turned, and there was Silas in his best clothes.

"What, Silas!" said she kindly, "are you really going?" and her heart smote her a little for her pranks.

"Ay," said Silas, affecting the deepest dejection (by paternal order); "I am going to leave thee and home."

"Oh, how I envy you!" cried the candid Philippa. "To be a man, and carve your own way to fortune!"

"Ay, mistress," said Silas, a little off his guard, "'tis very inviting, and I have been wearying for the day. But, now the time has come, it seems I know not my own mind, for fortune beckons me to London, but love holds me here."

"Love of what?" inquired Philippa incredulously—"gudgeon-fishing?"

"No."

"Love of lying about yawning six days in the week, and sitting and snoring in church the seventh?"

Silas received this summary of his pursuits with stolid patience.

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"No," said he; "try again."

"Excuse me; I am better employed."

"Nay, then, I'll tell thee. 'Tis love of a beautiful girl."

"There's no such thing in the parish."

"Ay, but there is, with eyes in her head as black as sloes."

It was not worth Philippa's while to misunderstand him. After that she blushed a very little, and then laughed.

"Oh, are you there, cousin?" said she. "If 'tis me you mean, waste not another minute, but go straightway to London."

"What! am I not good enough for you?"

"That," said Philippa curtly enough, "is a question I care not to answer. Enough, you are not the man for me."

"And who is the man for you?"

"I'll tell you. He must be young—and brave—and good—and fair-haired—I'll never wed another crow like myself—and six feet high—and, above all, one that hath made the grand tour, and will make it again with me; and then," said she, leaning on her hoe and falling into a half reverie, "the fair lands we see together will be more beautiful to me by his discourse."

She looked so lovely, with her beautiful eyes upturned in rapturous anticipation, that Silas began to warm to his work.

"If that is all," said he, "I am your man. We will travel the whole earth together, as soon as we have got the money. Philippa, look at this ring. Is't pretty, think you?" Philippa glanced at it out of the tail of her eye, and said, "Indeed, 'tis well enough."

"Will you have it, Philippa?"

The lovely black eyes looked greedy, but feminine delicacy was on its guard; so a cautious answer was the result.

"Ay, if you like—some other time, when you are not talking nonsense."

"Nay, now or never, mistress," said Silas, armed with paternal resolution. "Come," said he, catching hold of her hand, "let me put it on thy finger, and give me a kiss for't."

Philippa drew back and began to pant a little at that. "I'll take no ring of thee in that way. Let me be, I say; I'd rather die than wed thee."

"And I'd rather die than not wed thee;" and he still pressed her hand, and threw his arm round her waist and drew her to him by main force.

"Ah! let me go," she screamed. "You are a churl and a ruffian. I'll not be used so."

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She struggled violently, and when nothing else would do, she tore herself clear, with a fierce cry, all on fire with outraged modesty and repugnance, and gave him a savage blow on the bridge of the nose with her little hoe; it brought him to one knee; and, with that, she was gone like the wind, and flung herself, sobbing, into a garden-seat, out of sight.

Now this severe blow was not dangerous, but it made the lover's nose bleed profusely. It bled a great deal as he kneeled, half stupefied, and when he got up a little way it bled freely again; he thought it would never leave off. His love was cooled for ever. All he cared about now was not spoiling his new clothes; so, after a while, he walked away very slowly, with his nose projecting like a gander's; and he was scarcely clear of the premises, when Joanna Philippa, who had peeped, and seen him off, came back to her occupation, looking as demure and innocent as any young lady you ever saw. She was rather dismayed, though, when she found the grass incarnadined and the gardener's turf-cutter literally drenched with blood.

While she was contemplating this grim sight, and wishing she had not hit so hard, the old man came at her all of a sudden, white with rage. "Ay, look at your work, you monster," he cried, "and the poor boy leaving us for good. You have killed him, or nearly, and I'll trounce you for it." He gripped her by the arm and raised his cane over her head.

She was terrified, and cried for mercy. "Oh uncle! I did not mean it. Oh, pray don't kill me! don't kill me!"

He did not mean to kill her, nor even hurt her; but, in his paternal rage, he struck her a great many times about her petticoats, which made a great noise. She screamed all the time; only at first it was, "Don't kill me!" and then, "Don't degrade me!"

"There," said he, "let that teach thee not to be so ready with thy hands, thou barbarous, ungrateful jade!"

But now she confronted him, in silence, with a face as white as death and eyes that glared, and her black brows that looked terrible by the contrast with her ashy cheek, a child no more, but a beautiful woman outraged. She said nothing, but gave him that one tremendous look, then fled, with a cry of shame and anguish. She flew to the cart-house, took out her jewels, and in three minutes she was gone. But nobody knew; for her cunning was equal to her resolution. She slipped into a wood that adjoined Mr. Hanway's premises, and going through that, got on the other side of a

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hedge, and so upon a road that led to London; but not by the great coach-road, else Silas must have seen her from the coach.

She entered the city at ten that evening, and slept at an inn.

Next morning she sold one of her rings, and took a modest lodging, and bought some stuffs, and set to work to make a suit such as she saw worn by tradesmen's daughters of the better sort. All her fear was to be captured, and her mother's jewels taken from her. They were all her fortune, she thought; and, besides, she loved them.

One day, just before the new clothes were ready, and being weary of confinement, she strolled abroad, and seeing a chocolate-house, whipped on her mask, and entered it. While she was sipping her chocolate, a spark handed her the *Daily Post*, with a low bow, by way of preliminary to making her acquaintance. She thanked him so modestly he hesitated, and let her read the paper in peace. It was a miserable sheet, with very little in it; but there was a curious advertisement:—

“*April 26.*—Lost, or mislaid, one pair large brilliant earrings, with drops of the first water; one diamond cross; three large bars for the breast (diamonds of the first water); large pearl necklace; brooch of sapphire and brilliants; one large ruby ring; one emerald and brilliants; one locket, set with amethyst and rose diamonds. If offered to be sold, pawned, or valued, pray stop 'em (*sic*) and the PARTY, especially if a young lady; and give notice to Mr. Drummond, goldsmith, at Charing Cross, and you shall receive 200 guineas reward.”

The paper almost fell from her hands at first; yet, with the fine defensive cunning of her sex, she sipped her chocolate quite slowly, feeling very cold all the time; and then she went home.

The advertisement was very well worded for others; but falling, unluckily, into her hands, it disquieted as well as terrified her. “My jewels!” said she; “not me. He means to steal them. Well, he shall never see them, nor me, again.”

She carried her new dress to a shop that sold masquerade dresses, and she easily exchanged it for a seaman's holiday dress, a merchant captain's or mate's. She brought it home in a bundle. She purchased a trunk, and paid her landlady, and then she had only a crown left and her jewels.

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She took a coach, it being now dark, and had the hardihood to change her clothes in the coach. The seafaring man's dress fitted her so loosely she had no trouble. The moment she had got into it her native courage revived, and she was ready to dance for joy. "Now find your young gentlewoman and her jewels," said she. "Nay, but I'll put the sea between us rather." She had noticed some clean-looking lodgings, so she made the coachman stop there. When he let her out he started at the metamorphosis; but she put her finger to her lips and said, "Only a masquerading folly," and gave him her last shilling.

The landlady received the handsome young mate, all smiles, and they soon came to terms. In the morning she melted a jewel, and paid the landlady a week in advance. Then she took out her female costume and pawned it. She purchased shirts, and good stockings of wool and cotton, and marched about with a little hanger by her side, but was mighty civil, not feeling desirous to draw the said hanger. She always gave a fine gentleman the wall.

She now asked the prices of jewels at many places; and hearing of a good ship bound for America, she sold a ring, called herself a merchant's son, dressed accordingly, and sailed, a passenger, to Boston, in the bay of Massachusetts.

Her first intention was to be a woman again, as soon as she got there. But there was what they called in those days "a spirit" on board the ship—that is to say, a gasconading agent, working for the planters; he told her such a tale about the American colonies, and how any man could dig a fortune there, that she agreed to indent as servant and bookkeeper, and see whether it would suit her. She thought it was no use being idle in man's clothes; indeed, she had too much energy. She was easily led into signing an indenture, the full effect of which she did not comprehend; yet she was sharp enough to read the paper, and bargain that she was to do no work but keeping accounts and overlooking labourers, and this the agent wrote in, sooner than lose the prettiest young fellow he had ever seen; and, to make a long story short, a rich planter from Delaware acquired this prize, and carried her off to a first-rate farm near Willingtown.

There she remained a year, affording perfect satisfaction to her employer; reading every book she could lay hold of, taking in knowledge at every pore, flattering and so winning the women, and watching the men like a very cat, to know their minds. This study amused her greatly.

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She left the seeds of trouble behind her. At seven o'clock that very evening she ran away Mr. Hanway's gardener, whose cottage was on the premises, took in his turf-cutter and showed it to his wife, all bloody. He laughed, and said, "Why, one would think they had been a-pig-killing with this here."

His wife, instead of laughing, gave a scream, and then fell a-trembling. "Oh dear!" said she, "we shall hear more of this." Then she told him she had heard some poor creature crying for mercy, and saying, "Oh, don't kill me! don't kill me!" and after that she had heard heavy blows. "Oh John!" said she, "put it away from me, for I do feel sick at sight on't." So he went and put the turf-cutter away in the tool-house, just as it was. When he came back he asked her if she knew whose voice it was that had cried for mercy.

"How can I tell all that way off?" said she. "'Twas a woman's voice, for certain. Alack! ask me not, John; I'm afraid of my own thoughts."

"Well, keep them to thyself, then; we have got a good place. Least said is soonest mended."

Next morning the news was that Joanna had run away. The gardener told his wife at breakfast. She shook her head. "Run away, poor thing! She'll never run no more. She'll never be seen no more, without you do find her, digging about."

"Hush!" said the man. "Hold thy tongue; we have eaten his bread a many years."

"I shall never bear the sight of him again, I tell thee."

"Well, keep out of his sight, then; he won't come after thee, I trow; but if ye go hanging of him with your tongue, and losing me a good place, I shall twist thy neck, sweetheart, and then there will be a pair hung, instead of one."

These dark suspicions smouldered for many months. Mr. Hanway went to Mr. Chester and told him the girl was a thief, and had run away with the jewels.

"A thief, Master Hanway!" said the other coldly. "The jewels were her mother's, and coming to her."

"Ay, but she knew not that," said the old man, who was bitterly incensed against her. Not a word did he say to Thomas Chester about either of the violent scenes in the garden. Mr. Chester advised him to advertise, and drew the advertisement for him.

Months rolled on; all hopes of seeing Joanna again oozed away. Both trustees were unhappy about it, and on ill terms,

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for Hanway thought his allowance ought to go on, but Chester ridiculed the idea, and so it stopped, since money could only be drawn under both signatures.

Presently there arose in the village a vague, horrid whisper of "foul play." It reached Lawyer Chester. He tried to trace it; it was impalpable at first, like a sudden smell of carrion. But this keen lawyer tracked it, and tracked it, and discovered that an old blind man, walking in his garden, which adjoined Mr. Hanway's, had heard a voice cry, "Oh uncle! don't kill me! don't kill me!" and then several heavy blows. He learned, too, that the gardener's wife had lately thrown out mysterious hints as to what would become of some people if she were to tell all she knew. Then Mr. Chester began to fear a crime had been committed, only he could see no motive. But murders are not always motivated; the passions slay as well as the interests. Being a just man, and feeling that his dislike to Hanway might prejudice him, he carried his notes to a neighbouring justice, and left the matter in his hands.

This magistrate was young and zealous; he had seen Joanna riding across country, and admired her; he went into the matter a little too much like a Crown solicitor.

Mr. Hanway was summoned to London to attend his son Silas, who had caught a violent fever. The magistrate in question heard of his absence, and took that opportunity to call on the gardener. He found the wife alone, and by coaxing and threatening soon got her story out of her. He took possession of the turf-cutter, which tool she and the gardener had avoided with horror ever since; and the sight of it, added to the other evidence, gave him a shock, and convinced him he saw before him the proofs of a bloody murder.

Everything was therefore prepared for the arrest of Mr. Hanway on his return. But that return was delayed by a truly pitiable cause. Silas was insensible when his father came, and died a few hours after. The desolate father had a shell made for the remains, and brought them down to Colebrooke. The sad burden was but just taken into the hall, when the officers of justice, who had rigorous orders, arrested the bereaved father on a charge of murder.

He stared at them stupidly and said, "Are ye mad?"

They told him no; the evidence was strong.

"Is it so?" said he languidly. "Well, let me bury my child, and I'll go to the gallows, or where you will; I have nought left to live for."

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Then the officers of justice were puzzled what to do. However, as it happened, the magistrate himself came up, and when he heard, he directed them to let the funeral proceed, but be careful the mourner did not escape.

The grave was already dug and the clergyman waiting ; so poor Silas was buried, attended by the whole parish, in strange silence, for their horror of the murderer was checked by their pity for the desolate father, to whom the charge of murder was, at that heavy hour, a feather-stroke compared with his bereavement.

He went home alone ; the officers kept a little aloof from him, and so did the people. He was examined in his own house, and confronted with the witnesses ; the turf-cutter was also produced.

He told the simple truth ; not a soul believed it. He was committed for trial, and a reward of fifty pounds offered to whoever should find the *corpus delictæ*, which was the one link in the evidence wanting.

Months passed on, and no *corpus delictæ*. At last some bones were found in a peat heath hard by, and brought to the justice, followed by a crowd.

"She is found ! she is found !" was the cry. "The old rogue will be hanged now." And all day folk dropped in to see the bones of poor Joanna. The parson and Mr. Chester, who were good friends, went together. Says the parson, "I know these bones well——"

"There ! there !" was the cry ; "parson can swear to 'em ; that is enow."

"—— I know them," continued the parson calmly, "for the bones of the moose deer, which ran in these parts four thousand years ago. I do bid against the Crown for these. I will give five shillings, and ten for the horns."

That very evening two young men came to the vicarage and told the maid, with a sheepish look, they had brought parson the gentlewoman's horns. They had dug a little farther.

But this did not shake the general impression that a foul murder had been done and artfully concealed. Mr. Chester, however, who had started the inquiry, now felt uneasy in his mind at what he had done ; he called on Mr. Hanway in prison, and found him piteously depressed. Mr. Hanway asked his forgiveness if ever he had offended him.

"Nay, sir," said Chester, "I did never affect you much, nor you me ; but, in truth, you never wronged me, that I know of ;

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and seeing you in this plight, I blame myself, and would serve you. Come, courage, man. If she is alive, there is a way to find her."

"Would to God I knew that way."

"Advertise for her. Let her know your trouble, and that she is an heiress. That will be against the letter of her father's wish, but not the spirit. Write the advertisement yourself, and I will see it sent abroad."

Then Hanway plucked up a little heart, and wrote a humble, touching advertisement describing his peril. Mr. Chester took it, and having read it, was fain to wipe a tear from his eye, and straightway dropped the judicial character and shut his eyes to the evidence, and resuming old habits, retained himself solicitor for the defendant. In that self-assumed character he spared not his own purse, but scattered the advertisements far and wide, not in England only, but Scotland, Ireland, and every foreign country that spoke the English tongue.

CHAPTER IV.

JAMES ANNESLEY remained in prison awaiting his sentence. He was not without hope, but his fear was greater; and this fear soon rose to agony, for the unhappy pair whose kindness had brought him to this were led out to receive the first part of their sentence within sight of the grated windows of his cell. They had to sit under the gallows one hour, with a rope round their necks, and then received, the lover forty lashes, the woman thirty, and the servant twenty-one, all on their bare backs, and *well laid on*. Their groans and shrieks rent the air and froze James Annesley to the bone, for he looked for his own turn to come next, and behind the cutting lash frowned the grim prison.

A week passed, and a spark of hope was reviving, when one morning the jailer and another officer came and told him he must go with them. His knees failed him, he groaned, and lay back almost insensible. They gave him a drop of brandy, and seeing his mistake, told him to pluck up courage. "You are to be exposed every market-day, and not to be whipped till somebody in Chester shall prove you were in the town before you came in a prisoner."

He was so exposed every market-day for a month; a

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large paper was pinned on his breast, inviting all good citizens to testify what they knew of him.

On the fourth market-day, casting his eyes wistfully round, who should he see but Drummond. He had come all that way to buy horses, and was so intent on business that he noticed nothing else. James made signs to him in vain; he called to him; he did everything to attract this cruel master's attention whom he had run from. At last a man went for him to Drummond and brought him up. Drummond started at first, then surveyed him with a cruel countenance. "What would you of me, young man?"

"Do but take me home and I will serve you faithfully."

Drummond, to torment him, turned on his heel without a word. However, he went to the justices and claimed him; showed, by an entry in his pocket-book, when he ran away and from what place, and knocked the indictment to atoms. In twenty-four hours James Annesley was riding home at Drummond's back. When he got him home Drummond sued him for penalties and damages. The penalty, five days for every day's absence, came to a year; but the damages, being paid in service, came to two years and a half.

Upon this decision James Annesley began to fret and pine away; and Drummond, who had lost one or two that way, sold him to Jedediah Surefoot, a flourishing planter near Willingtown, in Delaware. This was a beautiful place, and had an extraordinary story, which was then fresh in men's minds. William Shipley, a Leicestershire man, was settled at Ridley with his second wife, Elizabeth Levis, of Springfield, in the county Chester. She was a distinguished minister in the Society of "Friends," and a remarkable woman. Soon after her marriage she dreamed a dream. She was riding through a wild country, on what errand she knew not, and mounted a lofty hill. From this hill burst on her eyes a landscape of surpassing beauty—a wide valley, green with sloping lawns, studded with clumps of trees and settlers' cabins. The sun streamed golden through partial clearings made by the axe; even now it tinkled unseen; and broad rivers ran, and little brooks sparkled silver, and meandered to the extreme limits of vision. She sat entranced upon her horse, and was speechless a while with delight. Then she asked her guide what country this was.

"Elizabeth," said he, "it is thy home."

"Nay," said she, "my earthly home is Ridley."

"Not so," said he. "This sweet place cries out for thee,

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and for the Word. Submit thyself, then, to the will of Heaven, and come hither; so shalt thou do much good to the place and the people, and blessings shall be on thy house and on thy labours in the Lord."

Elizabeth told this dream to her husband, with all the warmth and freshness in the world; and he made this sublime answer, "We are doing pretty well here," and the subject dropped.

Full three years afterwards Elizabeth Shipley was invited to a meeting of Friends, between the Delaware and Chesapeake bays.

She rode alone, and without fear, till she came to the Brandywine River, and then, though the water was low, she took a guide. He led her some distance to "the old ford," and she got through, and went up the hill by "the King's Road." At the top of the hill she checked her horse and uttered a cry of amazement and delight; for lo! there was the paradise of her dream before her—ay, down to the minutest feature of the landscape and the axe that tinkled unseen. She sat like a statue on her horse, just as she had done in her dream.

After this she constantly entreated William Shipley to ride with her and see the lovely place. He thought it a waste of time; did not believe in dreams, though he durst not say so. So at last she said to him, "William, settle all thou hast in Ridley on thy children by thy first wife. I and mine will stand or fall by the place the Lord doth call me to."

The prophetess knew her lord and master; he came with her directly to see Willingtown, and it struck him all of a heap. He examined it nearer, and found it was seated between the finger and thumb of two rivers, one impetuous, and admirable for turning mills; the other tidal, and navigable to the sea. "Why, Elizabeth," said he, "a man might grind his corn here with one hand, and ship it with t'other."

So, what with her faith in Power Divine, and his in Water-Power, the Shipleys settled at Willingtown, now called Wilmington, and gave that rising place a wonderful impulse. William Shipley bought land between the streams and set up mill and factory. Elizabeth became a shining light and drew the cream of the Quakers thither, and even poor James Annesley profited a little by her virtues; for she preached and practised humanity to slaves, and Dame Surefoot, a simple, motherly woman, was her pupil, though her senior; so there was no starving of slaves nor frolicsome flagellation on Sure-

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foot's farm. Servitude was robbed of its fangs—though nothing could remove its sting—in the circle of which that pious woman was the centre.

But the beauty of the place and the milder servitude came too late for poor James Annesley. The long persecution of fortune, the almost unintermittent sufferings of his soul and body, had broken his spirit and clouded his youth. He was worn out, dejected, hopeless. His mind might be compared to a ship which has been so tossed, baffled, and battered by storm upon storm that at last it leaks, and sinks quietly in the golden ripple and placid sunlight of a calm.

He did his work well enough, but in dogged silence, and nothing ever came from him but sighs; his face was handsome, but full of misery. Dame Surefoot noticed this after a time, and asked him one day what was the matter. "Nothing, madam," said he, "thank you."

"Then why so sad? Most servants are glad to come to us from Drummond."

"And so ought I to be, madam. I will try to be more cheerful. But three years more!" and he groaned.

"What is three years?" said Mrs. Surefoot. "Alas! young man, 'twill pass like a shadow. You have got this new trouble, the vapours, with keeping too much alone. I shall find you a companion, for you are a civil-spoken young man."

So that very evening she went to her favourite—when could any woman govern without one? "Philip," said she, "prithee speak to this servant, James, and be good to him. He is well to look at, and no idler, but so eaten up with sadness."

"Mayhap he is in love," said Philip. "I'll soon find what ails him, mother."

This Philip was a black-eyed youth, as sharp as a needle, who kept all the accounts, and sometimes rode on business. He flattered the mistress finely, and had got the length of her shoe, as the saying is. The master valued him on other grounds; he was saucy but honest, and kept the books, though rather complicated, with marvellous precision and neatness. Thus valued on both sides, Philip, who, by the by, was older than he looked, gave himself considerable airs, and it was in rather a condescending tone he danced up to James Annesley and invited him to leave off sighing and walk with him into the town of Willingtoun.

"Thank you, sir," said James, "but I prefer to meditate."

"To mope, you mean. 'Tis the worst thing for you, and

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I hate to walk alone. So be not churlish now. Why, man, we are countrymen."

"Sir, I shall be sorry company."

"But I shall be merry company. So come on."

"Well, if I must," said James, and went with him reluctantly.

Master Philip chattered away for both, and stole a glance at his companion now and then. Young Annesley's replies were civil but reserved. "You are no mill-clack," said Philip ironically. "I am not," said James humbly.

Philip carried an enormous basket. He had to bring groceries home, and salt, and medicinal herbs from Mrs. Dean, the Dutch widow; and coarse sugar, and a jar of vinegar. When all these were on board, the basket was very heavy, and James said, "I will carry that."

"Nay," said Philip, pretending to resist. "I carried it hither, and I will carry it home."

"That you shall not," said James, and laid hold of it and fairly wrenched it from him.

"You are a rude bear," said Philip. "You have hurt my thumb."

"Where?" asked James, catching at it to see.

"Somewhere," said Philip, and whipped it behind his back.

"Well, I am sorry for that," replied James. "I am much older than you, and stronger, and the least I could do was to carry your burden, since you put up with my dull company."

"Speak not to me. I'll never speak to you again, bear."

"And what else am I good for now but to carry burdens?"

"Oh! say not that, James. Alas! why are you so sad? You are young; you are well-looking—rather. What beautiful hair you have got! I declare I did never see such hair; 'tis like silk. I'd never despond if I had such hair as that instead of my black stuff. You should flatter the women; that is the way to get forward. Look at me. I get my own way in everything, and that is my strategy. Tell me, James—I won't tell a soul—are you in love?"

"No."

"But have you been?"

"Never. I was but a boy when I was kidnapped and sent over here, and my heart has always been too heavy for those idle fancies."

"What! did you not come here of your goodwill?"

"Consent to be a slave! Who would be so base?"

James said this with a certain majesty that quelled his merry companion for a moment. He drew instinctively a

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little farther off, and walked with thoughtful, downcast eyes. Nor did he say much more, in fact, but brooded over what his companion had said. However, he chattered away fast enough to Mrs. Surefoot, and they agreed that James was not a sullen churl, but a fine, melancholy, interesting young man. Then they fell into speculations as to why he had been kidnapped and sent out. This wise conversation was uttered within hearing of Maria Surefoot, a demure, romantic girl of seventeen. She drank in every word, but said nothing; only thenceforth James became an object of vast curiosity and interest to her.

One day that some very heavy work in loading of timber was done near the house, James was very zealous and active, and so athletic that Philip drew Mrs. Surefoot's attention to his prowess.

"Yes, in truth," said the worthy dame. "Here, Maria, run you and get him a can of wine, and take it to him; he has earned it right well."

Maria soon appeared with the can, and went to James; he was now seated on a bank, in sight, and, the brief stimulus of labour over, had fallen into his usual pensive state.

The girl approached him timidly and softly, and stood looking at him a considerable time. "Is she afraid to speak to him?" said Philip pettishly.

"What should she be afraid of?" said Mrs. Surefoot.

The girl spoke to James, and he instantly rose and removed his cap. She held him out the wine, blushing like a rose, and said, "Prithee, drink this; my mother sends it."

"I wish her every blessing," said James piously; "and the same to you, Mistress Maria."

"You cannot wish me better than I wish you, James," murmured the girl, all in a flutter. "I have heard about you, and if there is anything in the world I can do—for I pity you with all my heart." She turned, and went away in a tremor and confusion which did not escape the keen grey eyes of Master Philip. Dame Surefoot was older; so perhaps her eye could not seize all the minutiae by which a girl's very body indicates when love has seized her.

The coast was no sooner clear than Philip ran out and invited James into his office. "It is cooler there," said he.

As soon as ever he got James into his office he said sharply, "What did Mistress Maria say to you?"

"I could not say—I paid no attention."

"I like not that young gentlewoman; she is a forward minx."

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"Is she? You know best. You have been here longest. How cool it is here! And you have flowers in your window. What a luxurious boy! And what a many books!"

"Yes, I am the only one that reads much here. So our dame lets me have all the library. Are you fond of learning?"

"I love it, of all things. But, alas! I have been so ill brought up, and whenever I got to my books some cruelty or other came and took me from them. It is my grief and my shame that I, a gentleman's son, have the education of a porter."

"What, then," said Philip, "tell me, if I were to teach you, would that make you happier, and to leave off sighing so?"

"Indeed, I think it would. I burn with desire of instruction."

"Well, then, I will give you a lesson every evening. Then you will be out of the way of all these forward minxes."

"I trouble not my head about them. I would liever be at the books with you. Let us begin at once."

Then Philip gave James a book to read, and he read it, but badly; gave him a letter to write, and he wrote it vilely.

"Come," said Philip, with a curious air of satisfaction, "I have a year's work before me with thee."

He taught James, every evening after work, with a patience and an untiring amiability that he had not shown in conversation, and James ploughed at it with all his heart, and was pathetically docile and grateful. Out of this arose, by degrees, a tender friendship and loyal partisanship that belongs to youth; and so one day, being now such friends, Philip urged him by their friendship to tell him his whole story. He hesitated. "Philip," said he, "I never told it yet, but some ill-luck did follow straight. No matter; sit by me, my one friend, and I'll tell it thee; ay, ever since I was four years old."

Then he told his story, but broke down once or twice; then went manfully on, the more so that while he was telling it a brown but shapely hand stole into his, and was seldom idle, but ever speaking as variously as a voice, with its gentle pressure of sympathy and sudden grasps at danger; but when he came to his being kidnapped and swooning dead away in the ship it trembled, and Philip turned his head away and never looked towards him again, and by then he was flung into jail and cast for death, the narrator discovered that Philip was crying.

"Oh Philip!" said he, "do not you cry. Ah! how many a time I have cried over it all! But now my eyes are dry. Sweet Philip, how kind you are to cry for me! Ah,

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miserable me!" and all of a sudden Philip's tears drew forth his own once more, the first he had shed for years. They did him a world of good. "Oh, my dear Philip!" he cried, "you have saved me from despair; a cloud clears from my mind. Whilst I have one friend who will shed a tear for me, it were ungrateful to despair;" and he took Philip in his arms, and was going to kiss him heartily, but the boy panted and put up both his hands, and said, "No, no! I am choking. Prithee, go get me a cup of wine."

James went accordingly, and the first person he saw was Mistress Maria; he asked her to oblige him with a cup of wine.

"Ay, that I will, James," said she tenderly, and brought it him in a moment, and told him she must have the pleasure of seeing him drink.

"I will taste it, madam," said he, "but indeed 'tis for Philip. He is not well."

"For Philip!" said she disdainfully. "I hope the next time 'twill be for yourself."

James ran with the cup to Philip. Philip was not to be found.

"Was ever such a boy?" said James. However, he left the cup of wine on the table, and the early negroes picked up that worm, as the saying is.

Next evening he went for his lesson as usual. Philip was busy over a ledger, and only noticed him with a supercilious nod.

"Philip," said he, "I brought you the wine as fast as I could."

Philip never looked off his ledger. "You brought it so fast that I was gone to bed. You were too busy with Mistress Maria to think of me, I trow."

"Nay, I did stay not two minutes with her."

"There—there—there—I thought as much; you *were* with her."

"Foolish boy, have I the key of the cellar? I asked the first I met."

"Well, I guessed she was the butler, so I did not drink a drop. Not a drop, sir."

"I am sorry for that."

"No, you are not."

"Yes, I am, Philip."

"Do not contradict *me*. I am very angry with you. You made me cry with your romance—that I do not believe

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a word of. Do not contradict *me*. And I am not so fond of crying as you are; it makes me ill; and so now I'll just give you a piece of advice, for I see everything from this window. My nose may be in my ledger, but my eye is on you all; so tremble! I tell thee young women are the artfullest creatures; they are not like men, who get grey and cunning. Girls are born artful, and two or three of these girls are setting their caps at you after their manner. There's that Indian girl Turquoise, she makes no disguise, being a savage; she lets all the world see she is ready to eat you up. Then there's the master's niece, great fat thing; she comes here six times for once she is wanted, and sits watching you with her great grey eyes like a cat watches for a mouse; she will catch you too some day, if you take not the better heed; and then there's Mistress Maria, that is the worst of them all, because she is always here and has so many opportunities. She is ever throwing herself in your way."

"Nay, nay," said James.

"Do you not meet her in lonely places whenever you take your walks without me?"

"Sometimes, by pure chance."

"Chance! Foolish man; that shows how little you are fit to cope with them."

"Very well, Philip," said James, "since you give me the benefit of your age and experience, I'll give *you* a piece of advice. Do not you trouble about me, for I am not in love with any young woman, and never was. What I love is the liberty I have lost and the country I have been banished from. Love is not for a slave. If ever I get home again I may fall in love, but I think it will be a dark woman; they have always been my best friends. So never you mind me. 'Tis you that are in danger from those girls, not I."

"Me! Ha! ha!"

"Ay. Why, your head is full of them. I never knew a boy of your age talk so much about women, nor think so much about them."

"Do I talk as if I love them?"

"No, but you do study them, and abuse them beyond reason; and those are the men that are caught the first, I've heard."

"Well, this is idle chat. Come, sit down, and I'll give you your lesson, James. Now then. How dark is your sweetheart to be? Copper, like Turquoise, or lamp-black, like Chloe?"

"Thank you, Philip. I prefer a white skin. But her

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hair and her eyebrows and her eyes, I care not if they are as dark as——”

“The devil’s,” suggested Philip.

“Nay, yours will be dark enough for me. They are the blackest ever I saw—long life to ’em.”

Philip coloured high with pleasure, and then said with arrogance, “Come, sir, this is idle chat. Let us to something more profitable, if you please.”

The snubbed scholar submitted with a smile. He was getting used to Master Philip’s caprices; they amused him.

James Annesley’s spirits improved; his fine eyes began to beam at times, and colour to come into his cheek.

Mistress Maria, on the contrary, began to sicken and pine, and the vigilant Philip determined to be her doctor and prescribe her change of air. One morning he asked an interview with the master and mistress; they were breakfasting in the parlour. Philip was admitted.

Now Jedediah Surefoot was not like his wife, who treated her servants as her children; he was humane, but very short with them; Philip stood in awe of him, and had prepared a little speech beforehand. “Master,” said he, “I think a good servant should tell his employer in time if he sees anything going on that might take an ill turn; so I am come to tell you something.”

“Then why not tell it at once?” said Jedediah.

“Nay, sir, only for fear you should be hasty, and blame him who is guiltless in the matter. The truth is, master, and I hope you will forgive me, and set it down to my zeal and duty, if I do make so free, but it is about my young mistress.”

“Ay,” said Jedediah, frowning, “and what canst thou have to say about her?”

“She is sick, sir, and will be while she bides here.”

“Why, the air is wholesome enough. I never was better in my life than I am here.”

“’Tis not the air that is amiss, sir, saving your presence. ’Tis the mind.”

“Speak plainer, thou jackanapes, if thou hast ought to say at all.”

“Nay, then; Mistress Maria hath cast her eyes on James Annesley, and ’tis for him she is love-sick. Would you cure her, ’tis but to send her elsewhere for a year. Change, and the sight of other men, will soon restore her.”

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Jedediah was taken all aback by this revelation. "Patience," said he, "can this be so?"

"Nay, Jedediah," said she, "I hope not; but Philip is not one that lies. Alas! what is to be done?"

"The first thing to be done is to know the truth."

He called a negro and bade him clear the room and bring an easy-chair into it. This done, he sent the negro to his daughter's room, and ordered her to come and sit in his arm-chair by the fire. When he heard her step on the stairs he turned his wife and Philip out by another door (for the room had two), and left that door ajar. "Now bide you there," said he, "and still as mice."

He then went and ordered James Annesley to bring in billets of wood and fill the great basket in the parlour. This done, he stole back on tip-toe to his wife and Philip, and shook his fist at them, to keep their uneasy tongues quiet. They were on thorns, both of them, the mother for her daughter, and Philip for his friend. "Master," he whispered, "think what you do. James is a good young man. He will never be so unfaithful as to seek her out and offer love to her; but seeing her all alone, and sick for love of him, 'tis too much for flesh and blood. Why, 'tis like the devil, to tempt a weak mortal so."

"Hold thy tongue, jackanapes," was the stern reply.

"Nay, but I cannot. This goes against my conscience. Do as you will, sir, but I wash my hands on't;" and he was walking off with dignity.

A rude hand was laid on his collar, and Jedediah, in a stern whisper, said, "Wouldst go and tell thy friend James, and put him on his guard? Budge but one inch and I'll have thee whipped, and soundly, the first this three years."

Then Philip turned very pale, and began to shake like a leaf. His quick spirit saw the terrible mistake he had made, and all the possible consequences flashed on him at once. What more likely than that James should commit a folly in an unguarded moment, and then the stern old man would punish him; and oh, agony! he would have been the traitor to betray his unfortunate friend; ay, and that friend would know it. Such was the distress this cost him that beads of perspiration rose on his brow though his body was cold all over.

And the miserable suspense was so long; it seemed an age before they heard James come into the room and put down his heavy basket of wood; and then the time he was placing

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the billets in the large basket ; and all passed in silence till the billets were placed.

At last a soft female voice said, "Thank you, James ; you are very good."

"Nay, madam," James was heard to say, "'tis little to do for you, and you in sickness ; but I hope you are better, Mistress Maria."

"No, James," sighed the young girl, "and never shall be till you are my doctor."

"I, madam !" said James. "Why, I have no skill."

"'Tis not the skill, but the will that lacketh. You dull, insensible man, see you not 'tis your unkindness that is killing me ? Nay, dissemble no more. Oh that I could hate thee as I ought for slighting my affection ! Alas, James ! what is it in me that displeases you ? I am young ; they say I am fair. Am I not better worth thy love than that Indian girl, that is for ever hanging about thee, and so I hate her. Speak to me, James, for mercy's sake ; do not make me woo thee in vain, and sue where I have a right to command. Oh, how I shall hate you now if you are ungrateful ! Hate you, alas ! I cannot ; thou hast bewitched me. I love thee to distraction ; for pity's sake, speak to me."

James was much troubled and abashed. "Madam," said he, "for Heaven's sake bethink you. A slave is not a thing to love, nor to be loved. You are young, you are lovely ; and I wonder that I can be so much your friend as to affront you. But you spoke of gratitude. Do I owe none to your good mother, who has softened my slavery ? What would her feelings be, and your father's too, were I to be a traitor and rob them of their only child ? No, madam, I have not the excuse of passion, and I will not be a villain in cold blood."

"My parents ! Hypocrite ! You are a coward, and dare not love above you. Wretch, I hate the sight of you ! Begone to your Indian."

"Nay," said James, "I'll begone to my good Philip. He is my truest friend."

"Ah ! and tell him how I have disgraced myself."

"Not me ; and, madam, I will prove to you I was born a gentleman."

"Leave me, sir," said the girl more gently. He bowed and left her.

"James !—James !—James ! Come back. You might say you do not hate me. You might tell me you are sorry for me."

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"I am, madam. I pity you from my soul."

"Pity me? I scorn your pity. You must choose between love or hate."

"I will never love you, madam, if I can help it; and I will never hate you after what you have said to me—till you give me cause."

So ended this strange interview. James retired with a respectful bow; and the young lady, as soon as he was gone, had a cruel fit of sobbing.

Philip's face was now radiant with unhopèd-for triumph, and poor Mrs. Surefoot's red with maternal shame and the tears streaming. As for Jedediah, he looked terribly disturbed and gloomy. "Not one word of this to any soul that breathes; that is my order," said he. "If you disobey me, look to it."

Then Philip urged the temporary retirement of Mistress Maria. The good woman, who was like butter in Philip's hands, sided with him. Not so Jedediah. "Banish my daughter for a servant!" said he. "Think of some other way."

"May I?" said she. "Then, sweetheart, if I might have my will, I'd part them as becomes us. 'Twas rare fidelity and modesty. Oh Jedediah! I know what Mistress Shipley would say: Give the young man his liberty that pines for it, and hath earned it of us by his good deed."

"Now you talk sense," said Jedediah; "I will think on't."

Then Mrs. Surefoot went all in a hurry, and told Mrs. Shipley her trouble, and Mrs. Shipley gave her religious comfort and advice, and highly approved Jedediah's giving James his liberty. "'Tis the least he can do," said she, "and a new suit to boot. If the young man is willing to try his fortune in these parts, I will give him an axe and a hoe, and a meal a day for three months, and William shall let him a few acres of wood for nothing the first year, and thereafter for a payment in kind. We have planted many a poor man so, that now doth well enow."

But whilst Mrs. Surefoot was in Wilmington, one Mc'Carthy, a planter in the same district, and a thorough trader in all lawful articles, flesh and blood included, came in and found Jedediah strangely ruffled for one of his placid sect. Mc'Carthy wanted to sell him some produce, but Jedediah answered fretfully, "Another day, friend; I am in sore trouble—the minx! the Jezebel! My peace is disturbed, my very stomach upset."

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"Then do a bit of trading," said M'Carthy; "that will comfort you; there is nothing like it. Now, what shall it be? Have you got any servants to sell, or sheep?"

"No," said Jedediah; then suddenly replied, "Hum! I've only one I can part with, and he's a pearl."

"A pearl! Don't try that on me, man. You ain't the man to part with the pearl first and keep the oyster-shells."

"Family reasons, neighbour. 'Tis James Annesley. I cannot part with him for less than three hundred dollars. 'Twould be a sin."

"Three hundred dollars! Oh *Je-rusalem!*"

"Neighbour," said Jedediah, "prithree, in thy trading, make not so free with that sacred city, where is neither buying nor selling."

"Then I'll keep out of it as long as I can," said candid M'Carthy. "I'll give one hundred and fifty dollars for him."

"I can't take that. 'Twere a sin."

M'Carthy put on a look of alarm. "Oh, if you are going to talk religion while you are doing business, you'll have the skin off my back;" and he beat a feigned retreat.

Jedediah was alarmed. "Stay," said he, "thou man of haste—and Belial."

"Then take a fair offer, thou man of pious words and cruel, hard bargains."

The results may be divined. They came to terms for one hundred and seventy-five dollars, the money to be paid and the servant taken in one week; for Jedediah gave no credit, and M'Carthy, though wealthy, had not the cash in his pocket, but was about to receive a large sum. This stroke of business did not transpire that day; but next morning Mrs. Surefoot carried it to Philip, with a deluge of feeble regrets.

Philip was struck dumb by this sudden blow; for a long time he was too much surprised and shocked to comment on Jedediah's conduct and character. So Mrs. Surefoot babbled on uninterrupted. "What will Dame Shipley say? She will discourse on it till I shall wish I had ne'er been born. I am a miserable woman. The world is too hard for *me*. But, alas! I'm a wife, and sworn to obedience; and he is a good husband and a good man; but what he hath bought for money that he never will give for naught. The Lord forgive him, and me, for not knowing how to manage him as Elizabeth does her good man, for all he is as hard as flint by nature."

Philip repaid her twaddle with a swift glance of scorn, then

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asked her, with affected composure, when M'Carthy was to be expected. She told him in five days, without fail, and meantime Maria was to keep her chamber.

Soon after this Philip fell ill, and kept his bedroom. Mrs. Surefoot visited him often, and sent James to Katey Dean for simples. Philip got worse, and yet insisted on doing his work. At his request a couch was sent up to his little room, and he lay on his back and still kept the accounts, though groaning with pain. James became very anxious, and was always running up to see how he was, and sat gazing at his pale face piteously, and often implored him to say if there was anything he could do for him. Generally Philip answered rather pettishly, and told James not to come there wasting his time. But one day, seeing James gazing at him with the tear in his eye and a look of wonderful affection and sorrow on his noble, though simple, face, the boy gave a great gulp and whined out, in rather a tearful way, "James, do not you be a fool. What is the man snivelling for?" James hid his face in both hands and groaned aloud.

"Come near me," said the boy, "and I'll tell you a secret. Will you keep it faithfully?"

"Ay, that I will."

"Then you must know, I am not ill a bit; I am only feigning."

"What! Alas! thy poor white face."

"Chalk, stupid. I tell thee, when you are all abed, I rise, and dance about the place, and shake my fist at you all, especially at that old knave Jedediah, and that dish of skim milk, his wife, that has got a man, and lets him be her master, instead of making him her head slave, as I would."

Philip's laugh and sparkling eye amazed James Annesley, and he cried out, "Oh, thou dear, good, sweet, wicked boy, for playing so with the hearts that love thee! let me kiss thee;" and he rushed at him to embrace him; but Philip caught up the inkstand in a moment and threatened him. "Let me be," cried he; "I hate to be slobbered. Sit down, thou foolish, and talk sense."

"Nay," said James, "talk it thyself, and tell me why thou art such a dear, good, artful young fellow, to sport with the feelings of those that love thee; and, moreover, 'tis unlucky to feign sickness."

"Here's an ungrateful toad," said Philip; "why, 'tis for thee I do it."

"For me, Philip?"

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"Ay, thou innocent, for thee. Oh James! I could not abear to be parted from thee." Philip said this with a world of tenderness, and then hid his face in his hands and blushed like a rose.

James's face showed that he was sore puzzled. Philip, who could change his mood like lightning, darted off into his favourite tone of lofty assumption. "Why, thou coxcomb," said he, "dost thou really think thou art fit to go to a new master, without me at thy back? Come, James," added he patronisingly, "you are a good, worthy young man, but you know you are somewhat of a milksop. You are not fit to go alone. You cannot beat the men nor flatter the women. I can do both, especially make fools of the women, and turn 'em to butter with my tongue; and I know not how it is," continued he, assuming now an air of philosophical meditation, "but custom governs us strangely; once get into the habit of taking care of a child, or a dog, or a James Annesley, or any foolish, helpless sort of a pet, and, in truth, you get so used to it you can't let it go alone; you still come clucking after it, like a hen after her duckling. Is it not laughable?"

"No; for I am as fond of thee, Philip, as thou art of me."

"That you may easily be, for I am not fond of you at all; but I am warmly, and sincerely, and truly accustomed to you, sir; and so I can't part. I won't neither; I'll kill everybody dead first, and die myself. But there's no need of that; I've got the key to that hunks—avarice, James, avarice! Come, no more idle talk, but be a good lad; obey thy friend and protector, and let's to work. Give me that piece of chalk. So. Now go you to Jedediah and ask him to see me alone before I die. Tell him I have somewhat to say I would not trust even to our dame."

James did as he was bid; and Jedediah, in the course of a few hours, when he had nothing more remunerative to do, went to Philip's room. He found him lying pale and exhausted, with a little table by him. He sat down by him, and said he hoped that he was better.

"Master," said the boy, "I shall never be better. I have got the complaint my father died of, and in a few days I shall leave you. What vexes me is, you will lose a faithful servant."

"'Tis a sore dispensation to *me*."

"And you will have to bury me; and that is like flinging money away. Nothing comes of it."

"It cannot be helped," said Jedediah, with a little groan.

"Not by you; but I think I could help it. Why should

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you lose the money you paid for me, and the money for the coffin and all?"

"'Tis a sore dispensation, but it cannot be helped."

"Yes, sir, it can. M'Carthy comes here to-morrow to buy slaves." Jedediah nodded. "He got the better of you in that sale of wood."

Jedediah groaned.

"It's your turn now. I'll seem well, or nearly, when he comes. You shall say, 'James Annesley will fret without his friend;' then M'Carthy will buy us both, and I shall die on his premises, not yours."

Jedediah's little keen eye flashed. He subdued it, and said, "But I doubt me whether that would be fair trade. What thinkest thou? Is it lawful to spoil the Egyptians?"

"It is a Christian duty. And think of me, master. I shall die miserable if you have to bury me, and lose so much *money* by me."

"Nay, I will not have thee die unhappy. That were cruel. Thou hast been indeed a faithful servant, and I'll humour thee in this thing."

"Good master, kind master! Then I pray you go at once to Mistress Maria's chamber and fetch me her pot of red. Ask her not for it, or she'll deny you, and swear to't. 'Tis in the drawer of her table whereon stands her glass."

"My daughter, paint her face?"

"Ay, and her lips and all, at odd times. Fetch it me, sir, privately; for without it M'Carthy will see the trick, and never buy me"

Jedediah went straight for the cosmetic, looking black as thunder.

Philip chuckled with delight. "Aha!" said this sweet, harmless boy, "I have lent that minx a dig into the bargain."

M'Carthy came with money in both pockets, and was taken into Philip's office. Philip wrote him a receipt.

M'Carthy eyed the penmanship and the books. "Sell me this one," said he to Jedediah, more than half in jest.

"You may as well, master," said Philip, "for you know how fond I am of James. I shan't stay anywhere long without him."

"Do not baulk his fancy," suggested M'Carthy. "I'll give ye fifty dollars more for this one."

Jedediah, after a well-feigned hesitation, consented, and in less than an hour the two friends' bundles were in M'Carthy's light waggon, and they were marching behind it.

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With them, to their infinite surprise, walked Jedediah Surefoot, a short, thick riding-whip in his hand.

The fact is, his daughter had slipped out, taking advantage of her mother being at Willingtown, and he was afraid she had resolved to have a tender parting with James, or some worse folly; and, who knows? exasperated at being sold instead of rewarded, James's good faith might melt before a second temptation of the sort. So he said grimly to his late servants, "I'll set ye on your way." He stalked along with them in silence. They thought he would go a mile, and then give them his blessing; but no: mile after mile this kill-joy stuck to them, and was irksome, for they both wanted to talk, and congratulate each other on being still together.

At last Philip lost all patience, and resolved to make the intruder smart; he whispered James to fall back a little, and suddenly putting on his saucy swagger, that was quite new to Jedediah, he said, "Come, old man, hand forth my vail."

"Thy vail, boy?"

"Ay. Do you think I shall let you bite my worthy master there, and not have my nibble? Two gold pieces I demand. Give them, or I'll reveal the bubble to M'Carthy, and have thee trounced, thou dealer in man's flesh, thou hypocritical knave, that wouldst rob a church, and go to prayers before the deed, and after."

Jedediah was stupefied at first by this sudden hailstorm of insolence; but amazement soon gave way to rage. He gave a roar and rushed at Philip. Philip screamed and tried to escape, but could not; he clutched him fiercely by the collar and raised his whip on high; but it never came down, for at Philip's first scream James rushed on Jedediah with equal fury, and seized his arm, and caught him by the throat so felly that in a moment his face was purple. Then James seized his whip, and, mad with rage himself, whirled him round in a circle and thrashed him furiously; then put his foot to Jedediah's stomach, and with one amazing thrust, spurned him head forward to the ground, that he rolled over, and the dust rose round his helpless body, like a cloud. This done, he flung his whip at him where he lay.

Philip clung, sobbing and trembling, to his arm.

James stood like a Colossus, his feet wide apart, his eyes glaring.

"Nay, be not alarmed, sweet Philip," said he. "He is no master of ours; but only a knave I have taught a lesson. None shall lay whip on thee while I am by."

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He coaxed and encouraged him, and they walked slowly on; but Philip, in walking, still clung to James's strong arm and trembled.

When he was a little better he looked up, and gazed on James with quite a new sentiment of admiration, and said, "Oh, how grand, and strong, and brave, and beautiful you were! I did not think 'twas in you."

Having thus delivered himself, he lowered his head again suddenly and clung to James's arm again.

"Nay," said James, "I am not a brave man; my want of courage was the first cause of all my misery. Child, 'twas only rage, not courage. No matter; I have but one friend; I'll not see him abused.

"Bless you, James!" He suddenly took James's hand and kissed it with a gentle devotion he had never exhibited before. "Dear James," he said, "I cannot bear a blow. 'Twas for a blow I left my home and all my friends."

"Ay, indeed! Pluck up heart now, and tell me all about that."

"Tell thee my story? Not for all the world."

"Why, I told thee mine."

"Ay; you have nought to blush for. I'd rather die than tell thee mine. What have I done? I have put a barrier between me and the man I—— Nay, heed not what I say. I am ill. I am sick. I have been frightened. I shall faint. I shall die."

"Nay, nay," said James; "take not on so for nought. Is this he who called me a milksop?"

"Ay," said Philip, weeping, then, with a piteous effort at his little hectoring way, "and will again, if I pee-pee-please."

"Meantime," said James, "I'll bestow thy valour in yon cart," caught up the weeping Hector in a moment, and carried him in his strong arms, striding away till he overtook the cart. "Master, poor Philip hath been ill of late, and he is aweary. May I put him in the cart?"

"And welcome. There is room for thee an' all."

"Nay, sir, I will not weight the good horse."

In a very few minutes there was a good deal of talking and laughing in the covered cart. Master Philip was amusing his new master, and taking the length of his foot.

"Dear heart!" thought Annesley, "what a strange boy 'tis! He changes like the wind."

Late at night they reached M'Carthy's, a large farm about sixty miles from Philadelphia.

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CHAPTER V.

M'CARTHY was a widower, and the house was kept by his daughter, a lady of very striking appearance. She was very tall and commanding, and fair. Some thought her beautiful; others were repelled by the extreme haughtiness of her features, with which her deportment and manners corresponded.

The two friends of course talked everybody over with whom they were likely to come in contact, and they differed about Mistress Christina M'Carthy. James thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Philip screamed, "What!!!!!!!!!!!!!! a nose like a man's, foxy eyebrows, white eyelashes, and a cold, cruel eye. She is not a woman," said this candid critic; "she is a cat."

"I never heard thee praise a woman yet," objected James.

"That is their fault, not mine," retorted Philip, who had long ago resumed the upper hand. "You will be pleased to avoid that cat, like poison," said Philip; "and if she runs after you—and I hear she has had a dozen beaux already—you will come to me for advice, or our friendship is at an end, sir. I shall have my eye on her."

The effect of Philip's espionage was this: he discovered that Christina M'Carthy passed James and him as if they were dirt, her lofty affections being fixed on a big mulatto slave. Such an attachment was repugnant to the feelings of white men and contrary to law. They kept it very close in consequence, and nobody on the farm dreamed of such a thing until this Argus-eyed Philip came and found it out by their secret glances and signals, and a deal of subtle evidence.

He told James of it, and made merry over the lady's hauteur.

"That is so like the jades; whenever one of them knows herself baser than all the rest, she puts on a mask of transcendent pride to throw dust in folk's eyes. But they cannot throw dust in mine."

James hoped it was not true. "For 'tis disgraceful," said he, "and contrary to nature; and, poor man, she is his only child."

"Don't contradict me," said Philip. "I tell you 'tis so; and I'll show you the law." He had picked out a copy of the State laws on purpose to ascertain the probable fate of

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this haughty beauty, whose superb carriage had roused a most vindictive feeling in Master Philip.

James was not so curious in love affairs as Philip, and saw nothing to justify the libel. The lady passed often before his eyes, a model of cold dignity and feminine reserve. He scouted the notion, and almost scolded Philip for his uncharitableness towards women.

But one evening, having done his work, he took "Plutarch's Lives," which Philip had borrowed for him from the master, and lay down under the stockade to read it. He was so absorbed in this book and lay so still that the little birds came about him, and did not mind him; the dusk came on, and still, with his young eyes, he went on reading, till suddenly he heard footsteps on the other side of the rails, and, after the footsteps, voices.

Now James was outside the rails, but these speakers were inside, and well hidden by the shadow of some lofty trees. This, in fact, was the favourite rendezvous of Christina and the mulatto, Regulus. James knew the young lady's voice directly, and though they spoke low and hurriedly, he heard enough to show him they were lovers, and that she was going to elope with the fellow as soon as she could lay her hands on a large sum of money her father was about to receive for the sale of another plantation. James listened with horror, and asked himself what on earth he should do. At last these ill-assorted lovers parted; that is to say, Regulus went off, leaving his young mistress to follow at such an interval of time as might lead to no suspicion. Then James thought he would not tell the old man, but would at all events try first to show the young woman her folly. He ran hastily to a gate, penetrated the wood, and came swiftly through the trees to her, for he saw her white dress still standing there. Seeing him come straight to her so fast, she took him for Regulus come back with news, and she was so unguarded as to say, "Why, what now, my dear Regulus?"

A strange voice answered her, at whose first tone she uttered a faint cry of alarm—" 'Tis not Regulus, madam; but one who has more real good wishes towards you than he has."

Christina trembled violently, but defended herself. She drew up haughtily, and said, "Why, 'tis James Annesley. How dare you speak to me? What are you doing here at this time? Have you been here long?"

"Long enough to learn something that astonishes and

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pains me, and I hope I may be in time to prevent it. Madam, I saw you and Regulus together."

"Wonderful! And now you see me and another of my slaves together. I was giving Regulus an order, and now I give you an order. Go home, and sleep the liquor off that hath made thee so bold as to speak to me; begone, or dread the whip, thou malapert."

James stood his ground. "Before I go tell me what I ought to do. I am your father's servant, madam, not yours. Both you and I, we eat his bread. Ought I to let him be robbed of his daughter and his money, and never breathe a word?"

Then she began to pant, and said, "What mean you?" Then he told her that he had overheard every word that had passed between her and Regulus.

"Indeed!" said she, with an attempt at defiance, belied by her short breath. "Repeat it, then," said she ironically.

"I will," said he gravely; and he did repeat it, and at such length and with such exact fidelity that as he went on shame and infinite terror crawled over her; her knees smote each other, and her haughty frame cringed and writhed, and she sank half down upon a wood pile that was near, and her white hands fell helpless, one in front of her, and the other by her side; never was a proud creature so stricken down in a moment.

Then this good young man pitied her, and hoped to save her. He said, "Madam, for Heaven's sake, look at the consequences. What good can come of it? If you fly with Regulus and take your father's money, you will be caught one day, and set on the gallows, and be publicly whipped; for I have seen one as young and fair as you served so."

A moan from the crushed woman was the only comment.

"And if you steal nought, yet marry a mulatto, 'tis against the law, and your children will be illegitimate, and you will lose your father's estate and break his heart."

Christina interrupted him. "Oh, say no more, James, for pity's sake! I have been mad. Oh, what a precipice! James, do not thrust me over. Do not tell my father, for mercy's sake."

"Not if you will promise to forego this mad design. Sure that mulatto must have bewitched you, that one so fair as you should cast an eye of love on anything so foul."

She caught at this directly. "Ay," she cried, "'twas witchcraft, and no other thing. But you have opened my

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eyes, good James—too late—too late!” and she burst into a flood of tears.

“That depends on yourself; if you will swear to hold no more converse with that mulatto, I shall not feel bound to utter one word of what I know.”

“James,” said the lady, “you are my guardian angel; you have saved me from a crime, and from an act of frenzy I now look back upon with horror. Do but continue your good work. Advise me at every step, and all will be well.”

James was surprised into consenting to that, and she then begged him to conduct her home. “Alas!” said she, “I can scarce stand.” She leaned on James’s shoulder, and went very slowly and feebly. This gave her time to say some of those vague things with which such women think to excuse their follies. “If you knew all you would pity me, even more than you condemn me.” And again, with her white hand leaning on his arm, she said, “How sorcery blinds us!” And what with this, and her gentle pressure of his hand at parting, she disturbed even this Joseph’s mind a little, and set him thinking it would not be very hard to cure her of her insane caprice.

Next day she sent for him openly and told him her plan. “I shall keep out of his way; I shall not move from my own apartments, or, if I do, you shall be with me. And now here is a letter I will beg you to take him. Read it first before I seal it.”

The letter ran thus:—

“An accident has frustrated our design for the present. My father has not yet brought the money into the house. I hurt my foot last night, and shall not, I fear, be able to come to our rendezvous for some days. Burn this before the face of whatever person I may send it by, or I shall think you do not mean fair to

THE WRITER.”

James highly disapproved this letter, and told her so. “Why,” said he, “it cannot fail to keep hope alive in him.”

“Exactly,” said she; “and so he will not blab of my folly.”

“No more he will if you break off all connection with him. And why write at all? Such a letter is worse than silence.”

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However, she talked him over, and convinced him that she was resolved, in a cowardly and artful way, to detach herself gradually from the deplorable connection, so that he half consented to take the letter. Then she took a slice of cake out of her closet and a pint of rich wine, and sat close to him while he drank it, and showed him such signs of favour that he was the more inclined to believe she would readily detach herself from Regulus; so he consented to take the letter.

The mulatto eyed him keenly, took the letter, read it, burned it before his eyes, and said, "Tell her what you have seen me do; that is all."

Christina now showed James so many marks of favour, and so open, that Philip took him to task. "My poor mouse," said he scornfully, "are you going to let that cat catch you so easily?" When that produced no effect, he remonstrated, advised, scolded, and at last quarrelled with him downright, and would not speak to him.

Now James was really rather smitten with Christina; her tenderness and cajoleries, following upon her haughty demeanour, had wonderfully tickled his vanity, and even grazed his heart; but he was not so far gone as to part with Philip's friendship. So one day he came to him and said, "Dear Philip, do not you quarrel with me in a mistake. I will tell thee the truth about Mistress Christina; but first you must swear to me, on the big Bible, never to reveal one word of that I tell thee."

Philip turned pale at this, but took the oath, and then James told him all.

He was more alarmed than surprised. "I knew she was naught the minute I clapped eyes on her. Look at her white lashes and her cold, cruel eye. The unnatural beast, that would rob her own father and wed with a brown! And what sort of a man are you? Why went you not straight to her father like an honest man? What had you to do to go to her and get cozened, you silly goose? Are you a match for that artful jade, think you?"

"Nay, she seems very penitent, and keeps away from him; and—whisper, Philip—if I chose, I could take the brown's place, as you call him, any day; and, really, 'tis a temptation."

"You love the wretch?"

"Nay, not quite love. But she is fair, and she was so haughty, and now is so tender. I own I think more about

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her than I ever did of any woman yet. To be sure, I am very proud of saving her, and that makes the heart soft towards the fair creature I have rescued from 'a precipice.'"

Philip's face turned green and his lips pale. His face was distorted and discoloured with the anguish these words cost him, and he sat mute as a statue.

James did not happen to look at him, and went maundering on. "The only thing I like not is that letter to Regulus. What think you of it, Philip?"

Philip, though sick at heart, made a great effort, and said faintly, "The letter was writ to show him he must temporise but not despair. Prithee, James, leave me a while; I have work to do. Come in an hour, and we will see what all this really means."

He went, and then Philip began to sigh and moan at the confession James had made, and for a long while he could think only of his own misery at being supplanted in James's heart. But of course his hatred of this rival soon led him into a keen and hostile examination of her conduct, and the consequence was a new and more disinterested anxiety, which led him to put a very keen question to James the moment he entered the room. "Has the mulatto shown you any enmity?"

"None whatever."

"Yet he sees his mistress bestow favours on you. Then all is clear. She has told him. You are their dupe. How that woman must hate you!"

"Nay," said James, smiling conceitedly, "that I'll be sworn she does not."

"What! not when you have come between her and her fancy, and do keep them apart? Think you, when once a woman hath loved a woolly mulatto, she can so come back to wholesome affections? She hates you, and spends her days and nights scheming to destroy you. Oh, those cunning lashes and that cruel eye! They make me tremble for you. Let me think what she is about at this very minute." He resumed after a pause—"She will draw you on to offer her some innocent freedom, then fly out, and accuse you of wooing her. Who will believe you—a slave—when the young mistress swears?"

"I'll not give her the occasion."

"How can you tell? And if you do not, why then she will get rid of you some other way. You shall be stabbed in

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the back some dark night, and never know who struck you; but I shall know, and I shall kill *her*—before I die.”

So strong were Philip's fears that he armed James with an enormous knife, and made him promise never to go to any lonely place without it. James assented to quiet him, but in his heart made light of these extravagant fears. On the other hand, he felt piqued by Philip's insinuation that the mulatto and his penitent were duping him; so he used often to get up in the dead of the night and make his rounds with stealthy foot, to watch. The effect of this vigilance was, that one moonlight night, coming softly round a corner, he found Regulus under the young mistress's bedroom window, which window was open, the weather being warm. James collared him directly. “What do you do here at this time of night?”

“I do what you do,” said the mulatto.

“Not so,” said James; “for I guard my master's goods against a knave.”

“Knave thyself, and meddler, and fool,” cried the mulatto, whose rage had been simmering this many a day.

From words they came to blows, and struck each other hard and fast without much parrying, in the midst of which Christina put her head out of her window on the first floor, and looked steadily down at them. After a few moments of self-possessed observation she said in a keen whisper, “Kill him!”

In this combat the white struck at the face and the black at the body. By this means the black's face was soon covered with blood, but the white man was most hurt, and felt instinctively that he should soon be overpowered; so he closed with his dark antagonist. They wrestled fiercely, but it ended in James throwing him, and falling on him. The ground was hard, and the fall of the two heavy bodies on it tremendous; it drove the wind out of Regulus for a moment, and James got him by the ears and pounded his bullet head on the ground.

Christina now screamed loudly; a window or two were opened, night-capped heads popped out, and the combatants separated by mutual consent, and retired glaring at each other.

James had not gone far, when he was seized with a violent sickness, and after that he crawled to his bed, bruised and seriously hurt by the body blows he had received. Next morning he was too stiff and ill to go to his work.

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Philip heard a vague report that James and the mulatto had been fighting in the dead of night, and sent a message directly to James desiring to speak to him. The servant came back and said he was too ill to leave his bed. Philip was much concerned at this, and after a slight hesitation went and knocked at the door of James's room; he slept over the stables. A faint voice said, "Come in." Philip lifted the latch. He found James lying on the bed, just as he had come from the battle, and his face two or three colours. Philip had intended to scold him, but this was no time. He came softly to him, and said, "Alas! my poor James, how is it with thee?"

"But badly, in truth," said James, still in a faint voice.

"How came it about?"

He told him the truth.

"Ah!" said Philip sadly, "jealousy. How men do love ill women! That old cat—thirty if she is a day—to have two lovers, and two nations after a manner, fighting for her o' nights beneath her very window. Did she see you?"

"Indeed she did."

"And smiled, I'll be bound, at what would make a good woman scream to part the fools. Did she say nought?"

"She said, 'Kill him.'"

"Kill whom?"

"The black, I do suppose."

"I am not so sure of that;" and Philip fell into a reverie. It was broken by James going suddenly back on something Philip had said. "I do believe thou art right," said he, "and finding him under her window, I felt a sort of jealousy as well as wrath at his continuing to tempt her. If 'twas so I am rightly served; but flout me not for't, Philip, for I think I am sped."

"Now Heaven forbid. Where is thy hurt?"

"All over me. I made a great mistake. I kept beating him about his bullet head, but he still belaboured my ribs. Oh! I am all pains and aches; it hurts me e'en to speak."

"Alas! alas!" said Philip, and laid a cool, consoling hand on the hot brow; then he suddenly ground his set teeth and said, "Curses on them all; I will end this to-night, no later."

James asked him what he meant. He refused to say; but the fact is, that he was resolved to go that very night to M'Carthy, who was then on a visit to his brother five miles off, and tell him the whole story. Knowing that

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James would remonstrate, he kept his resolution to himself, and went off for the present to prepare a composing draught for his patient after the receipt of Patience Surefoot. He made the decoction, in which, I believe, dried flowers of the lime-tree were a principal ingredient; and while he was thus employed a negro came in, and, with a congratulatory grin, told him there was a gentlewoman wanted to see him. He came out, and beheld Maria Surefoot on horseback. He stared at her. "Philip," said she, "I have ridden fifteen miles to bring thee this." She handed him a copy of the *Philadelphia Post*. "Sweet Philip, tell him I loved not wisely but truly." Then she looked all round for James, but she knew it was better for her not to see him. The tears started from her eyes, but she turned her horse's head and away home without a word, little knowing that she had honoured her sex and adorned God's creation by that simple act.

Philip took the paper back to his room, and sat down to see why she had brought it all that way. Maria had marked an advertisement:—

"His Majesty's frigate *Bellona*, commanded by Admiral Vernon, is now lying in Delaware Bay short of hands, whereby able seamen and apprentices can now obtain double pay and good victuals."

Philip saw at once the value of this hint, and did justice to Maria's unselfish love, which disappointment had purified instead of turning it to hate, as it does your selfish passions. But, having James by his side, he was hardly prepared to run the risk of flight. James had already suffered cruelly by an attempt of that kind. Yet it was a great temptation; he vacillated. He held the paper in his hand and pondered the pros and cons.

And now I have a truly extraordinary circumstance to relate. The paper, a single sheet, contained only twenty advertisements altogether; one was, as I have related, marked for Philip to read. But there was another one not marked, and Philip's eye fell on it by accident. Yet this advertisement set Philip's eye staring, and soon as he read it the paper began to shake in his trembling hands:—

"I, Jonas Hanway, now lying in jail charged with the murder of my ward, Joanna Philippa Chester, take this way to let her know my evil plight, and beg her, for pity's sake, to come back or write of her welfare. Poor Silas, that

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made the mischief, is in his grave, and nought awaits her here but my true repentance and the kind affection of my co-trustee, Mr. Thomas Chester, under whose care she now is, if only she could be found. And for a further inducement to return, I do now, with my co-trustee's consent, inform her that she is heiress to a fortune of thirteen thousand pounds or more, which knowledge was withheld from her by her father's express desire, lest any man should wed her for her dower, and not for true love of her; but now 'tis thought best to let her know the truth, lest she should throw herself away. The said Joanna is now nineteen years of age, tall and active, and of singular beauty; hath eyebrows black as jet, and do meet so remarkably as in an English-woman must needs draw notice. She hath been traced to London, and it is thought she hath crossed the seas. Whoever will give information respecting her shall receive a reward of

FIVE HUNDRED GUINEAS.

"She had her mother's jewels with her. But they are now her own.

"From my sorrowful prison at Staines, January, 1739-40."

Advertisement! It was a cry from a prison, and a cry from home, that knocked at her very heart. She uttered a responsive cry herself, as if the prisoner's cry had sounded in her ears; and then she devoured the words once more, feeding on every syllable in great amazement. But presently the letters grew hazy; her filling eyes saw them no more, and, in their place came the pleasant meads of Colebrooke; the English landscape, humble but sweet; the grey old church, with the swallows twittering round; her dear parson's scholarly face; the white-headed children before each cottage, clad with rose and eglantine. Then her heart gushed to her eyes in a stream, and the wanderer lay softly back in a chair quite motionless and let the sweet tears flow.

Then came the desire to act, to fly home and save that poor bereaved father, and live amongst her folk. How should she manage it? She had jewels secreted about her, any one of which was worth more than a slave's ransom. Why not go to M'Carthy, tell him who she was, and offer him a diamond ring for her liberty? Why not? Because he might have her seized for wearing man's clothes, and throw

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her into prison for life, so severe was this colony in that matter. No; she could not endure the shame nor run the risk. She would take one of his horses and ride by night to Philadelphia, and make terms with him through some other party. One thing alone she did resolve—not to lose an hour, but to be gone that very night. One day lost, and the prisoner's life might pay for it. Yes, she would go, and take James Annesley with her. She took up the sleeping-draught and went to his room. She made him drink it, and then covered him up warm, and took his hand in hers. "James, dear," said she, "I am a happy—creature. I have news from England—sad news after a manner, yet sweet; and I am going home."

"Going! Ah well! God's blessing and mine go with thee."

"Why, thou foolish man, I go not without thee. This very night we ride to Philadelphia, and thence to England."

James shook his head sorrowfully. "There is no escape for a slave. I have tried it."

"Ay, all alone and on foot, without money or means. But 'tis different now. I shall command the expedition—I, who, by your leave, possess the two capital gifts of a commander, which are forecast and courage: forecast, by which I do foresee all possible accidents, and provide for them; and courage, whereby I overcome and trample under foot those petty dangers that scare a mere ordinary man like thee. What's this?"

"What is what?"

"I smell a smell I never could abide. 'Tis a cat. I know 'tis a cat. There! there she is, coiled in the mouth of that sack! I shall faint, I shall die."

"Why, here's a coil about poor puss. 'Tis the stable cat, and loves to come here."

"Well, she goes forth, or I."

"Open the door, then, and fling thy cap at the poor harmless thing."

"I call not foul things harmless, especially when they are all claws. I like not your cats, even when they are called Christinas."

While Philip was driving out the "harmless, necessary cat" James criticised him. "Why, 'tis like a girl to be afeared of a cat. But indeed you are more like a girl than a boy in many things. You hate women more than is natural, and you turn your toes out in walking, and you carry your hand so oddly when you walk."

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"Mercy on us, how?"

"Why, you turn it out sideways and show the fingers. I walk with my thumb straight down."

Philip turned very red, but said pertly, "All which proves that I was born of a woman. Now you were born of a goose. I'm man enough to be your master, and this very evening you shall ride with me to Philadelphia."

"You are my master, and I own it," said James; "my master by superior learning, wit, and daring; only the courage comes and goes most strangely. But, good my master, for all that I cannot ride with thee to-night."

"Oh! say not so, James. Why not?"

"I could not sit a horse for my life."

"Alas! how unfortunate we are! James, think me not unkind, but I must go to-night, with thee or without thee."

"You must go without me then, for indeed I am not able."

"But perhaps you may be by nightfall. Have a good sweat and a good sleep, and I'll come again at dusk; for, oh! James, I *must* go, and I am loth to leave thee."

Then Philippa retired, and went and made some slight preparation for the journey she had resolved to take; but in the midst of it all her hands fell helpless and her heart revealed itself to her. She could not go. Love burst through all self-deception at last. She loved him—had loved him long, and now loved him to distraction. Leave him on his sick-bed and among enemies; no, not for a day. She had honestly intended—if he could not come—to fly to Philadelphia, sell her jewels, and buy him of M'Carthy; but, now it came to the point, she burst out crying, and found she could not leave him in trouble—no, not for an hour. "Nay," said she to herself, "but I will come at night and hector him, and taunt him, and coax him, and try all my wicked arts to get him to go with me; then, if he cannot, I will pretend to go without him, but I'll slip back softly and lie on the mat at my darling's door. None shall come to hurt him but over my body."

Meantime James received another unexpected visitor. There was a gentle tap at the door, and Mistress Christina glided in. He was surprised, and tried to rise and receive her; but she put up her white hand, that he should not move. Then she sat down by him, and, with the most cajoling tenderness, expressed her regret at what had occurred. "Why," said she, "will you trouble about that man whom you know I have discarded?"

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"He was there to tempt you, madam."

"More likely through jealousy; seeing me favour you, perhaps he suspected me of speaking to you at all hours. But once more, James, trouble not about him. Has he hurt you?"

"Nay, madam, not much," said James; "a few bruises, that I am to sleep away. He got as good as he gave, I know."

"That is true," said she gravely; "he is much cut about the face, and you have knocked out one of his front teeth."

"I will knock his head off next time."

"I will give you leave to kill him—*next time*," said the lady calmly. "Meantime, prithee get well—for my sake. I'll send you something to do you good." She then kissed her hand to him and went softly out.

Before she had been long gone Philip's potion began to work, and James fell into a fine sleep and a violent perspiration.

Presently there was another tap at the door, and as the sleeper did not reply, Chloe entered with a large basin of strong soup prepared by the white hands of Christina herself. Chloe was followed by the late discarded cat, returning now with lofty tail, sniffing the savoury mess. Chloe, finding the patient asleep and perspiring, had the sense not to waken him; only, as she thought it a pity the soup should cool, she put it down by his bedside, calculating that the smell might waken him, as it would her. To keep it warm she put "Plutarch's Lives" over it, and then retired. It was about four o'clock.

Now, if James was asleep, Puss was not. He turned about the leg of the table, sniffing, and at last sprang boldly on to the bed, and from the bed to the table. Here he found an obstacle in Plutarch. Plutarch covered the soup, not entirely, but too much for Puss to get a nose in. He sat quiet a few minutes, then he applied his fore-paw and nose and made a sufficient aperture. Then he found the soup too hot. Then he sat on the table a whole hour waiting. Then he arose and gradually licked up nearly half the soup; then he retired quietly and coiled himself up.

James still slept on his balmy sleep, till just before sunset. Then he was awakened by a violent knocking.

He looked up, and there was the poor cat in violent convulsions, springing up to an incredible height, and hammering the floor with his head when he came down.

James got up, unconscious of his late pains, and threw

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some water over him. He thought it a fit; but after a few violent convulsions came piteous cries, and the poor creature stretched his limbs and died, foaming at the mouth.

James soon discovered the cause in the stolen soup.

His blood ran cold. He fell on his knees and thanked God he was alive. But how long? What would not hate so diabolical as this attempt? He seized his knife and prepared to sally forth.

At this moment he heard a whistle under his window.

"Ah!" thought he, "a signal of assassins." He instantly dragged his bed and other things to the door, to impede an attack from that quarter, and then went cautiously to the window. To his great relief it was Philip who had given that signal. He opened the window directly. "Oh Philip! they have tried to poison me!"

"Ah!—who?—who?"

"Christina herself. Sent me soup. The cat stole some whilst I slept, thanks to your medicine—you are my preserver—and see, the poor cat is dead." He took the cat's body and flung it out. Philip recoiled, with a cry of horror. "Come forth!" he cried, "come forth! or they will murder thee yet. Oh my love, come forth to me!"

"I will, I will;" and in a moment he tore away the bed and other things from the door and ran down to Philip. Philip had lost not a moment, but was getting the two best horses out. James helped him. Without a word more they saddled and bridled them, and Philip sprang into the saddle; his black eyes were gleaming with a strange fire.

"Take that dead beast before thee," said he, "and I'll give thee liberty and vengeance."

They galloped off over the soft ground, Philip leading, and took the road for Philadelphia.

They did not venture to speak till they got clear of M'Carthy's premises, but then James told Philip of Christina's visit and cajoleries, followed by murder.

Philip said, "'Twas in her eye. Ah, thou foul cat! but I'll be even with thee;" and Philip ground his teeth audibly, and his eye shot fire in the moonlight. "My poor James," said he, "that would not harm a mouse."

About five miles from M'Carthy's they passed his brother's farm. They passed it a hundred yards or so, and then Philip drew the rein and halted his horse to a gate, and made James do the same. "Now take that dead Christina in thy

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hand," said he bitterly, "and follow me." He marched up to the farm and asked for William M'Carthy.

"What want you?"

"We are two servants of his, come with news of life and death."

"You shall find him at supper with the rest."

Philip walked boldly into the noisy supper-room, followed by James. "Silence all!" said he with a voice like a clarion, and the room was still in a moment.

"Master, have you money in your house?"

"Ay," cried M'Carthy, half rising and turning pale; "more than I can bear to lose. But 'tis in the safe, boy. None knows of it but my daughter."

"Am I your daughter? Yet I know it. Your daughter has a mulatto to her lover, and they have planned to rob you of your money and fly."

"The proof!" roared M'Carthy.

"The proof is this: James there overheard Christina and Regulus plan the robbery. He taxed Christina with it, and she tried to cajole him; but failing in that, and knowing he would tell you, like a faithful servant as he is, she this day essayed to poison him."

Here there were some exclamations. "Ay, sir," continued he; "the cat, by God's mercy, stole a little of the soup while he slept. Now look at that cat's body and judge for yourselves."

The cat was instantly examined.

Philip did not stop for that. "Now, master, take your weapons, and to horse this moment, and save your goods, if there be yet time." Mr. M'Carthy and his brother and two or three men ran out. Philip turned to the others, and folding his arms, said boldly, "Sirs, ye are Christian men, and white men like ourselves; is it your will that good servants of your own flesh and blood shall be poisoned like rats?" There was a roar of honest disclamation. "And all because Christina M'Carthy is so lost to shame as to wed a black and rob her own flesh and blood. Then, sirs, to your justice we two commend our cause. There is the poisoned beast to prove our words, and half the poisoned soup in this good young man's room over the stable. Punish them with everything short of death. James and I will keep away a little while, for if we testify the judge might hang her. Give you good e'en."

Having delivered this bold but artful speech, he retired

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with James, and the moment he got outside the door whispered him, "Now run for't, or they will keep us to testify in their courts." They ran off like the wind, untethered their horses, and springing into their saddles, rode rapidly off, keeping the side of the road at first, to dull their horses' hoofs. They rode all night, and with the earliest streak of dawn entered the fair town of Philadelphia.

M'Carthy and his party, twelve in all, caught the mulatto and Christina in the very act of levanting with M'Carthy's money. They made short work of them, bound Regulus to a tree and flogged him within an inch of his life, with Christina tied to a chair close by, and the dead cat in her lap. Then they drummed the mulatto out of the district, and sent Christina to a farm in Massachusetts, to clean pots and pans in the kitchen for a twelvemonth and a day.

CHAPTER VI

PHILIP, being commander, sent James to one inn, and went to another himself. He said that was most prudent, to avoid discovery; but his real motive was different. He had a very difficult game to play. His wit, however, proved equal to it. Remembering that his father was a lawyer, he inquired for an old lawyer, a grey-headed one; he stipulated severely for grey hairs. When he had found his grey-headed lawyer, and liked his countenance, he did not make two bites of a cherry, but told him all, and showed him the advertisement.

The lawyer easily got her eighty gold pieces on the security of her diamond cross, and gave her a room on his own premises, where she could dress herself in any costume she liked without being reported.

Meantime James Annesley was not idle. He saw a notice up that Admiral Vernon's ship was short of hands, and he went and engaged himself to serve on board her. He promised to bring a much smarter fellow next day, meaning his mate Philip.

When they met in the evening he told Philip this, and Philip was much vexed at first. "Oh! why will you do things without asking me?"

However, on reflection, she acquiesced, and, with true feminine tact, altered all her plans to meet this unexpected

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move. She told James she would go on board the ship, but in another capacity. She had friends and money, and would work for both; only for a day or two he must not expect to see much of her.

The lawyer sent the horses to M'Carthy, and advised him not to trouble any more about the servants, as they were under his care, and he might have to go into the poisoning business if they were molested.

Soon after this a young lady in her mask called on Admiral Vernon at his lodgings and asked him if he would take her home in his ship.

"Zounds, madam! no," said the Admiral; "no petticoats aboard the King's ship."

"Alas, sir! say not so. Do but cast your eye over this advertisement. Indeed 'tis no common case; 'tis a matter of life and death, my going in your ship." The Admiral read the advertisement, and cried out, "What! accused of murder? Gadzooks! what fools these landmen be! Are you indeed the gentlewoman they seek?"

"Ay, noble Admiral. Deign to regard my foul eyebrows, that are all published to the world so barbarously in this advertisement;" and the sly puss removed her mask, and burst on the sailor in all her sunlike beauty. At this blaze he began to falter a little. "'Tis pity to deny you; but why not go in the first ship of burden?"

"Sir, none sail this week, and they are too slow for my need, and, in truth, I'm afeared to be drowned if I go in any other ship but the one you do command. Oh Admiral! you are too brave to deny the weak and helpless in their trouble."

"Madam," said the Admiral, "you mistake the matter. 'Tis of you I think. I am a father, and a ship of war is not the place for young gentlewomen."

"But, sir, I am discreet, and know the world; and I can wear my mask, and keep close. Oh, noble sir! have pity on me, and let me sail in your good ship." Then, with her lovely eyes, she turned on what I, labouring to be satirical, call the waters of the Nile. Then the Admiral rapped out the usual oaths of the sea and the century, and said she had done his business—"A sailor was never yet proof against salt water from a woman's eye."

He then told her where his ship lay in the Bay of Delaware, and his day and hour of sailing. She must come out in a boat, and he would charge an officer beforehand to see her safe aboard.

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Philippa returned to her lawyer in high spirits, and sent him to James with a note in her own hand directing him to go on board the English flag-ship next day at six in the evening, and she would follow the day after, before the ship sailed. James did as he was bid. At noon next day a boat brought a lady in her mask alongside; and James, who was looking out anxiously for Philip, saw her taken on board with her boxes—for she had found time to shop furiously—and handed respectfully to her cabin; but James did not recognise her, nor dream this tall gentlewoman was little Philip.

At 2 P.M. the Admiral was seen coming out; the yards were manned directly, and he mounted the quarter-deck with due honours, and the next minute the pipe was going and the men's feet tramping to the capstan, whilst others hoisted a sail or two; and the anchor was secured, and the ship bowed, and glided, and burst into canvas, and the busy seamen all bustled, and shouldered poor James out of the way, with salt curses, as he ran about the ship asking wildly for Philip, and describing him to coarse fellows who only jeered him.

One faint hope remained: Philip might be down below. But the next day dissipated this; Philip never showed his face, and this puzzled and grieved James Annesley so, that even the prospect of Liberty and Home could not reconcile him to the loss and seeming desertion of this tender and faithful friend.

The officer in charge of the new hands now called on James to do some very simple act of seamanship. He bungled it, and there was a good deal of hoarse derision; to which he replied at last, a little sadly, but with good temper, "Men are not born sailors, are they?"

An officer at the other side of the deck heard this reply, and was struck with the voice, or the face, or perhaps with all three, and called to him. He came respectfully and removed his cap.

"Sure I have seen that face before," said the officer.

James started, and said, "I have seen yours, sir; but where?"

Said the officer, "I'll tell you that. Is not your name James?"

"Indeed, sir, it is."

"Son of Lord Altham that was."

"Yes, sir; but how—oh! 'tis my kind schoolfellow."

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"Ah! I am Mat Matthews, that set you on your way to Dublin. I took a good look at you that day, and I seldom forget a face I look at so. But what means this disguise, in Heaven's name? You have been reported dead in Ireland this many a year. Where have you been? Is this a frolic, good sir, or hath Fortune used you crossly?"

"Sir," said James, "I'll tell you in a word, but a word full of misery: my uncle Richard kidnapped me, and sent me to the plantations. There have I been a slave this many a long year, and even now escaped by a miracle."

"A slave! You, a lord's son, a slave! Kidnapped, and by Richard Annesley, say you? Why, 'tis he now holds your father's lands and titles. Perdition! Here is foul play! The knave! Twas to steal your lands and titles he spirited you away."

"Indeed, sir, I always did suspect it. Such villainy was never yet done for love of God."

"Sir," said Captain Matthews, "sit you down, and not another rope shall you handle in this ship." He ran, with his heart in his mouth, to the Admiral; and his warm-hearted Irish eloquence, burning with his schoolfellow's wrongs, soon fired the honest sailor. They agreed that this was the real Earl, and his uncle a felon, whom the sight of the true heir would blast. "And now I think on't," said Matthews, "Arthur Lord Anglesey is dead, and Richard Annesley has succeeded to *his* lands and titles too; so that there is one of the greatest noblemen in England and Ireland a sailor on board this ship—and a very bad one."

"That may not be," said the Admiral; "overhaul the wardrobe straight, and rig him like a lord, as he is, and make us acquainted." He added, with a touch of delicacy one would hardly have expected, "I'll not see him in his sailor's jacket, nor seem to know he hath been brought so low."

CHAPTER VII

It was a beautiful moonlight night; the great ocean was calm, and the light airs so gentle that snow-white studding-sails were set aloft to catch them.

The Honourable James Annesley, in a suit of blue velvet laced with silver, gold-laced hat, and jewel-hilted sword,

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paced the deck, and admired the solemn scene, the incredible sheen of the rippling ocean kissed by moonbeams, the ship's gigantic shadow, that ran trembling alongside, and the waves like molten diamonds, that sparkled to the horizon.

His tide had turned: finery on his back; a hundred gold pieces in his pocket, that Matthews, a man of large fortune, had insisted on lending him; a popular admiral conveying him home, an honoured guest.

Yet it seemed there was something wanting; for, after he had enjoyed the scene a while, he sat down upon a gun and meditated; and his meditation was not gay, for soon he heaved a sigh.

Now this sigh caught the quick ear of a young lady who had not long emerged upon deck. It was Joanna Philippa Chester, who never showed herself by day, but took the air at night, and even then had always her little mask in hand ready to whip on. Joanna was farther still from complete happiness than James was; her breast was torn with doubts and fears and shames, for which my reader, who has only seen her fitful audacity in boy's clothes, may not be quite prepared. She was now all tremors and misgivings, and paid the penalty of her disguise. Under that disguise she had fallen deep in love with James Annesley, yet inspired him with no tenderer feeling than friendship for a boy. That knowledge of the heart, which an inexperienced but thoughtful woman sometimes attains by constantly thinking on its mysteries, told her that between love and friendship there is a gulf, and that gulf sometimes impassable. Philip might stand for ever between James and Philippa.

And, besides this, for a girl to wear boy's clothes was indelicate; it was condemned by law; it was scouted by public opinion. James Annesley, even in his humble condition, had shown a great sense of propriety; and she felt, with a cold chill running down her back, that he was not the man to overlook indelicacy in her sex, much less make an Amazon his wife; and now, as she had learned with her sharp ears, the story he had told her was confirmed, and he was the real Earl of Anglesey, and all the less likely to honour a tomboy with his hand. For three whole days she had longed and pined to speak to him, yet fear and modesty had held her back. She could not bear to be Philip any more; yet she dreaded to be Philippa, lest she should lose even Philip's place in his regard.

Even now, the moment she saw him seated, with the moon

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glittering on his silver lace and his jewelled sword, and his dear, shapely head lowered in pensive thought, her first impulse was to recoil, slip down into her cabin again, and torture herself with misgivings, as she had been doing all the voyage.

But love would not let her go without a single look. She turned her eyes on him, that soon begin to swim with tenderness as she looked at him. She stole a long drink of ineffable love, and the next moment she would have been gone; but he sighed deeply, and she heard it. Then the habit of consoling him and her yearning heart were too much for her. By a sudden impulse she whipped on her mask and stole towards him. She trembled, she blushed; but all the woman was now in arms to defend that love which was her life.

He heard her coming, looked up, and saw a tall young lady close upon him, dressed in the fashion, with a little silk hood and a mask that hid all but her mouth. He rose, removed his hat, and bowed ceremoniously. She curtsied in the same style.

"Forgive me, sir," said she; "I fear I interrupt your meditations."

"Most agreeably, madam."

"Methought I heard you sigh, sir."

"I dare say I did, madam."

"I was surprised, sir, for I hear you are a gentleman of quality, going home to high fortune, after encountering her frowns. Sure that should make her smiles the sweeter."

"Madam, it may be so; but my enemies are powerful. I may find it very hard to dispossess the wrongful owners."

"And 'twas for that you sighed."

"Not at all, madam. I sighed for the loss of a dear friend."

"Alas! What—dead?"

"Now Heaven forbid!"

"False then, no doubt."

"I hope not; but I am sore perplexed, for he never failed me before."

"He? What! 'twas only a man then, after all?"

"'Twas a boy, for that matter; but what a boy! You never saw his fellow, madam. His head was all wit, his heart all tenderness, his face all sunshine. He brightened my adversity; and now, when fortune seems to shine, he has deserted me. Oh Philip! Philip!"

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"Philip! Was that his name?"

"Yes, madam."

"Is he a dark boy?"

"Yes, madam, yes."

"About my height?"

"Oh no, madam, not by half a head."

Philippa smiled at that, and said, "Then, sir, you shall sigh no more on his account, for I happen to know that same Philip is here, in this very ship."

"Is it possible? God bless you for that good news, madam. Oh madam! pray bring him to me, for my heart yearns for him. Why, why has he hidden himself from me?"

"Nay, sir, you must have patience. The boy is not so much to blame. He is in trouble, and dare not show his face on deck. I wonder whether I may tell you the truth?"

"Yes, madam, for Heaven's sake!"

"Well, then, the truth is—ahem—he is here disguised as a woman."

"You amaze me, madam."

"And if you were to accost him as Philip 'twould be overheard, and might be his ruin. If you can be so much his friend as to fall into this disguise and treat him with distant civility while he is on board the ship, I'll answer for him he will come to you, not to-night, but to-morrow night at this time."

James Annesley eagerly subscribed to these terms.

Next evening he paced the deck impatiently, and in due course a young gentlewoman came towards him with Philip's very face, but blushing and beaming.

James ran to meet her, devoured her face, and then cried, "It is! it is! oh, my sweet Philip!"

The young lady drew back instantly in alarm, and said, "Is this what you promised? Call me Philip again or offer the slightest freedom and you shall never see me again. My name is Philippa."

"So be it, thou capricious toad. I am too overjoyed at sight of thee to thwart thy humours. Thou wert never like any other he that breathes."

"I shall be more unlike them than ever now," said she. "Methinks my disposition is changed since I put off my boy's attire, and the worst of it is, all my courage hath oozed away."

"It had always a trick of coming and going, Philip."

"Philippa, or I leave the ship."

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"Well, Philippa, then."

"What sort of a gentlewoman do I make?"

"Nay, if I knew not the trick I should take you for the most beautiful woman I ever saw."

Philippa blushed with pleasure. "And you look beautiful too," said she. "Fine feathers make fine birds."

He then scolded her gently, and asked her why she had deserted him.

"Well, I'll tell you the truth," said she, and delivered him a whole string of fibs.

She met him next evening, and the next, and so mystified him by her beauty and her bashfulness that he questioned Matthews and the Admiral about the young lady; but Matthews knew nothing, and the Admiral pretended to know nothing, she having sworn him to secrecy.

Philippa was offended at his curiosity, and sent him word he had done very ill to ask other persons about her; she should not come on deck for ever so long.

She kept her word, though it cost her dear. Even when they touched at Jamaica, and everybody else landed, she kept her cabin. But when they left Jamaica she took another line. She came openly on deck now and then in the daytime, and removed her mask.

The effect may be divined; the officers of the ship treated her like a queen and courted her with all possible attentions. These she received with singular modesty, politeness, and prudence; and her heart being sincerely devoted to one, her head was not to be turned.

James Annesley looked on with wonder, and a dash of satire, to see men all but kneeling to a boy; but he soon got jealous, and the other men opened his eyes, and he began to ponder over many things. The truth flashed on him, and Philippa saw it in his face. Then she coquetted with her happiness, and when he begged a private interview she put him off.

But when they passed Lizard Point she came to her senses and gave him his opportunity.

He was much agitated; she was more so, but hid it better. "Tell me the truth," he cried. "You were always Philippa, and I a blind fool." She hid her red face in her hands, and replied with the charming directness of her present sex—

"Oh! why did I ever wear those abominable clothes?"

"Nay," said James; "why did you ever doff them? for, see now, you have killed the friend of my bosom."

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"I'm glad of it," said she, with one of her shows of spirit.

"And will you give me nothing in exchange for him?"

"Alas, James!" she cried, "what can I give you that you will love as you did him? *I hate that boy.*"

"Nay, do not hate him; but for him I had never known the greatest, truest, tenderest heart that ever beat in woman. Oh Philippa! you saved me from despair, you saved me from servitude. I never could love another now you are a woman. Be my bosom friend still, but by a dearer title; be my sweet-heart, my darling, my wife."

"Ay, that or the grave," she cried; and the next moment he held her curling round his neck and cooling her hot cheeks with tears of joy.

They landed at Portsmouth, took a kind leave of the Admiral, to whom they owed so much, and, accompanied by Captain Matthews, dashed up to Staines with post-horses, four at every relay. When they came near to the town she bade the driver post to the prison. She demanded to see Jonas Hanway. He was called into the yard, and at sight of her gave a scream of joy, and they had a cry together, and forgave each other. She fee'd the jailer to send to the proper authorities and take the necessary steps for his liberation. Then she went on to Thomas Chester, who lived outside the town, by the river-side; but Matthews left them in the town, and went on to London, on his way to Ireland. He had inherited large estates, and was about to leave the King's service.

Thomas Chester, though a man not easily moved, gave a loud shout when his niece ran to him; he folded her in his arms, and thanked God aloud, in a broken voice, again and again.

When they were a little calmer he said to his man, "Send abroad, and let them ring all the church bells for three miles about; I'll find the ale. And thou, Thomas, bring in our young lady's things. She is mistress of the house."

Then they went out, and found two boxes, and one James Annesley, seated peaceable. "And who is this?" said the old man, staring not a little.

"'Tis only my—my James," said she, as if every young gentlewoman had a James; but the next moment her cheeks were dyed with blushes. "Dear uncle, he has been my friend and companion in servitude, and some do say he is the——"

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"Whoever he is, he hath brought me thee, my sweet long-lost niece, and must lie at my house this happy night." So he received James cordially, and put off all inquiries till the morrow. The next morning James told him, of his own accord, he loved Philippa, and was so happy as to have won her affections. He also spoke of his wrongs, and said he was Lord Altham's son, and dispossessed by the uncle, who had kidnapped him; and he should go into Ireland at once, and hoped to punish his uncle, and make Philippa Lady Anglesey. He proved himself in earnest by starting for Ireland this very day. The parting with Philippa was very tender, and left her almost inconsolable, being their first real separation since they knew each other.

So the wise old lawyer let her have her cry out. Next day he told her what the young man had said.

"Alas!" said she, "he is gone on a wild-goose errand, I fear; and, as for me, I would not give one straw to be Lady Anglesey. To be Mrs. James is heaven enough for me; and, alas! if any ill befall him in that savage Ireland, I shall always think 'twas because I was not by him as heretofore; and you will have but one more trouble with me—to bury me."

"Niece," said the old man, "craving your pardon, you are pretty far gone."

"Never was woman farther," said she frankly. "I am fair sick with love. My James carries my heart and my life in his bosom, go where he will;" and she leaned her head prettily on the old man's shoulder.

"Hum!" said the lawyer, and dropped that subject, not possessing even its vocabulary.

He waited a reasonable time, and then cross-examined her. "My young mistress," said he, "have you told your sweetheart you have thirteen thousand pounds? And, now I think on't, 'tis nearer fourteen thousand, by reason of your folly in going and getting your own living, instead of spending it."

"Have I told James? No, not yet. I found out my father's will by that advertisement, and since he wished it kept secret, I have held that wish sacred."

Mr. Chester told her she had done well. Lord Anglesey had been long in possession, and it was not likely he would be ousted without a fearful litigation, in which her little fortune might easily be swamped. "No, Philippa," said he, "still go by your father's will, and by my lights, and let us not risk one shilling of your fortune. Your husband can

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never be a pauper while that remains in *your* hands." She caught that idea in a moment, and gave her solemn promise.

The first letter from Ireland served to confirm her uncle's wisdom. James wrote to say that he had been to a dozen attorneys, and they all refused to take up his cause against a nobleman so powerful as Lord Anglesey, and who had been years in possession without a voice raised against his title.

However, a day or two after writing this, James Annesley fell in with a long-headed attorney, called M'Kercher, who listened to his story more thoughtfully than the others, and went so far as to ask him for a list of the people he thought could bear out his statements. Having got this, Mr. M'Kercher found Farrell and Purcell, and, by means of them, one or two more not known to James Annesley, and they established the kidnapping.

Then M'Kercher began to think more seriously of the case. He called on Mr. Annesley at his lodgings, and found him and Matthews taking a friendly glass and talking the matter over. M'Kercher made three, and said over his glass that the kidnapping was certainly a fine point, but it would be worthless without direct evidence to Mr. Annesley's parentage; and money would be required, to ransack the county of Meath for evidence, and for other purposes; for money would certainly be used against them freely.

The warm-hearted Matthews offered a thousand pounds directly to begin. Thereupon M'Kercher's eyes glittered, and he hesitated no longer. All three went out to Mr. Matthews' house that day in cars of the period, and next day rode on his own horses to ransack Meath and Wexford for evidence.

They found some little evidence, and M'Kercher secured it; but there were two enemies in the field before them. Death was one, Lord Anglesey the other. This nobleman had got a fortnight's start in rather a curious way. Admiral Vernon anchored off Jamaica a few days. It got wind that he was bringing home the real Lord Anglesey. The *Daily Post* announced it, and the *Gentleman's Magazine* copied, as indeed may be seen in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February 1741.

Death, the other antagonist, had been unusually busy since James Annesley crossed over the bar of Dublin. Lady Altham—dead. Mrs. Avice, to whom she had spoken of a son—dead. The chaplain, who he believed had christened him—dead. His sponsors, male and female—dead.

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But M'Kercher was not to be baffled; he hunted up the old servants of Dunmaine House, and from one to another he began to create that pile of testimony which even now stands on record to prove this obscure man the Napoleon of all attorneys, living or dead. He and James and Matthews rode hundreds of miles after evidence; till one night Annesley was fired at from the hedge of a wood, and two slugs whistled close by his head.

They all spurred away in great alarm.

When they had got to the town they were going to, tactful M'Kercher set to work that moment and printed bills describing the attempt, offering a thousand pounds reward, and by subtle insinuation accused Lord Anglesey of the crime. He got up what we now call a demonstration—showed his handsome client to the public on a veranda stuck over with bills thus worded:—

“THIS IS THE HEIR. COME, LET US KILL HIM, THAT THE INHERITANCE MAY BE OURS.”

For all that, he sent Annesley back to England directly. “It is too pretty a suit to be abated by a bullet,” said keen M'Kercher.

James Annesley returned to Staines, and found the roses leaving Philippa's cheek. Ere he had been back a week they bloomed again.

M'Kercher circulated his bills in Dublin, with a guarded account of the attempted assassination, just keeping clear of an indictment for libel. One of the bills was sent over to Lord Anglesey by a friend.

That nobleman at this period began to lose heart. His estates were large but encumbered; he had been for years amusing himself with trigamy, and trigamy had entailed its expenses. All the ladies had to be dressed as if there was but one Lady Anglesey; and you may see by Miss Gregory's bill that those noble brocades, though cheaper in the end than the trash we call silk, were dear at first. Then the three ladies had children, and one of the three was so ill-bred as to indict my lord, and had to be bought off.

Then he had Charles Annesley and Frank Annesley on his back. Francis Annesley, an English barrister, claimed a large portion of the estates, and filed his bill in England. Charles Annesley had a large claim under Earl James's will, which claim Richard, Lord Annesley, had lately compro-

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misled for a third, and then, with his usual perfidy, evaded the compromise; whereon Charles obtained a decree with costs, and a sequestration under the terms of which Charles now received all the Irish rents and paid himself his share. The Earl, therefore, was in the power of Charles Annesley for his very subsistence.

On the top of all this came James Annesley armed with M'Kercher and hard cash, of which his lordship, like many other Irish proprietors, had mighty little compared with the value of his estates.

Thus attacked on all sides, and influenced probably by some reasons not easy to penetrate so long after the event, he began to falter, and being at his house in Bolton Row, which house the writer of these lines (be it said in passing) occupied for some years a century later, he sent for his London solicitor, Giffard, and directed him to try and effect a compromise with Jemmy, as he called him.

Giffard was too cautious to commit his client to writing in a matter so dangerous, but he intimated to M'Kercher that he had something important to say if M'Kercher would come to London. M'Kercher wrote back very courteously to say he was very busy collecting evidence, but would wait on Mr. Giffard in a fortnight. In anticipation of this conference, Lord Anglesey told Giffard on what terms he would resign his estates and live in France. He even went so far as to engage a French tutor.

Meantime James Annesley was a guest of Mr. Thomas Chester, and a favoured suitor for his niece's hand. The old lawyer liked James, and at this time hardly doubted he was the real heir to the late Lord Altham, and he intimated plainly that if Mr. Annesley would allow Philippa's dower, whatever it might be, to be settled on herself, they might marry as soon as they chose, for him.

Young Annesley smiled at this stipulation. "I hope to settle half the counties of Wexford and Meath on her besides," said he. So one Sunday morning the lovers were seated in a pew, with their heads over one prayer-book. Her dear old tutor delivered certain ephemeral words that seemed to this happy pair to have a strange vitality compared with the immortal part of the Liturgy. Said he, in a sonorous yet kindly voice, "I publish—the banns—of marriage—between the Honourable James Annesley, bachelor, of the parish of Dunmaine, in Ireland, and Mistress Joanna Philippa Chester, spinster, of this parish. This is the first time of asking. If

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any of you know cause or just impediment why these two persons should not be joined together in holy wedlock, ye are now to declare it."

While these words were delivered Philippa's face was a picture, her eyes lowered, her cheeks mantling with a gentle blush. The words rang strangely in those lovers' ears.

How tight custom holds civilised men and women, and flies them but with a string! Both had led adventurous lives, had been slaves in a distant colony, and this demure lass, with long black lashes lowered, had played a fine caper in boy's clothes. Yet there they must sit at last, over one prayer-book, in Staines church, and hear their banns cried in one breath with two more couple that had never budged out of Middlesex.

Let the reader now contemplate this pretty picture, and James Annesley's prospects, a rose-coloured panorama. In Ireland, his interests pushed by that rarest of all friends, an able and zealous attorney; in London, his arch enemy losing heart, and preparing to accept an income and retire from the disputed estates to Paris; in Staines, his hand in his sweet Philippa's, and holy wedlock, the sacred union of two pure and well-tried hearts, awaiting him in one little fortnight; even that fortnight to be spent in sight of Paradise, and the gate ajar.

Writers are human, and I feel myself linger here, for it grieves even hardened me to have to plunge again into the misfortunes of the good; but now are my wings of Fancy clipped, hard Fact holds me with remorseless grasp, and I am constrained to show how all this bright picture was shivered in a day, and by the man's own hand.

CHAPTER VIII

MR. THOMAS CHESTER had retired from the law with a comfortable fortune. He was now a bit of a sportsman; rented of Sir John Dolben the right of fishing the Thames for some distance, and of shooting over a part of the manor; and paid half Sir John's gamekeeper. He was a man that respected the rights of others and stickled for his own. He did not mind a stray Cockney fishing his perch, roach, and gudgeons with the hook, for that was fair sport; but he was bitter

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against all who poached on his water with nets, for he said, "They rob not me only of my fish, but my fish of their lives; 'tis not sport, 'tis larceny."

Annesley had often heard him say this. One day Annesley came out with his gun to Redding, the gamekeeper, and they were about to go out together shooting water-fowl; this was the only sport to be had, for it was the 1st of May.

As they were about to start, Redding cast his eyes round and saw one Thomas Eaglestone and his son casting a net from Sylvester's meadow. "There is that old rogue again," said he. "Let us have his net." He set off to run, and Annesley ran after him to help. Redding came up first, and collared Eaglestone. But he, to save his net, threw it half into the river; then young Eaglestone seized the cord, cut it, and jumped into the river. Annesley snatched at the net, and his gun went off. Old Eaglestone cried, "Villain, you have slain me!" and fell, scorched and bleeding, on the ground, and never spoke more. The boy swam away to the other bank, and the smoke of the gun drifting away revealed the man lying in the agonies of death, and Annesley and Redding so stupefied and appalled that they did not move hand or foot, but gazed with terror at each other and at their bloody work.

They had but just realised that the man was shot and in the agonies of death, when young Eaglestone was heard to cry across the water, "My father! they have murdered him."

Then Redding seized Annesley by the arm, "Heard you that? They will hang us," and set off instantly to run, which cowardly and imprudent course Annesley, who was quite unnerved, unhappily imitated, scarcely knowing what he did. They got to Redding's house; and Redding laid his hand on all the money he could, and fled the country; but Annesley would go no farther. He said, "I have slain an innocent man, and let me die for it." He sat a little while, with his head and his hands all of a heap, and then fell on to the floor in a fainting fit. There were three women in the house; they raised him, and just then the constables were seen coming with young Eaglestone. What did these wise women do but drag him upstairs and hide him in a sort of partition between two floors; and there the constables, who had sure information he was in the house, found him without any trouble. This hiding told heavily against him, both then and afterwards. In such terrible cases courage is the better part of discretion.

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They found him in a state so deplorable that they set him in a chair in the yard and sprinkled his face with water, and he was some time before he could command his limbs and walk with them to the justice.

A number of people followed the officers, and when they came upon the bridge James stopped and said, "Have I no friends here?" Then there was a cry of "Ay!" for indeed he was already respected in that part. "Then," said he, "I do implore you throw me over the bridge, and end me; for I have slain an innocent man, and shall never more know peace."

The justice sent them to Sir Thomas Reynell, and he heard the evidence, and committed him.

They had five miles to go, and all drank together on the road, and things were said over the liquor that afterwards affected the case.

As for James Annesley, he fell now into a dull resignation, and his regret was greater than his fear, except for Philippa. He gave one William Duffell a crown-piece to go to Philippa and beg her not to believe one word she should hear except from his own lips. "Speak comfortably to her, good William, or this will kill her too;" and then for the first time he began to cry and bemoan himself.

Duffell sped on his errand; but others had been before him. Remorseless Rumour came open-mouthed to Mr. Chester's house and told Philippa James Annesley had murdered a man.

She was as white as a sheet in a moment and trembled, but her faith supported her. "'Tis false," said she. But tongue followed tongue, and as the vulgar always exaggerate and add, a crop of lies were engrafted into the little bit of truth, and threats and oaths were said to have preceded the firing of the gun. Even Philippa's faith was giving way under repeated attacks, when Duffell came in with that comfortable message.

She cried out, as if he could hear her, "Believe thee a wilful murderer? That I never will. Unfortunate thou always wast, but guilty never." Then she said she would go to him on the instant. "Where is he?"

"IN THE CAGE AT HOUNSLOW."

She was with him in less than an hour; and, with the two pale faces close together, he told her how it had happened. She believed him; she consoled him; she treated it as a simple misfortune, for which he must grieve, but could never

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be punished, and she left him greatly encouraged. But her words were bolder than her heart, and when she reached home the great restraint she had put upon herself for love of him gave way, her body overpowered her great spirit, and she had faintings one after another that laid her low. Though prostrated herself, this noble girl dictated words of comfort to her unfortunate lover every day, and Thomas Chester carried them. Mr. Chester exerted himself to bail James Annesley, and appeared likely to succeed, when suddenly one Giffard, a London solicitor, appeared for young Eaglestone, and objected with such ability and weight that Sir Thomas Reynell said he must consider the matter and take advice. Then Mr. Chester saw that Annesley was to be prosecuted vindictively, and he conceived some grave suspicions, and began sadly to fear the final result of this unhappy business.

What I have now to relate will show the reader his suspicions were well founded.

CHAPTER IX

It was eleven o'clock on the 2nd of May. The Earl of Anglesey lay in state, receiving visits in bed. On the sheets beside him lay his peruke, superbly powdered and adorned with a Ramilies tie. A servant held a small glass before him, and while he talked to his visitors he tinged his cheeks with carmine and put on his patches, as openly as if these things were essential parts of a toilet.

His conversation was mighty vapid, affected, and lisping, until his courier, Lawler, knocked loudly at the door and said, "I must speak with my lord on the instant."

"Ask him where he comes from," said my lord, laying aside his affectation.

The man burst into the room and answered, "From Staines, where you left me to watch James Annesley; and, my lord, I bring strange news."

"Fling a bottle of scent over him and leave us in private," said Lord Anglesey.

This was done, and Lawler told him James Annesley had killed a man at Staines, and was now in the Cage at Hounslow.

"What fool's tale is this? I can't be so fortunate."

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"Nay, my lord, 'tis the truth. But some say 'twas accident, others say 'twas done of malice."

Lord Anglesey's eyes glittered. "So say I, and I will prove it, if money can do't."

He gave the man a gold piece and dismissed him, dressed himself in half-an-hour instead of two hours as usual, and went at once to his attorney, Giffard, told him the good news, and that all thought of a compromise was at an end. "Go down to Staines on the instant," said he, "and tell me can we hang that knave." Giffard went down, and saw young Eaglestone and others, and reported that John Eaglestone could hang or transport James Annesley. "Then," said Lord Anglesey, "you must be his lawyer, and I will find the money, if I pawn my diamond ring."

Giffard did not much like the business, but he undertook it sooner than lose his noble client. He advised Lord Anglesey on no account to appear in the business, or he would prejudice the prosecution, and he himself saw young Eaglestone, and easily moulded him to Lord Anglesey's purpose by rousing his cupidity, and also his desire of vengeance for his father's slaughter.

Thus the Crown was used as an instrument of private vengeance. Yet who could object? Only the son and his attorney were seen. The ruthless man who bribed the witnesses and spurred the law was in the dark.

But they were not to have it all their own way. James had written post-haste to M'Kercher. He handed over the other business to his clerk, Pat Higgins, and came at once to Hounslow; saw the prisoner; found Giffard was in it, whom he knew to be Lord Anglesey's attorney; saw Anglesey behind Giffard; and his very first move in the case was one that had never occurred to Thomas Chester, nor to any other friend of Annesley's, though many were coming about him now. He put Lord Anglesey under a system of espionage as complete and subtle as ever Fouché brought to bear on a man; and he told nobody but Philippa, and bound her to secrecy. This done, he proceeded to the legitimate defence, and left no stone unturned. But he could never get at the most dangerous witness, young Eaglestone. Giffard kept him too close.

He encountered Giffard once or twice, and always treated him with profound respect, separated him entirely from his client, and charmed him with his good temper and urbanity. "Ah, sir!" said he, "if you knew Mr. Annesley, his goodness

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and his misfortunes, you would regret the severity you are compelled to show him."

"I regret it now," said Giffard.

Just before the trial, Philippa, who was all zeal and intelligence, secured a piece of evidence to prove that the boy Eaglestone had not been so confident the gun was fired purposely until Giffard came on the scene. But, with all her efforts, that was all she could do for her lover now. How different from former times, when she was a boy!

She spoke of her helplessness to M'Kercher with tears in her eyes, and told him it had not been always so.

"Helpless, madam!" said M'Kercher. By the hoky! beauty is never helpless. You have found him a witness that I'd never have heerd of maybe, and ye can do him a good turn at the trile, if you have the courage to come."

"The courage to come!" cried she. "I have the courage to die for him, or die with him. Of course I will be there, with my hand in his all the time, to show that there's one who knows he is not a murderer."

"Ah! if they'd only let us," said M'Kercher, with a sigh. "But I'll have you on the bench ony way, an' I'll find some way to let the jury know they'll have to strike at his head through your heart, alanna;" and the warm-hearted sharper was very near crying.

The dreadful day of the trial came at last. Philippa was seated on the right hand of the judge's seat, but on a lower bench. She was dressed, by M'Kercher's advice, in black silk, with a small head-dress of white lace, and no ornament but a diamond cross on her bosom. There she sat in a frame of mind beyond the pen to paint. This was her first court of law, her first trial. The solemnity, the ancient usages, and all the panoply of justice struck upon her young mind in one blow with the danger of him whose young life was bound up in hers; and for this reason I shall briefly describe this trial from her point of view, and the reader who has imagination will do well to co-operate with me, by putting himself in her place, as well as in the place of the accused.

First there was the usual hardened buzz of lawyers, to whom this terrible scene was but an everyday business. Philippa heard with wonder and horror. What! could men chatter when a life—and such a life—was at stake?

Then came in the judge, in ermine and scarlet, and all

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stood up. Philippa eyed him as a divinity on whom her darling's life depended.

Then the prisoners were brought to the bar, Redding having surrendered. Philippa uttered a faint cry, instantly suppressed, and her eye and her lover's met in a gaze that was beyond words.

But here the proceedings were disturbed for a moment by the entrance of a gorgeous gentleman in scarlet and gold, powdered peruke, and Ramlies tie, who stalked in and seated himself by the judge. This was Lord Anglesey, come to gloat over the criminal and keep the witnesses for the prosecution up to the mark. He stared on the public as on so many dogs, and on James Annesley with a bitter sneer. James was all in black velvet, with weepers, as one who mourned the death he had caused.

Silence having been obtained, the prisoners were arraigned, and the indictment charged against James Annesley, labourer, that he, not having God before his eyes, but moved by the instigation of the devil, on the 1st of May, with force and arms, in and upon one Thomas Eaglestone, feloniously, wilfully, and of malice aforethought, did make an assault, and that he, the said James Annesley, with a certain gun, of the value of five shillings, being charged with powder and leaden shot, did discharge, and shoot out of the said gun, by force of the gunpowder as aforesaid, and him the said Thomas Eaglestone in and upon the left side of the belly of the said Thomas, did strike and penetrate, giving to him, the said Thomas, on the said side of his said belly, one mortal wound, of the breadth of one inch, and of the depth of four inches, whereof the aforesaid Thomas then and there instantly died. The indictment then repeated the nature of the act, describing it, in the usual terms, as wilful murder, and against the peace of our Lord the King, his Crown and dignity.

The virulent terms of the indictment, being new to poor Philippa, made her blood run cold; for it seemed to her that the Crown thirsted for his blood, and would not stick at any exaggeration to hang him.

The Clerk of Arraignment now put the usual question, in a loud voice, "How say you, James Annesley, are you guilty of this felony, or not guilty?"

James Annesley, thus called upon before judge, jury, enemy, and sweetheart, showed unexpected qualities. Though a man of unsteady nerves when hurried, he lacked neither dignity nor courage—give him time—and what little bile he

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had in his nature was stirred by the sight of the man who had kidnapped him as a child, now hunting him down as a man. Instead of simply pleading not guilty, he objected to the terms of the indictment. "I observe, my lord," said he to the judge respectfully but firmly, "that I am indicted as a labourer. Now 'tis well known that I claim the earldom of Anglesey and great estates, and am likely to make good my claim elsewhere. This word 'labourer,' therefore, can never have come from the mind of the Crown. Kings are gentlemen; they do not insult the gentlemen whose lives they seek. Surely there is some private malice behind the Crown."

This observation being received in dead silence, he asked his lordship to let him be tried within the bar, in respect of his quality.

"Certainly, Mr. Annesley," said my lord. But he thought to himself, "I shall have to hang you all the same."

Then both prisoners were allowed to sit within the bar.

Then the jury were sworn, and Serjeant Gupper opened the case in the close, dry way of a counsel who feels that the facts can be trusted to do the work. He stated that the Eaglestones were fishing in a meadow that belonged to one Sylvester, and that Annesley and Redding came on to the ground, and first threatened Thomas with foul language, and then shot him; and even after that threatened John, but he escaped across the river, and brought the constables after the prisoners, who, well knowing their guilt, had fled; but Annesley was found hidden in Redding's house and dragged forth, and afterwards offered the boy money not to come against him; but he said, "I will not sell my father's blood."

When this neat outline was delivered with perfect sobriety, everybody looked at the prisoners, and Annesley in particular, as dead men.

The counsel for the Crown called John Eaglestone first. He swore to the preliminary matter, which was indeed undisputed, and declared that, while Redding was collaring his father, Annesley threatened the old man's life with a ruffian-like oath if he did not give up his net; and then, not waiting for the old man's answer, *shouldered* his gun and shot him dead, and afterwards threatened *him* with the butt-end of his piece, but he escaped by swimming, and ran instantly for the constables. He swore also to the hiding of Annesley, and his subsequent attempt at bribery.

Philippa at this stage felt all the bitterness of death, and could scarcely sit upright.

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In cross-examination John Eaglestone was asked whether he had not given a different account to three persons, Duffin and Dalton and Thomas Chester. He looked staggered a moment, but boldly swore he had not.

M^rKercher then showed his teeth. Counsel, carefully instructed by him, drew from the witness that he was now living with one Williams, whom he had not known before this trial, was called his servant, but dined at his table.

Counsel—"Of course you have seen my Lord Anglesey at Williams's?"

The Court here interrupted, and said the question was improper.

A jurymen, however, asked this boy a very pertinent question, whether there was no jostling or struggling for the net between Annesley and him. He said, "No."

Many other witnesses were called for the Crown, but they were all at some distance, and only proved the killing. Fisher, indeed, one of these witnesses, said that he saw Annesley snatch at the net, and then the gun went off.

This rather contradicted Eaglestone, and gratified the jurymen aforesaid.

This Fisher, though a witness for the Crown, admitted, under cross-examination, that within two hours of the event young Eaglestone had told him he believed the act was not done designedly.

Counsel for the Crown then commented on the evidence, dwelt upon the sanguinary threats that had been proved, and not disproved on cross-examination, and demanded a verdict.

This closed the case for the Crown.

The Court then called on James Annesley in these terms: "Mr. Annesley, you are indicted in a very unhappy case. What have you to say?"

James Annesley then surprised his friends again. He rose like a tower and spoke as follows: "My lord, I am quite unable to make a proper defence, having been kidnapped when a child by him who now seeks my life under the disguise of a public prosecutor, and so I lost the education I was entitled to by my birth."

He paused long on these words, and turned his eyes so full on Lord Anglesey that every soul in court turned too and looked at him. A shiver ran through the court. It was indeed a remarkable combination, a remarkable situation. In fact, considering that the defendant here was to be the plaintiff in a great civil suit, if he could save his neck, and that the

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nobleman who sat by the judge in England to see him hanged was to be defendant in that suit, should this indictment fail, the situation was perhaps without a parallel in all time.

James Annesley resumed : " My lord, you have heard a true and deplorable accident falsely and maliciously described in this court, with a view to stopping lawful proceedings in the Court of Exchequer in Ireland. The simple truth is, that neither I nor my innocent fellow-prisoner were trespassers. He is gamekeeper to the lord of the manor. It was his duty to seize a poacher's net, and I ran with him to help him. The deceased threw the net half into the river. The boy jumped in, to swim across with it. I stepped to seize one of the ropes that trailed on the ground, and the gun went off, to my great surprise and grief, and killed a poor man, whose name I did not then know, and he never wronged *me*, and I had no malice against him, nor ground of malice.

" My lord, and gentlemen, mine has been a life of strange misfortunes ; but, believe me, whatever your verdict may be, it must always be my greatest grief that I have caused the death of an innocent man."

These words, delivered with great decency and touching resignation, drew tears from many eyes besides Philippa's, and even the judge bowed his head slightly in sober but profound approval of the prisoner's concluding sentence.

Redding, called on for his defence, said that he had seized the net in discharge of his duty ; that when the man fell Mr. Annesley did not know that he had shot him, and would not believe him till he turned up the flap of the man's coat and found the wound ; and then Mr. Annesley showed such grief and concern that he felt sure it was as pure an accident as ever happened in this world. The judge then retired for some refreshment, and there was a buzz of conversation, and by the time the judge returned everybody in court understood the relation of the parties : the lovers both in black, and that shameless peer, who would hang the young man in England to stop his lawsuit in Ireland ; and the judge sitting in his place, between the defendant's true lover and his enemy.

THE EVIDENCE FOR THE DEFENCE.

They proved, by documents and evidence, that Sir J. Dolben was lord of the manor, and Redding his gamekeeper, with full powers to seize nets, &c. Then, by Dalton, who was Philippa's witness, that on the day of the killing young

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Eaglestone had said distinctly he believed it was done undesignedly. Then, by two more respectable witnesses, that he had said the same thing next day.

Then they traced his change of mind to Giffard.

Then they went on, and connected Giffard with Anglesey.

Then they went further, and proved that Anglesey was constantly with Williams, and that Williams was keeping young Eaglestone *like a gentleman*.

Thereupon Anglesey turned pale as ashes and fidgeted on his seat, and Philippa, looking like a woman at the juryman's faces, turned red and her eyes flashed, for she saw them cast looks of disgust and contempt at him.

Then they brought two medical men of high character, who had probed Eaglestone's wound, and declared the shot had gone, not downwards, but upwards, and, indeed, at a considerable angle, and that the blisters at the *back of the body* caused by the shot were several inches higher than the wound. This evidence agreed with Annesley's account and Fisher's, and not with Eaglestone's testimony that the gun had been shouldered.

This closed the defendant's case.

The judge summed up briefly. He said that the sting of the indictment lay in John Eaglestone's evidence. The other witnesses for the Crown had proved nothing but the killing, which was superfluous, since the prisoners admitted it. That, as to Eaglestone's evidence, it was highly damnatory, but unsupported by any other witness, and contradicted in one vital part of it by the two surgeons. In another respect, viz., as to whether the act was intentional, the same witness was contradicted by himself, and in the worst possible way; for, while the act was fresh in his memory, he had said repeatedly that it was accidental; and it was only when his mind had been worked upon by some person or persons not present at the act that he had come to say it was intentional. Against Redding there was not the shadow of a case. Against Annesley the charge of murder had failed; but they must consider whether it was manslaughter or chance-medley. If they thought the gun went off accidentally, it was chance-medley.

The jury, being invited to retire and consider their verdict, said, through their foreman, there was no need for that, as they had made up their minds long ago, and thereupon brought it in chance-medley, which was, in fact, a verdict of acquittal.

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The Court then discharged the prisoners on the spot, and in five minutes Philippa and James were rattling down to Staines in a chaise-and-four, which M'Kercher, who knew he had made the verdict safe, had provided, and ribboned the horses; he followed in a chaise-and-pair with Redding.

James and Philippa sat hand in hand all the way, with hearts almost too full for words; and the church bells rang for his escape, as they had for hers.

Philippa flung her arms round M'Kercher that night and kissed him and blessed him, so that the good-hearted sharper shed a tear. He told her all the blood in his heart was at her service, and what he had done for James that day in England was child's-play compared with what he would do for him in Ireland.

He was off to Ireland next day, but he left a sting behind him. Ere he had been gone a month, out came a volume, called "Memoirs of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman," in which, under the thin disguise of "Anglia" for "Anglesey," "Altamont" for "Altham," and so on, a full and interesting account was given of James Annesley's wrongs and Lord Anglesey's vices, including his trigamy and other matters not relevant to James Annesley's concerns.

Lord Anglesey at this time was in a stupid, sullen state. He had left the court disappointed, rebuked, and exposed. He stormed at Giffard for his defeat, and quarrelled with him, and would only pay half his costs. Whereupon Giffard sued him. Anglesey employed a solicitor. He subjected Giffard to interrogatories. M'Kercher heard of them, and subpœnaed Giffard for the Irish trial. Anglesey, though he swore he would run his sword through M'Kercher at the first opportunity, dared not indict his publisher for the "Memoirs," though libellous. He lay quiet, even when the *Gentleman's Magazine* came out with the whole substance of the book, and made him a by-word throughout the nation.

Nevertheless this stirred him up an unexpected friend. Charles Annesley wrote to him, and said, "This is a very serious matter. We had better lay aside all differences and make common cause against this upstart, James Annesley." Lord Anglesey replied that he did not know which way to turn; he had drained himself already in trying to unmask that impostor in Ireland and hang him in England.

Charles Annesley replied that he would find ten thousand pounds that year, sooner than see the estates and title transferred to this upstart by perjury and lying romances.

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Thus encouraged, Lord Anglesey drew largely on Charles Annesley, and went into Ireland, and employed agents of all sorts, and poured out money like water.

His presence and influence were soon marked by a sinister event. Pat Higgins, M'Kercher's clerk, returning to Dublin with valuable notes of evidence, disappeared, together with his papers. M'Kercher, whose own corrupt practices were bloodless, vowed he had been bought by Lord Anglesey's men and sent out of the country. But he was never heard of again, and it is the general opinion in Ireland now that he was made away with by persons in the employ of Anglesey.

M'Kercher now got leases signed by James Annesley, and put his lessees into possession of several farms in Meath. Anglesey ousted them by force, and Campbell Craig, one of the tenants so ousted, who was a tool of M'Kercher's, served a writ of ejectment on Lord Anglesey in the Irish Court of Exchequer. This brought the matter to an issue, and the cause was set down for trial. Though the actual property in litigation was small, all the Irish estates of Lord Anglesey depended on the verdict in *Craig v. Anglesey*; of that the parties were agreed.

But meantime James Annesley had fallen into deep dejection of spirits. The malicious prosecution had done him good; it had stirred up his resistance; but, now a jury had acquitted him, he could not forgive himself for having killed a man.

M'Kercher comforted him, rallied him, but all in vain. He actually wanted to drop the proceedings against Lord Anglesey. "He will beat me," said he. "I shall never thrive. I have shed innocent blood."

M'Kercher was first sorry, then angry, then alarmed. He wrote seriously to Philippa about him, and she wrote back directly, "Send him to me."

In anticipation of his arrival, Philippa made Mr. Chester buy James a horse; and she had a riding-dress made so masculine that she could speak her mind more freely in it. She had also a country dress for walking made; and when he came she encountered his melancholy point-blank with hilarity. "Your spirits want a *philip*, sir," said she, "and I must give them one." She rode with him; she walked huge walks with him; she would not let him mope or pine. She was Philip one moment, all vivacity and cheerfulness; Philippa the next, all tenderness; and neither out of place. Her resolution, with her wit and her tenderness, attacked his despondency

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with so many weapons and such minute pertinacity that at last she drove the dark cloud away, and the man plucked up heart again to fight his enemies, and love his sweetheart as she deserved; and here I cannot help observing that, if this man's misfortunes were almost unparalleled, so his good fortune, in finding so rare a woman as this to love him, was almost as singular. I believe that at this juncture she saved him from the madhouse. Well, she had her reward; she saw the colour creep back to the beloved cheek, the brilliancy to the dull eye; she saw the shapely head held up again, and at last she heard the beloved tongue bless her for what she had done.

But a deep mortification was in store for poor James Annesley, and one that took him by surprise, and tried his temper and his heart in the very furnace.

Mr. Thomas Chester had been for some time growing rather cold to him, but, seeing him so down-hearted, had not spoken his mind; but he now took an opportunity, and had it out with him. He said, "Mr. Annesley, if you had come to me as a poor gentleman, of no pretensions, I think I should have said to you, 'Show yourself willing to make a livelihood, and you shall have my niece, since matters have gone so far between you.' But you call yourself the son of Lord and Lady Altham, and others say you are not so, for my lady never had a son."

"I assure you, sir, on my honour——"

"And I assure you, on my honour, that you do not remember the circumstances of your birth, any more than I do mine. Therefore, sir, by the kindness that is between us, I beg of you not to abuse your influence with my niece by urging her to marry you unless you can make good your pretensions. I could show you it would be unwise to take any other course, on account of the singular powers Mr. Hanway and myself possess under her father's will; but I prefer to appeal first to your honour and delicacy."

James Annesley, though wounded to the heart, replied, with perfect dignity—"Mr. Chester, after the stain that has fallen on me, I have never asked my dear Philippa to marry me; but, since you offer her to me on condition that I can prove my birth before a jury of my own countrymen, I take you at your word; and so be it. And, sir, I bear you no ill-will for this. You are an honest man and Philippa's true friend, and to be her friend is to be mine."

"That is very handsomely said, young man," said Mr. Chester.

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Annesley thought over this for an hour or two, and after dinner he burst out before Philippa—"Sir, you have roused me from my lethargy. I value Philippa's hand more than I do the lands and title I have been robbed of. I shall start for Ireland to-morrow."

"So soon?" said Philippa.

"Ay, sweet one," said he; "and if I am not the true Earl of Anglesey I will never trouble you again, nor your good uncle."

Philippa turned pale and knit her black brows at Mr. Chester. "Uncle," said she, "you have been saying something to him."

"No more than my own conscience says to me," replied Annesley before the old lawyer could speak a word.

James Annesley stood firm, and parted from Philippa tenderly but hopefully next day. Philippa was inconsolable, and kept her room. When she did reappear, her uncle saw with regret that he had lost her affection.

She scarcely spoke to him, never volunteered a remark, and treated him with a bitter coldness that distressed him. However, he felt sure he had done his duty, and his niece would see that too some day. So he remained firm. But he was uncomfortable, to say the least. She went about the house pale and gloomy, knitting her magnificent brows, and never speaking nor smiling except when she got a letter from James, and then it was as if the dead had come to life—ardent kisses on the paper, eager devouring of the contents, eyes streaming, and then away to some secret place to read it again all alone.

At last he made an appeal to her one day. He said gently, "Philippa, let me ask thee a question. Dost thou really think Thomas Chester is thine enemy?"

The girl hesitated, and then said, "Why, n-n-no."

"Thou knowest he is not, but loved thy father dearly, and loveth thee. Then would it not become thine years to say, 'This is an old, experienced man, who loves me. Let me not condemn him hastily, lest I fight against my own good'?"

The sullen eyes began to fill at that, but never a word.

However, he said no more, for he saw the shaft had gone home.

But two days after this came a letter to say that the trial, after several postponements, was to be that day month, by special appointment, and that M'Kercher was hopeful, though not confident. The assassination, or spiriting away, of Higgins

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with his notes, the fruit of two months' research, was very unfortunate.

The letter had been a week coming.

Philippa brought it to Mr. Chester, and coolly putting her arm round his neck, as if their attachment had never been interrupted, she said, "Uncle dear, please you read that."

So he smiled, well pleased at being "Uncle dear'd" again all of a sudden, and he read the letter. "Well," said he, "at all events it will end his suspense and yours."

"Uncle dear," said the young lady, "you asked me, did I doubt your affection? Well, of course you cannot love as *he* doth; but I do think you love me a little, in your way. But that I shall soon know, for I shall put it to the proof. Uncle dear, if you love me, go with me straightway to—Dublin."

He started, and then said, "That is as if you should say, 'Sweet uncle, I know you love me; take me into the pit of torment.'"

"Oh, fie! fie!"

"What else is litigation? If I take you to Dublin, you will be in court, as you were at the Old Bailey, sore against my wish; and here 'twill be ten times worse, for you will hear him taunted by counsel, and exposed by a score of witnesses, and defeated in the end."

The young lady smiled superbly. "Uncle," said she, "you are learned in the law, no doubt; but most unlearned in women's hearts. Each word you have spoken, it is a chain of steel, and draws me to Dublin by the heart. Had you but said, 'He will surely win, and can be happy without thee for a time,' I had yielded; but when you tell me he shall be defeated and shamed over there, then am I here on hot coals, and cannot bide. Know that I love him as men cannot love. I grudge him no triumph all to himself, no solitary joy. But trouble, and I not have my part! Shame, and I not blush with him! Nay, but I tell you not one sup of grief, sorrow, shame, or any mortal ill shall *ever* reach his lips but I *will* have my share on't, by the God that made me; ay, made me for no other use that I know of but to console my darling, that is the very pearl of goodness, and the butt of misfortune from his birth."

She clasped her hands with angelic fervour, and was gone with the words.

The old lawyer looked after her admiringly but sadly.

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"She is too good to last," thought he. "I fear she is like her father, and will ne'er make old bones." Then he fell into one of the long reveries a thoughtful old man is subject to, since the past offers a larger landscape to him than to the young.

He had been thus an hour and more, when in came a swift foot; he looked up, and there stood—Philip, in the very clothes he had last worn at Wilmington. He had put on with them his old audacity, with which, however, a hot blush was doing battle.

"Now, uncle," said he sharply, "how is it to be? Will you go to Dublin with Philippa, that is a poor timid creature, afraid of men and mice and everything, or shall Philip go alone?—Philip, that fears nought, and feels like Alexander the Great at this moment; the Lord be praised for doublet and hose."

Mr. Chester interrupted her. "Thou brazen toad, come hither, and let me look at thee. What! is this indeed the disguise thou didst prank thyself in out there?"

"Ay, uncle, and will again, if you are unkind. Come now, good sir; time flies. How is't to be?"

Mr. Chester uttered a groan of resignation. "Needs must when the devil drives," said he. "Go you upstairs this minute, and doff that masquerade. To-morrow we will set forth, and be in Dublin this day week, God willing."

CHAPTER X

PHILIPPA was welcomed with surprise and rapture by James Annesley.

M'Kercher wore a blank look, that did not escape Philippa, but he recovered himself, and was rather violent in his expressions of satisfaction. Nevertheless his original face of utter dismay imprinted itself on her memory and puzzled her for some time. She told him she should be present at the trial. He assented with a great show of warmth, and, having assented, began to raise one objection after another.

"It will be the longest trial ever known."

"No longer for me than for him."

"The court will be crowded to suffocation."

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"What strangers can bear I can."

"'Twill be a bitter fight this time."

She did not deign a reply.

"'Tis pity you should hear him taunted by their counsel and their witnesses."

"I have borne to hear him charged with murder."

"There will be hard swearing; they have forty witnesses."

"When I know all that malice can say against him, then I shall be the better able to comfort him."

Her face, with its native power and indomitable resolution, lent double effect to her words. M'Kercher gave in, and said, with a sort of admiring sigh, "Och, sure thin, go which way it will, he's a lucky man."

She was too lofty to affect to misunderstand him. She said simply, "It is the one piece of good fortune in his hard, his cruel lot;" and then a gentle tear stole down the lovely cheek, and M'Kercher was subdued entirely, and, keeping his misgivings to himself, made it his business to get her and Thomas Chester excellent seats at the trial. It was one of great expectation. When Philippa entered the court, a very large and commodious one, the floor was already crowded with the public, and before she had been there ten minutes—for she went early—all the seats about the bench and below the bench were filled with Irish peers and peeresses, gorgeously dressed, and the gallery crowded with citizens and their wives.

Presently the claimant entered with his friends, not dressed in black, as at the last trial, but in a rich suit of purple velvet and a gold sword-hilt. He wore an air of composure, but Philippa could see that he was flushed with excitement.

A sort of doubtful murmur ran round the court when he took his seat; but several of the ladies whispered in favour of his personal appearance, which, indeed, was captivating.

Lord Anglesey and his friends came in soon after, and he took his seat; but first he looked round the court, and exchanged bows with all the most distinguished persons present.

His eyes and James Annesley's met, and James turned a little pale at the sight of this implacable foe. He remembered the day he was kidnapped. The Earl, more self-possessed, stared at him with a sort of overlooking air, and after that ignored him utterly. The general feeling was in favour of Lord Anglesey. They were great worshippers of rank in Ireland, and his lordship's rank was established: the chances were this claimant was an upstart.

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Everything betokened an extraordinary battle—the prodigious number and various dresses of the witnesses on both sides, and the number of counsel engaged, thirteen for the claimant, led by Mr. Marshall, second serjeant, and fifteen for the defendant, led by prime Serjeant Malone, the ablest counsellor of that day, either in Ireland or England.

And now the judges were announced. Hooped dresses rustled as that brilliant assembly rose, and no less than three judges entered, in their scarlet and ermine, to sit on this important case; for it was a trial at Bar.

The jury's names were called. They were all gentlemen of good position; there was a baronet and a right honourable amongst them, and the only objection to any of them was that a couple had unexpired leases under Lord Anglesey. M'Kercher, however, declined to object to them on that score. Their swords were girded on them in court, and the trial began.

Mr. Serjeant Marshall opened the case of the plaintiff's lessor, which I shall ask leave to call the claimant's case.

It was one that lent itself to a rhetorical opening, but the learned serjeant took the other great line; in a speech which is worth study as a model of condensation and strong sobriety, he articulated his topics and marshalled an army of facts to prove—1. That James Annesley was the son of Lord and Lady Altham. 2. That the defendant had kidnapped him and sent him out of the country, and failing in that attempt to get rid of him, compassed his death in London by a prosecution, the character of which he should not describe, but leave it to the witnesses.

But able speeches of counsel are no rarity, and this trial offered something not only rare, but marvellous—two piles of evidence, each as high as a tower, and each contradicting the other in nearly all the particulars directly affecting the issue.

They proved by *Mrs. Cole*, and by two servants, that in 1714 Lady Altham had expectation of offspring, and *Mrs. Heath*, her gentlewoman, knew it.

Then they advanced a step, and proved by *John Turner*, seneschal to successive Earls of Anglesey, that in the spring of 1715 Lady Altham was manifestly expecting her confinement; and a year or so after he saw her teaching a child to walk. By *Bartholomew Furlong*, a peasant farmer, that in 1715 her condition was notorious; that, as ladies of rank never nursed their own children, he applied personally to

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Lord and Lady Altham for his wife to be the nurse, and came to terms with them, subject to Dr. Brown's approval. But Dr. Brown did not approve of Mrs. Furlong. This was confirmed by *Dennis Redmond*, a groom at Dunmaine 1714-16, who said the doctor selected for wet nurse *Joan Landy*, a cleanly, bright girl that lived on Lord Altham's land.

By *Dennis Redmond*.—That early in the summer of 1715 *Mrs. Heath* sent him to Ross, three miles from Dunmaine, to fetch Mrs. Shiel, a professional person, since dead; and he brought Mrs. Shiel to Dunmaine on a pillion, and that same day a son was born.

By *Joan Laffan*, chambermaid.—That she was in the house when this son was born.

By *Mary Doyle* and *Elinor Murphy*.—That they were in the room when this son was born.

By *Captain Fitzgerald*.—That he, being quartered at Ross, Lord Altham asked him to dinner, and to *tap the groaning drink*. (What we call caudle.) Then he came to Dunmaine House, saw the baby in the nurse's arms, and gave her half-a-guinea. Had seen the same nurse in court that day. "I took notice of her, sir, because she was very handsome, if you will have the truth of it."

By *Alderman Barnes*, of Ross.—That Lord Altham dined with him in Ross, on the alderman's return from a visit, and said over the bottle, "Tom, I'll tell you good news. I've a son by Moll Sheffield." Whereupon he shook his head in disapproval. "Zoons, man!" says my lord, "why, she's my wife." Then I begged his lordship's pardon, for I remembered my Lady Altham was daughter to Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham.

Redmond Doyle, *Murphy*, and *Laffan*, servants in the house at the time, and *Christopher Brown*, servant to Anthony Cliff at Ross, swore to the subsequent christening, accompanied with a bonfire, and such carousing that "some of them were *drunk in the ditches to the next morning*." They all named as the sponsors three persons who were since dead, Anthony Colclough, Councillor Cliff, Madame Pigot, and the clergyman, dead too.

To cure this excess of death, they proved by *Southwell Pigot, Esq.*, it was always received in the Pigot family that Lady Altham had a child.

They proved by *Joan Laffan* that this child was nursed by *Joan Landy* at her own house, a cabin; and that the said cabin was embellished on this occasion, and a coach-

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road made to it by which Lady Altham went daily to see the child. That in due time Master James was weaned, and then came into Dunmaine House; and there she, Laffan, was his dry-nurse and sole attendant. That in February 1716 Lord and Lady Altham parted in angry manner about Tom Palliser, "whose ear," said she coolly, "I saw cut off," and Master James pointed to the blood on the floor. Laffan and Redmond both swore that they saw the actual parting, and Lady Altham cried and begged to have James, but Lord Altham would not let her.

This witness went on, and swore that Lady Altham retired to Ross, and the Dunmaine servants took James to her clandestinely, which was confirmed by *Lutnych*, a shoemaker at Ross, who swore Lady Altham ordered child's shoes of him and bemoaned herself. "I had better be the wife of the poorest tradesman in Ross, for then I could see my child every day, but now I can only see him by stealth."

To conclude their evidence about the deceased Lady Altham, they followed her to Dublin, and *John Walsh, Esq.*, swore she had cried to him over her husband's cruelty, but had thanked God "for an indulgent father and a promising young son, who would be a prop to her old age;" and *Mrs. Hodgers*, who let lodgings in Dublin, deposed to a solitary conversation, in which Lady Altham, finding her to be English, gossiped with her and told her she had a son.

They followed James from Dunmaine to Kinna, Carrickduffe, and other places where Lord Altham had resided, and proved by several witnesses he had been always dressed, powdered, booted, and horsed like a nobleman's son till he was more than ten years of age. Then they proved Lord Altham's entanglement with Miss Gregory, and also his poverty, to account in some degree for the boy being deserted at that time. In proof of his poverty, one witness swore that *when he kept hounds one hound would eat another*.

They then opened a vein of indirect evidence founded on the words and deeds of Lord Anglesey, the defendant. They grafted this into the case very neatly, thus:—

They proved by several witnesses that Lord Anglesey was constantly in communication with Lord Altham, and often at Dunmaine and other places, and they made it clear that Lord Anglesey knew for certain whether James Annesley was or was not his brother Altham's lawful son. This done, they proved by *Laffan* that she knew defendant well, and that he came home to Dunmaine a few months

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after the parting and asked after Jemmy, and she told him my lady had begged hard for him, but my lord would not let her have him. Then the defendant swore an oath, which she repeated verbatim when questioned, and attested that blessed name to which all Christians bow that *he* would have let Lady Altham have the boy and take him to the devil; "for," said he, "I would keep none of the breed of her."

Having grafted this branch, they grew it high.

They called *Dominick Farrell* and *John Purcell*, the latter lamish and with a staff, but sturdy still.

Foreseeing the terrible difficulty under which I now labour, I stuck close to Purcell's sworn evidence in those earlier scenes he figures in. So please turn back to those scenes, and imagine every word you find there sworn to in open court before the principal actors in the scene—the child, now grown to man's estate, and the barbarous uncle, both glaring at each other; also before Philippa and her eyes, that poured black lightning at her lover's treacherous enemy; and before the excitable Irish crowd, that roared and raged like wild beasts at Purcell's every other sentence. He told how he had taken the claimant off a horse in Smithfield and carried him to his wife, &c.; the first visit of Captain Annesley to his house, when the boy was all terror, but Richard Annesley all politeness; Lord Altham's death; Richard Annesley's changed behaviour, and attempt to kidnap him. He told his tale simply yet well; anybody could see, by his emotion and earnestness, he was not inventing, but living a real romance over again. Once or twice, in relating his sturdy answers to Lord Anglesey, he involuntarily struck his stick down upon the table and so pointed his speech; but when he came to the first attempt at kidnapping, and told how he put the boy between his legs and dared that craven lord and his three bullies with his single cudgel, he suddenly waved his staff round his head with a gesture so impulsive that a roar of admiration and sympathy burst from the crowd, followed by a buzz that interrupted the proceedings for some minutes.

Tenderer feelings were aroused among the tenderer; for upon this all the scene came back to James Annesley, and he made an eloquent motion of his hand towards the champion of his childhood, and then buried his face in his handkerchief. Many tears were shed all round.

Asked to identify poor little Jemmy if he could, John

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Purcell pointed at once to James Annesley, and said, with manly emotion, "That is the gentleman. I KNOW HIM AS WELL AS I KNOW THE HAND NOW UPON MY HEART."

This witness's cross-examination only led to fresh triumphs. He was asked with a sneer whether all those persons could not have taken the child from him had they really meditated violence. He replied, "No, sir," and struck the table with his staff. "I'D HAVE LOST MY LIFE BEFORE I'D HAVE LOST THE CHILD."

At this there was a loud huzza, and the very peeresses about the bench waved their handkerchiefs to the honest fellow, and Philippa could have hugged them for that.

Having admitted he had afterwards seen him in a livery, he was asked if he still thought he was Lord Altham. He replied frankly that it had staggered him; "but still I thought so in my conscience, FOR MIGHT MAY OVERCOME RIGHT."

This line rang in Dublin that day, and a century after rang round the world; for the Wizard of the North wove stout John Purcell's very line, and one more out of this marvellous trial, into his immortal Romance.

Andrew Conner, proprietor of the ship *James*, of Dublin, proved by the ship's books that James Annesley sailed in her for Pennsylvania at a certain date.

James Reilly and *Mark Byrne*, two rakehelly fellows, swore they were bribed by Anglesey to kidnap him at that date. They added to my account some particulars of the boy's cries and tears, and the impotent curses of the crowd, as they hurried him on board the ship *James*, of Dublin.

Being now the sixth day of the trial, they closed this vein of evidence, and the claimant's case, by calling the defendant's own English attorney, Giffard. He deposed that he had been for a long time Lord Anglesey's man of business in England, and knew his affairs. Having suits with Lord Haversham and the Annesleys, and being now menaced by the claimant, defendant said to Giffard he would be glad to compound for two or three thousand a year, and surrender titles and estates to James Annesley; for it was his right, and for his part he would rather his brother's son should have all than Frank and Charles Annesley; and in that case he would live in France. Accordingly he sent for Mr. Stephen Hayes, to teach him the French tongue.

Q.—"And pray what altered his resolution?"

Giffard in reply told the truth, as you see it in my narra-

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tive, about the homicide at Staines, with this addition : "He said he did not care if it cost him ten thousand pounds, if he could get James Annesley hanged." He also described the clandestine way in which it was managed, the money wanted in the prosecution coming to him through Jans, Lord Anglesey's factotum.

The plaintiff's case closed, leaving Lord Anglesey an object of immense horror and disgust, and James Annesley the darling of the public.

Said Philippa, "After this why do they not give him his rights and have done with it? That miserable old man might have spared himself this exposure by merely giving his title and estates to the rightful owner."

Says Chester, "It is odd how people cling to these trifles when they have held them undisturbed for a few years." Then, more gravely, "Niece, do not deceive yourself. We know nothing of the other party's case as yet, and our own is prejudiced by this conduct of M'Kercher. He has done a monstrous thing; he has published a libel of the defendant."

"A libel of the defendant! Who can libel that old villain? Who can paint him half as black as nature has made him?"

"The blacker he is, the less need to write a novel about him. Why, in England the defendant would have attached him for contempt of court. A pretty attorney!"

"He is a lawyer with a heart; that is all his fault. My James had been kidnapped by the old villain, and all but hanged, and he tried to assassinate him here in Ireland, and you cry out because poor, good, kind M'Kercher replies to bullets, halters, and ten years' slavery with a book, a few words that break no bones, a few home-truths, that the villain himself hath made to be so. This is your justice! This is how you cold-blooded lawyers hold the balance! Oh! if my eyes could kill the caitiffs, body and soul, I'd give you something more to cry for. Prithee, speak to me no more. Men with hearts are a sealed book to you. There, I would not forget the respect I owe you. I have done it once. For pity's sake, uncle—that prince of villains hath fifteen counsel to gloze his crimes for him; why need you make the sixteenth, and drive me mad?" She trembled, and her hands worked and her eyes flashed fire.

The old man looked at her, thought of her father, and said softly, "That is true, and I am silenced, completely silenced."

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"Better so than for us to quarrel. Forgive me, uncle, but I do not love my James by halves, and indeed I am but a woman, and so strung up by this terrible trial as I should quarrel with my own father if he said one word against my James."

"Nay," said the old man; "I never said a word against thy James, and never will. He is an honest man, and hath been cruelly used; and he is not to blame that his attorney writes novels *pendente lite*."

The defendant now opened his case, and called a cloud of witnesses.

Aaron Lambert, Esq.—Lived near Dunmaine; never heard of nor saw a child of Lord and Lady Altham's. He impeached *Joan Laffan's* credit, unshaken by her cross-examination. He said, "Nobody would believe her, in my opinion, if she swore all the oaths in the universe."

Thomas Palliser, Esq., a squireen.—Lived but three miles from Dunmaine, and visited there. Never heard of a son and heir, but had understood there was a boy about, whose mother was one *Joan Landy*.

William Napper swore that Lord Altham was not succeeded in his estates by the present defendant, but by Arthur, the then Lord Anglesey; that he, the witness, acted for Earl Arthur, and took possession of the Ross estate, on which were near a hundred tenants, and not one made any scruple, nor mentioned a child of Lord Altham's.

Thomas Palliser, junior, delivered a romance illustrative of the time. He was young, and intimate with Lord and Lady Altham. Lord Altham told him one day he was determined to part with her, because he had no child by her. Subsequently, by a "principle of selection" that looks rather odd to us English, my lord made his confidant the handle. He asked him to breakfast on mulled claret in a little room of Dunmaine House, called "Sot's Hole" (a name that would have been more correctly applied to the mansion in general), and after breakfast made what the French dramatists call a "*fausse sortie*;" pretended to go to church, of all places. Palliser, having no other company, went to my lady's room and sat on a stool. Presently there was a whistle; my lord and his servants burst in, cudgelled him, and, while he was insensible, "CUT OFF THIS EAR; AND THEY MIGHT AS WELL HAVE KILLED ME AS DONE THAT." He then swore there was no child in the house at that time, contradicting *Laffan*.

William Elms confirmed *Palliser, junior*, that the child came

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into the house after Lady Altham's departure. He swore *Joan Landy* had a child that lived with her, and was miserably dressed till Lady Altham left. Then it was taken into the house and clothed. After that he came to Dunmaine one day, and saw the child playing at Lord Altham's feet, and Joan Landy came to the gate and peeped in; and my lord swore, and told the man to let the hounds out and set them at her. He then said he would not for £500 the child should know that jade was his mother.

Thomas Rolph swore he was butler at Dunmaine until Michaelmas 1715. Between Michaelmas and Christmas 1715 was discharged, by letter from Dublin, for *beating the gardener very heartily*. Now this covered the period of the birth, and all the plaintiff's witnesses but one had sworn Charles Magher was the butler at this period. Rolph could name more servants than any of the claimant's witnesses could. There was no *Joan Laffy* there in all his time. *Juggy Lundy*, as he called her, was discharged, and her child was born soon after, and he went to her hut to see her. "She lay upon straw covered with a caddow, and a hurdle at her head, to keep the air of the door from her. There was a place at the foot of the bed where her brother lay, and on the other side her father and mother; and there were stakes drove into the ground and wattled to keep the straw together." When he first visited her, her child was but a few days old, and he asked her whom she called the father, and she told him. He deposed that he had often seen the child after that, and given the mother broken victuals at the stables, and before he left in Michaelmas 1715 the child could go alone, and ran about with a sort of blanket on its shoulders and nothing else. This child was christened at Nash by *Father Michael Downes*. Lady Altham never visited Joan's cabin that he knew of. She was as proud a woman as any in Ireland. She had heard a scandal, and forbade the woman the house.

This closed that day's proceedings, and poor Philippa's throat was very dry, and her heart sick, and her mind amazed to hear people swear such contrary things. "Ah, my child!" said Thomas Chester, "why would you come here?"

Mrs. Anne Giffard lived near Dunmaine. Was familiar with Lady Altham. Never knew her to have a child. Undertook to prove an *alibi* for her at the time assigned for her birth. She went in a coach with Lady Altham to the

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spring assizes at Wexford, 1715. Lord Altham and *Mrs. Heath* rode with them on horseback. Jack Walsh, of Monisseed; Masterton, his nephew; and one Doyle, an English clergyman, all Pretender's men, were tried. She and Lady Altham were in court, and *Cæsar Colclough, Esq.*, sat by them all day.

This *alibi* was sworn to by *Rolph* also, and *Mrs. Heath*.

Now came a pictorial figure of another class; for if all the costumes in this single trial could be faithfully produced, the miserable meagreness of our authorities on that head would be very striking. It was a priest with his cassock, his huge shoes with iron buckles, and his cockle hat, *Father Michael Downes*. Had now lived forty-two years one mile from Dunmaine House. Dunmaine is in his parish. "No one could have a child in that parish and I not know it. Lady Altham never had one, and Joan Landy had; it was in the year 1714. I was asked to christen it, but *was rather shy of doing that until I got a father*. Finally I bethought myself *there could be no harm done to me for making a Christian, so I christened him.*"

He deposed, further, that Lord Altham afterwards asked him had he christened Joan Landy's child. "I said, 'I have, *but I have got no retribution,*' meaning christening money. 'Well, well,' says he, 'I'll requite you hereafter.'"

He disposed, further, that some years after he saw the boy at Dunmaine House, and Lord Altham swore at the child, and said, "Why don't you get up and make a bow to him that made you a Christian?"

He kept a registry, and, by his own account, kept it vilely. *Thought* he would have registered a legitimate child by Lord Altham, *if my lord had desired him*. Was not used to register illegitimate children, and gave his "exquisite reasons," as Shakespeare hath it.

There now stepped upon the table one of the main pillars of the defence, a tall, elderly Englishwoman, a glance at whom showed her condition. There was an air of decency about her; her clothes were well made, though they were not rich; her full apron from waist to ankle, her snowy cap, puckered, and some lawn about her bosom were very fine, and beautifully clean, and showed she had lived with gentlefolks. This was *Mrs. Mary Heath*, referred to by so many of the plaintiff's and defendant's witnesses. She swore that she was Lady Altham's woman, and came over from England with her in October 1713, and lived with her till the day of

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her death. Remembered going down to Dunmaine. Remembered some of the servants—Setwright the housekeeper, Rolph the butler, Antony Dyer, Michael the cook, and his scullery-girl, Juggy Landy, who left soon after and had a child. Hearing some scandal, she was curious to see who this child was like, so asked the coachman's wife to have it brought to the gate for her to see. She did see it. It was about six weeks old then, and had nothing but a clean blanket. She gave it several things, amongst the rest a fine cambric neckcloth she had brought from England amongst her own things.

Her mistress never had a child, nor any expectation of one. She often confided to the witness her regret, and once in particular she came upstairs after dinner crying, and said that brute below (meaning the defendant) had said he wished she might never have a child; and my lady said she wished she might but have a child, to inherit, and she did not care if she was to die the next hour. Was at Ross with her lady after the separation, and had no knowledge of *Lutwych, a shoemaker*. Her lady wore braided shoes, but white damask never, all the time she knew her. No child ever visited her at Ross.

Q.—“Was there any child brought to my lady as her child?”

A.—“No, NEVER WAS. SHE HAD NO CHILD; I CAN SAY NO MORE IF THEY RACK ME TO DEATH.”

She swore that M'Kercher had called at her home in Holborn, and she had said to him, *inter alia*, “Think you, if a child had been born to such an estate, they would not have had his birth registered?”

This witness was violent, and argued the case too much; yet under cross-examination she gave, unconsciously, a picture of her fidelity and affection that made it hard to believe she could be the woman to lie her unhappy lady's son out of his estate if she believed he was her son. Counsel was cross-examining her to prove that Lady Altham's memory was impaired long before she died in 1729, in fact when she came from Ross to Dublin.

“Was not she troubled with a dead palsy?”

“I cannot call it a dead palsy, sir.”

“Did not that disorder deprive her of the use of her limbs?”

“She lost her limbs by that disorder, but it came by degrees. WHEN SHE CAME FROM ROSS SHE COULD GO ABOUT

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WITH HOLDING BY ONE HAND. WHEN WE FIRST WENT TO LONDON, WITH ONE HAND I COULD LEAD HER ABOUT THE ROOM, AND THEN WITH BOTH HANDS, AND THEN NOT AT ALL. I WAS FORCED TO PUT HER IN A CHAIR AND WHEEL HER ABOUT. BUT HER MIND WAS CLEAR ; SHE KEPT HER OWN ACCOUNTS."

That touching, though incidental, picture of fidelity did not appear to strike the court, but it did Philippa Chester, and she felt sorely staggered and sick at heart. She was silent this evening while James and Chester and M'Kercher discussed the evidence.

Mr. Chester said her evidence was crushing if true, but her manner was rather against her. "I think you may perhaps get over *her*," said he. "Are there many more?"

"Plenty," said M'Kercher; "but Heath is the only one I fear. She is an Englishwoman and a Protestant, bad luck to her."

Martin Neif had seen Joan Landy with a child of her own at Dunmaine. Saw the same child afterwards at Dunmaine House. Saw him afterwards with my lord at Kinna. Has heard my lord say he would not, for any money, the boy should know Juggy Landy was his mother.

Arthur Herd was a barber's apprentice, and went out to shave Lord Altham at Carrickduffe. When he had shaved him Lord Altham said, "Come and live with me; you shall never want a piece of money in your pocket, a gun to shoot with, a horse to ride on, nor a lass to walk with." On this picture of domestic service he ran away from his indentures without scruple. He found a boy in my lord's house called Jemmy Annesley. He had a scarlet coat and a laced hat. Knew my lord to correct him once, and say, "He had the thieving blood of the Landys in him; his grandfather used to steal the cauls out of his sheep, and half thresh his corn, and make the sheaves up."

Witness used to go sometimes and see his friends at Ross. On these occasions Master Annesley would send his duty to his mother; she was then in the service of a baker at Ross. Since Mr. Annesley's return had seen him and Mr. M'Kercher. M'Kercher asked him who was James Annesley's mother, and he told him it was Joan, or Juggy, Landy. He then reminded Mr. Annesley he had taken several duties from him to his mother, and brought several blessings from his mother to him, and reminded him of a pair of stockings he brought him of his mother's knitting, and Mr. Annesley trembled and turned pale at this discourse.

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The claimant's case was now considered desperate. He himself seemed like a man awakening from a dream.

Philippa was sick at heart. "Oh!" she moaned, "will these dreadful witnesses never leave off?"

As for M'Kercher, he disappeared that night.

Philippa went to the court next morning pale and disturbed, all her alacrity gone. She went like one to execution; yet no entreaties could keep her away; no she would know the worst.

This day came a new costume, *Alderman King* in his robes, out of respect for the court. He deposed that Lady Altham lived in his house nine months as his guest a little before she left Ireland. She used to converse freely of her affairs, but never mentioned to him that she had a son.

This closed the defendant's evidence.

What now remained but the speeches of counsel, and a verdict for the defendant? Not much, only to conquer the Napoleon of all attorneys living or dead. M'Kercher reappeared, and claimed, through his counsel, to prove PERJURY on the part of certain witnesses for the defence. The court allowed this, with the usual limitation—he must state his points first, and keep strictly within them.

Claimant's counsel stated four points, and then called to defeat the *alibi* aforesaid—

Cæsar Colclough, Esq.—He swore that he was at Wexford spring assizes, 1715. Was in court all day at Masterson's trial; did not sit by Lady Altham and Mrs. Giffard; did not believe they were in court; and Parson Doyle was not tried that day, but just one twelvemonth after, and he, Colclough, was a jurymen.

On the same line, *Thomas Higginson*, collector of rents swore Lord Altham went to those very assizes alone, and he called at Dunmaine with money due, and Lady Altham gave to him two glasses of white wine, and at the second he wished her a happy delivery.

Against Mrs. Heath they called an acquaintance of hers, one *John Hussy*, who swore that when the news of Mr. Annesley coming to claim his rights first reached London from Jamaica, and before the defendant's agents could get to her, she spoke of him to deponent as Lady Altham's son and a much-wronged man. *William Stephens* and *William Houghton*, persons intimate with *Arthur Herd*, swore that this formidable witness for the defendant had told quite a different tale to them before the trial. Houghton gave some particulars of

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gossip. One Mrs. Symons had come into his place and told him *Herd had turned tail to Mr. Annesley*, and the trial was going against him. "Why, madam," said I, "I heard Arthur Herd express himself that Mr. Annesley was the heir." Pressed for the exact words of Herd, he said, "Upon my oath, and upon my salvation, and upon everything, he said he did believe him to be the true heir of the estate the Earl of Anglesey now possesses." Both deponents swore that a remarkable saying which was now ringing through every street in Dublin came first out of Herd's mouth, viz., "Annesley is the right heir if right might take place."

Father John Ryan swore that *Father Michael Downes* had told him he was to get £200 for his evidence, and if he made a mistake he must get absolution.

This closed the plaintiff's evidence in reply.

Then came an incident without a parallel. The judges had now before them the greatest mass of perjury ever delivered in Great Britain; and, not being clear on which side the perjury predominated, they took unusual means to test the witnesses. They confronted them on the same table, and took the examination into their own hands. Thus, whereas in an ordinary case there are two battles of evidence, in this immortal trial there were four, and the last deserves a distinct heading.

THE DUELS ON A TABLE.

William Elms, who had said *Joan Laffan* was a person not to be believed on her oath, was put on the table, and then *Joan Laffan* was ordered up. When she came on the table she curtsied, and said, "Your servant, Mr. Elms."

The Court—"Woman, do you know that gentleman?"

Joan—"Yes, since I know anybody."

Court—"Did you tell him at Dunmaine you were nursing Lady Altham's child?"

A.—"I don't know, my lord; I never saw him to speak to at Dunmaine but once."

Elms—"I was high constable, and I spoke to her several times at Dunmaine when I went to collect the public money. Don't you remember that? Can you deny it?"

Joan—"I protest I know nothing of it."

The Court—"What was the nature of your service?"

Joan—"I was chambermaid."

Elms—"She was laundrymaid."

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Joan (ironically)—“Very well, Mr. Elms.”

The Court, having brought them to this issue, looked into the matter, and found, by the evidence of Heath and others, she was chambermaid and not laundrymaid.

About Joan Landy's cabin, Joan said she only knew it while the child was there. It was then a handsome house, with handsome things in it.

The Court (to Elms)—“Pray was there any such fine room as she describes?”

Elms—“I never saw it, WITHOUT IT WAS UNDERGROUND. I saw no furniture at all; there was a wall made up of sods and stones.”

Joan Laffan—“Oh, fie, Mr. Elms! I wonder you'll say so.” Then she clasped her hands. “BY THE HOLY EVANGELISTS, THERE NEVER WAS A SOD IN THE HOUSE.”

They continued again about the coach-road, and this much-abused witness, Laffan, distinctly proved that the respectable Mr. Elms and Rolph had prevaricated about the coach-road, and that it did not go where they said it did, but only to Joan Landy's cabin.

The Court (to Joan Laffan)—“Was it known by the neighbours that my lady had a son, and that the child you nursed was that son?”

Joan (composedly)—“MY LORD, IT IS KNOWN BY TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE, AND EVERYBODY KNOWS IT IF THEY WILL PLEASE TO SPEAK TRUTH.”

Elms—“I NEVER HEARD OF IT, FOR ONE.”

The two priests were now put on the table cheek by jowl.

Father Downes denied that he ever rode and conversed with Father Ryan on any Sunday morning; but on Ryan reminding him of a circumstance, he conceded the riding, but denied that he had ever conversed about this trial on a Sunday morning.

Then the Court made Ryan repeat to his face about the £200, &c.

Downes—“Does this man swear this?”

Court—“He does.”

Downes—“Well, then, I'll tell you, by virtue of my oath, I never was promised a farthing, and IF YOU BELIEVE THIS GENTLEMAN YOU MAY HANG ME; FOR HE IS A VILE, DRUNKEN, LICENTIOUS DOG IN THE COUNTRY.”

The next duel was between *John Hussy* and *Mary Heath*. They were put on the table together, and the Court asked Mrs. Heath if Hussy had drunk tea with her since the account came from abroad about Mr. Annesley.

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Mrs. Heath—"Several times."

Court—"Had you any conversation with him thereupon?"

Mrs. Heath—"I have often said to him what a vile thing it was to take away the Earl's right—my lady never had a child. And I can't say no more if you rack me to death."

Court—"What is Mr. Hussy's character?"

Mrs. Heath—"I can say no more than that some said he was a gentleman's servant, and some said he lived by gaming."

The Court—"Repeat the words you say she said before you."

Hussy—"She told me the Duchess of Buckingham sent for her; and then she said, 'Poor gentleman, I'm sorry for him from my heart, for no one has reason to know his affairs better than I do, for I lived long with Lady Altham, his mother.'"

Mrs. Heath—"BY ALL THAT'S GOOD AND GREAT, I NEVER SAID ANY SUCH WORD." Then, turning on Hussy, "I never thought you were such a man. I've heard people say you were a gamester, and lived in an odd way; but I would never believe it till now. I took your part, and always said you behaved like a gentleman."

Hussy—"I am a gentleman, and a man of family. Indeed I heard you say it, and with all the regret and concern imaginable."

Thus ended the greatest conflict of direct and heterogeneous evidence ever known in this country before or since; and if it does not interest my readers more than the rest of this story, let us have no more of the miserable cant about Truth being superior to Fiction, for Truth has very few pearls to offer comparable to this great trial.

The Court adjourned, and Philippa and James Annesley both thanked God it was over, and agreed they would never have gone through it had they known what they were to endure.

"Sweetheart," said she to him, "I have much need to see you gain your estates, for I have lost my youth. I was so young before this dreadful trial, and now they have made me old. They have shown me mankind too near. What! is it really so, that Christian men and women can stand up side by side and take the gospels of their Redeemer in hand, and one swear black, and t'other white, of things they both do know? and all we, looking on amazed, can see nought in either face but truth and honesty? Land and titles, quotha!

THE WANDERING HEIR

What are they that men and women should fling away their souls? Why, if each of these false witnesses were to be Ireland's richest landowner and England's highest earl, still 'tis the devil that hath the best of the bargain. Oh! I am sick, sick. Shall England ever come to this? Then methinks 'twere time for honest men and women to run into the sea, and so to another world for Truth."

Having relieved her swelling soul, the noble girl laid her hand on James's shoulder and said pathetically, "I have but one comfort in this wicked world: that he I love is an honest man."

"Yes, I am an honest man; too honest to trouble you any more if the jury shall say I am that woman's son."

"Oh James! what words are these? Think you I care whose son men say you are?"

She made light of it, not knowing at the time the gloomy resolution James had come to.

Yet, after all, now I think of it, she may have had some vague misgiving; for she said to Thomas Chester, almost crying, "Uncle dear, if it goes against him you will be very kind to him—for my sake?"

"I will. Why should I not? But if you mean give him my niece and her fortune all the same—why, no; not till he resigns litigation, that is a curse, and takes to some honest trade."

Next day Philippa had a terrible headache, but nothing would keep her out of court.

Four counsel for the defendant spoke in turn. Of these Malone was one, and he spoke four hours, with all the zeal and cogency of a great forensic reasoner. Often during his speech poor Philippa said, "Oh! will he never leave off?" and when he did leave off the claimant's case seemed prostrate.

Nevertheless, next day Counsellor Marshall, for the plaintiff, spoke one hour only, but with such lucid order, such neatness, cogency, and power of condensation, that he set the claimant's case on its legs again. He was followed by three more.

I shall give one point of the many on which they countered; but I give it only because the judges, by some strange delusion, unaccountable in men so able, actually omitted to say one word upon the point, though to my mind the case lay there.

PRIME SERJEANT MALONE—"It is a rule well known that

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every case ought to be proved by the best testimony the nature of the thing will admit; and surely this Joan Landy was the very best witness that could have been produced on the side of the plaintiff. It is sworn for her by others that she took this child from its mother and nursed it for fifteen months. Why, then, is she not produced? She is named on their list of witnesses; and the gentlemen on the other side did, very early in the case, promise we should see her. But by-and-by they told us she was a weak woman, and might be put off the thread of her story. But this was plainly not the real reason; the weakest man or woman can speak truth, and will probably on their oath say no other. It is a hardship for a weak mind, that knows a fact not to be true, to colour it or make it appear true. Their consciousness that Joan Landy was unwilling or unable to do this must have been their only reason for not producing her. Goodwill to the plaintiff she could not lack; she is, by their account, his wet-nurse; and an Irish nurse, as Mr. M'Kercher told those who suspected this woman of being something more to the claimant, has a maternal affection, and is willing, *by all honest means*, to promote her nursling's welfare. Joan Landy knows better than any one whether she has had a son by Lord Altham or not. Yet she is not called; and so, because Joan Landy knew too much about the sham to stand an examination, Joan Laffan, the pretended dry-nurse, is put forward to give Joan Landy's evidence."

SERJEANT MARSHALL, in reply to the above—"What we said to the gentlemen was, 'that Joan Landy had been *tampered with*,' and we repeat it. On that account we did not examine her; but we offered her to the gentlemen on the other side, if they pleased to examine her, and they declined. Yet she is their witness. She plays in their case the part Lady Altham plays in ours. Their refusing to examine her is as if we should refuse to examine Lady Altham were she alive; yet we had Joan Landy in court for them, and they declined her."

The last conflict was over; the three judges summed up, Baron Dawson flimsily, the Chief Baron and Baron Mountney with great pains, closeness, method, and impartiality, on every point but the conduct of the counsel in not calling Joan Landy. This, by some strange crook of the Celtic intellect, they all ignored.

The jury retired.

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James Annesley waited a few minutes, and then, unable to bear it any longer, cast a look of agony at Philippa and left the court. M'Kercher followed him.

Philippa sat in all the tortures of suspense.

While she sat twisting her hands a line from M'Kercher was brought her. "My dear young lady, keep your eye on him. He has bespoke a passage to Pennsylvania."

She handed it to her uncle and clasped her hands.

"No," said Thomas Chester, "there is no need for that. We must think of something. What! the jury come back so soon? Well, they are agreed, then. I was afraid they never would. Better so, my child, than to go through this all again."

"SILENCE!"

Then the usual question was put to the jury, and their foreman delivered

A VERDICT FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

There was a loud "huzza" from the crowded court. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and Philippa gave a cry, and was carried almost fainting from the court.

She had not been at home many minutes when in rushed her lover, exalted in proportion to his recent despondence, and demanded her hand in marriage that very minute.

What woman, however much in love, could put up with such conduct? She coquetted with her happiness that moment, like any other daughter of Eve. "Marriage! time enough for that." At present she preferred to revel in her lover's triumph and "not talk nonsense"—so she said, however. Her lover then informed her that the Irish estates and the title in perspective would not compensate him for what he had endured. M'Kercher had been fighting for land and honours, but he for her.

Mr. Chester put in his word. "Come, niece, a bargain is a bargain. Prithee, make me not a liar. I ne'er broke faith when I was young, and shall I begin in my old age?"

"I would do much to oblige *you*, uncle," says the young lady, smiling, and colouring high at what she saw coming.

In ran M'Kercher, boiling over, to say he had arranged bonfires, bells, and torchlight procession.

"The marriage first," said Annesley, "or none of your public shows for me."

Finding him as obstinate as a mule, the pliable M'Kercher

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shifted his helm, got a parson and distinguished witnesses all in an hour, and the deed of settlement was produced by Chester, and signed, sealed, and witnessed, and the marriage solemnised in private, as usual among the great; and Matthews rode home to prepare his house to receive the bride and bridegroom.

At night M'Kercher, all in his glory, arranged the torch-light procession, with all the bells a-ringing and bonfires blazing on the neighbouring heights. It was a splendid cavalcade, both of men and women; for the young lord, as they called him now, was the darling of the hour, and all the quality clustered round him. Then James must show his darling Philippa all the places where he had suffered privation and misery. They made a progress. They went in triumph to Frapper Lane and other of the places; to Smithfield, where he had held horses; and to Ormond Quay.

One incident occurred worth mentioning. They passed John Purcell's door, and the old man stood in his doorway, to see the show, as all the neighbours did. Annesley caught sight of him, instantly dismounted, and fairly flung his arms round the old man's neck and kissed him on both cheeks. The old man kissed him in turn, and sobbed a word or two; but when James looked for his mammy he shook his head. She was gone from the joys and troubles of the world; and this is the sorest wound to gentle hearts, that those who have been kindest to us in adversity cannot stay below to share our prosperity.

The crowd huzzaed louder than ever when the young lord kissed the humble, sturdy benefactor of his youth; and then the bright cavalcade resumed its march. They took that sore-ried, but now triumphant, pair a mile out of Dublin; then they broke into two companies. The larger rode back to drink their healths in Dublin; the smaller rode with them to Captain Matthews, waving torches and hurrahing lustily at times. He kept them all, and their horses, that night with Irish hospitality.

How sweet is pleasure after pain! Such a day as this comes to few, and to the happiest but once in a life; and all the past trouble, mortification, doubt, and suspense made it sweeter still; indeed scarcely credible, it was such rapture.

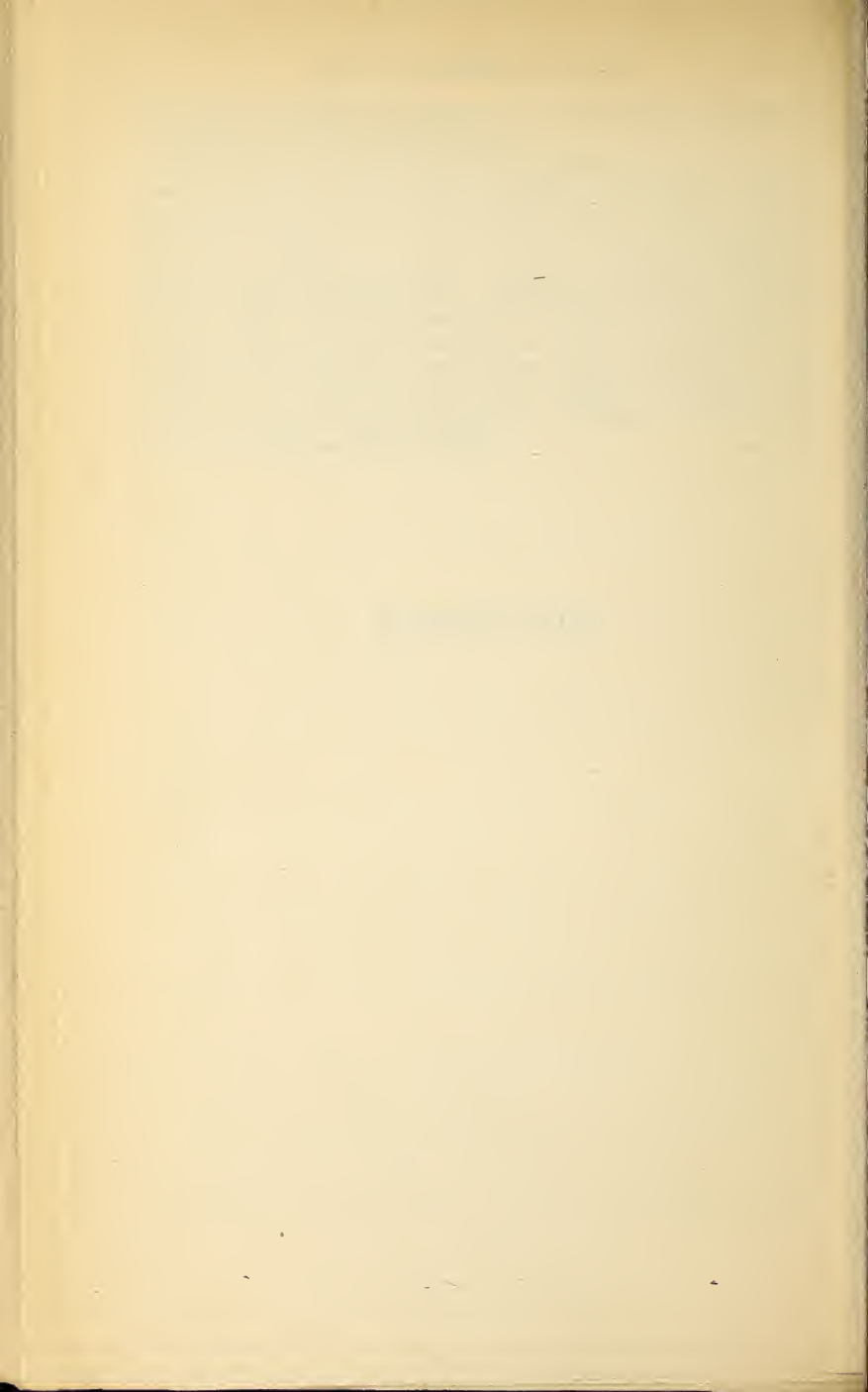
I could tell more about the "Wandering Heir;" but Fiction is not History, and I claim my rights. Even the "Iliad" is but a slice out of Troy's siege; so surely I may

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take these marvellous passages of an eventful life, then drop the curtain on the doubtful future.

Whether or not he holds his estates and gets his title from the Peers, he has been poor, and now is well-to-do; a slave, and now is free; alone in the world, and now blessed with Philippa. There lies his best chance of enduring happiness, when all is done; for few things in this world keep their high flavour, custom blunts them so. Wealth palls by habit; titles cease to ring in sated ears; French dishes pall the appetite in time; power and reputation have no spells against satiety; only pure conjugal love seems never old nor stale, but ever sweet. If it declines in passion, it gains in affection; it multiplieth joy, it divideth sorrow, and here, in this sorry world, is the thing likest Heaven.

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"THE Wandering Heir" was first published and registered as a drama 18th December 1872, to hinder dramatic pirates from stealing the subject in the theatres.

A few days later it appeared as a story, occupying the whole Christmas number of the *Graphic*.

The sale in Europe was 200,000 copies, the price one shilling.

In the United States, Messrs. Harper & Co. sold 150,000 copies in their *Weekly*, and 80,000 in book form.

Messrs. Rose & Hunter (Toronto), 10,000 in journal and 5000 in book.

The pirates in America and the Colonies sold about 90,000 more, as I am informed.

A writer in a leading London journal once told his little public and me that his circulation was *public*, and mine was *private*.

That journal sells about 80,000 copies, at one-third of the price at which the *World* took 500,000 copies of "The Wandering Heir."

Were criticism ever to be studied scientifically, and were you to ask such a critic how a world-wide success can be achieved by an islander, that scientific person would tell you that it is not a matter of spelling; it does not matter one straw whether the author writes his name S-c-o-t-t, or C-o-l-l-i-n-s, or D-e-f-o-e, or J-o-n-e-s, or C-o-o-p-e-r, or P-o-e; the feat is only to be accomplished by happy choice of a subject, coupled with a good method and a rare union of different qualities of imagination, judgment, observation, research, excited brain, self-control, imitation, invention, love of the production, and yet the stern self-denial to prune it—ay, lop it, though it is the author's child.

But certain criticasters, or unscientific critics, have another theory—that no rare gift nor unwonted labour is required; any insular dunce can fire the globe, provided he is dishonest on a large scale.

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Now this is a comfortable theory, because, you see, dishonesty is within the reach of all.

Mighty Fiction—when its immediate spell has waned, and men close the blessed book that has given them the only keen yet cheap excitement, and the only cheap ravishing delight this earth affords—oppresses the unimaginative reader with too great a sense of the writer's superiority. The comfortable theory aforesaid relieves him of this oppression, and his elastic vanity springs back with a bound to its throne in his heart.

This foible in mankind smooths the Detractor's path to the public conscience. To pander to the vanity and—sure concomitant of vanity—the ingratitude of an author's readers is as easy as it is hard to write a big, short story; and this is why some public detractor always barks after a masterpiece, and curs innumerable echo the ululation.

But it may be worth while to show the more enlightened part of the public by what shallow arts they are duped into undervaluing the great and difficult art of swift and fiery Fiction, and who are the people that play this game under cover of the Anonymous, that unhappy system which is the curse and the degradation of letters in England, and yet is thoroughly un-English, being opposed, as any lawyer will tell you, to the spirit of all our wise institutions.

Upon the same day, viz., the 4th January 1872, there appeared two Pseudonymous letters, one in a weekly called the *Press and the St. James's Chronicle*—this letter was signed "Cæcilius"—the other in the *Athenæum*, signed "C. F."

Both these Pseudonymuncula described "The Wandering Heir" as a mere plagiarism from Swift; both advanced, by way of proof, a single passage of the story and certain well-known lines of Swift. Both writers, to make the reader think I had borrowed very servilely from Swift, had recourse to the same artifice; they both suppressed all Swift's lines that had no counterpart in my narrative, and suppressed all the lines in my narrative that took nothing from Swift. This, of course, disturbed the true proportions of the alleged plagiarism.

But one swallow does not make summer, nor one parallel passage, adroitly tampered with, make an entire story a plagiarism from Swift; so both these Pseudonymuncula told one stale, but, alas! always successful, falsehood. They both gave the public to understand that the selected passage

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was not an exception but a sample, the whole work being borrowed from Swift. This fraud is called the "Sham-Sample Swindle."

Moreover, each of these correspondents showed singular malice. "Cœcilius," not content with libelling a single work of mine, went into excessive personalities; he deliberately wrote and printed that I was a person "who might write novels if I had but imagination and could write English." He also described me as "an illiterate scribbler." Now this was the language of extraordinary malice, not of ordinary veracity. There was an unusual and unprecedented stroke of malice in "C. F.'s" letter. He accused me of a fraud in business:—

PROSE AND VERSE.

Mr. Charles Reade has written a novel in the *Graphic* newspaper. It was accidentally brought to my house at Christmas, and, looking at a page of it, I was reminded of Dean Swift's "Journal of a Modern Lady." Mr. Charles Reade writes:—

"Down they sat, and soon their eyes were gleaming and their flesh trembling with excitement. Mistress Anne Gregory held bad cards; she had to pawn ring after ring—for these ladies, being well acquainted with each other, never played on parole—and she kept bemoaning her bad luck: 'Betty, I knew how 'twould be. The parson called to-day. This odious chair, why will you stick me in it? Stand farther, girl. I always lose when you look on.' Mrs. Betty tossed her head and went behind another lady. Miss Gregory still lost, and had to pawn her snuff-box to Lady Dace. She consoled herself by an insinuation, 'My lady, you touched your wedding-ring. That was a sign to your partner here.' 'Nay, madam, 'twas but a sign my finger itched. But if you go to that, you spoke a word began with H. Then she knew you had the king of hearts.' 'That is like miss here' said another matron. 'She rubs her chair when she hath matadore in hand.' 'Set a thief to catch a thief, madam,' was miss's ingenious and polished reply. 'Hey-dey!' cries one; 'here's spadillo got a mark on the back; a child might know it in the dark. Mistress Pigot, I wish you'd be pleased to pare your nails.' . . . It was four o'clock before they broke up, huddled on their cloaks and hoods, and their chairs took them home, with cold feet and aching heads."

The Dean writes:—

"With panting heart and earnest eyes,
In hope to see *Spadillo* rise;
In vain, alas! her hope is fled;
She draws an ace, and sees it red.
In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her snuff-box, rings, and keys;
Ever with some new fancy struck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.

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'This morning when the parson came
I said I should not win a game.
This odious chair, how came I stuck in't?
I think I never had good luck in't.

Stand farther, girl, or get you gone;
I always lose when you look on.

I saw you touch your wedding-ring
Before my lady called a king;
You spoke a word began with H,
And I know whom you meant to teach,
Because you held the king of hearts;
Fie, madam! leave these little arts.'
'That's not so bad as one that rubs
Her chair to call the king of clubs,
And makes her partner understand
A matadore is in her hand.

Spadillo here has got a mark;
A child may know it in the dark;

I guess the hand; it seldom fails;
I wish some folks would pare their nails.'

At last they hear the watchman knock,
'A frosty morn—past four o'clock.'
The chairmen are not to be found.
'Come, let us play the other round.'
Now all in haste they huddle on
Their hoods and cloaks and get them gone."

Again Mr. Reade:—

"At twelve next day Miss Gregory was prematurely disturbed by her lap-dog barking like a demon for his breakfast. She stretched, gaped, unglued her eyes, and rang for Betty. . . . 'Here, child, let in some light. Nay, not so much; wouldst blind me? I'm dead of the vapours. Get me a dram of citron-water. So. Now bring me a looking-glass. I will lie abed. Alack! I look frightfully to-day. If ever I touch a card again. Didst ever see such luck as mine? Four matadores and lose codille!'"

Again the Dean:—

"The modern dame is wak'd by noon.

She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And asks if it be time to rise;
Of headache and the spleen complains;
And then to cool her brains,
Her night-gown and her slippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron-water.

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Then to her glass ; and, ' Betty, pray
Don't I look frightfully to-day ?
But was it not confounded hard ?
Well, if I ever touch a card !
Four matadores and lose codille ! ' "

Again Mr. Reade :—

" Miss Gregory was at her glass when Betty returned with the tea. ' Madam,' said she, with a sly sneer, ' the goldsmith waits below to know if you'll redeem the silver cup.' ' There, give him that for interest.' ' And my Lady Dace has sent her maid.' ' That is for her winnings. Never was such a dun. Here, take these ten pistoles my lord left for the wine merchant. They are all light, thank Heaven ! ' "

Again the Dean :—

" ' Madam, the goldsmith waits below ;
He says his business is to know
If you'll redeem the silver cup
He keeps in pawn ? ' ' Why, show him up.'
' Your dressing-plate he'll be content
To take, for interest, *cent. per cent.*
And, madam, there's my Lady Spade
Hath sent this letter by her maid.'
' Well, I remember what she won ;
And hath she sent so soon to dun ?
Here, carry down those ten pistoles
My husband left to pay for coals :
I thank my stars they all are light.' "

Again Mr. Reade :—

" . . . A mercer with silks, patterns, and laces from Paris ; so the toilette was not complete at four, when a footman knocked at the door with, ' Madam, dinner stays.' ' Then the cook must keep it back ; I never can have time to dress, and I am sure no living woman takes less.' "

Again the Dean :—

" Now to another scene give place,
Enter the folks with silks and lace ;
Fresh matter for a world of chat,
' Right Indian this, right Mechlin that :
Observe this pattern ; there's a stuff ; ' "

.
This business of importance o'er,
And madam almost dressed by four,
The footman, in his usual phrase,
Comes up with ' Madam, dinner stays.'
She answers in her usual style,
' The cook must keep it back a while :
I never can have time to dress ;
No woman breathing takes up less.' "

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I have read little of Mr. Reade's story beyond what I have quoted. There may be more stuff of the same sort in it, as Mr. Reade makes a slight reference to "Swift's Polite Conversation." If this is how novels are made, surely novel-writing must be an easy art! Vulgar rumour says that Mr. Reade was paid for this at the rate of a penny a word! Who is to receive the pence for that part of the work which clearly belongs to Dean Swift? Was the great writer ever paid so well?
C. F.

I saw one hand in the two letters, and thought them an abuse of the Anonymous. I think so still. If they are not, why then the Anonymous is a worse thing than even I consider it.

I addressed a letter of remonstrance to Sir Charles Dilke, because he is the proprietor of the *Athenæum*, and proposed to him, as a matter of fair play, to give my letter the same circulation he had given to the letter of "C. F."

Sir Charles Dilke objected privately to this course, on the ground that he was not the editor of the *Athenæum*. He said he had been much amused by my letter, but had erased his name from it, and returned it to the editor, as it was evidently meant, not for an individual, but for the journal. He expressed no regret.

To this I replied, in effect, that if he was an individual so was I, and it was not my Shadow his servants had attacked, but me. His weekly was sold for his benefit, as much as my story for mine. Slander of a meritorious author was a spicy and saleable article, and he was responsible to those he injured unfairly by the sale of spice. He had no excuse for evading that responsibility in my case, since I had treated him in my letter with proper courtesy.—"P.S. I am sorry my letter has amused you; sorry for your sake. Young gentlemen should endeavour not to be amused when their lackeys have thrown dirt upon their seniors."

However, the question between Sir Charles Dilke and me is very debatable. No blame attaches to him for the course he took, nor yet to me for mine. But I think the matter may be fairly disposed of by inquiring what says the law of the land to a man unfairly bitten by an anonymous or pseudonymous polecat?

Why it says, "Don't you be so simple as to go fighting with shadows, or marching with manly breast up to masked batteries manned by anonymuncula, pseudonymuncula, and skuncula; collar some *man*. Sue him, or indict him by his Christian name and his surname. As to the Anonymuncula, or Pseudonymuncula, or Skuncula who wrote the libel, the law will lend you no assistance to discover them—as it

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would to detect other offenders—because you have a remedy against the vendor of the libel.”

Very well; I took the Law for my guide, only I did not sue the vendor. I thought an earnest but temperate remonstrance quite enough in a case where the vendor was above suspicion of personal malice or trade malice.

My letter was refused admission to the *Athenæum* upon these terms. Yet, would you believe it, Mr. McColl, the *soi-disant* editor of the *Athenæum*, commented upon it, and told his readers this letter which he suppressed “was about my plagiarisms from Swift.”

I published my letter to Sir Charles Dilke in *Once a Week* :—

THE SHAM-SAMPLE SWINDLE.

To the Editor of “Once a Week.”

SIR,—The above literary fraud was first exposed and named in your pages—No. 34, New Series, August 22, 1868. I shall feel obliged if you will strike it another blow, by inserting a letter that has been suppressed, yet misrepresented, in the *Athenæum*, January 18 :—

THE SHAM-SAMPLE SWINDLE.

SIR CHARLES DILKE,—The above fraud is worked as follows :—The Detractor takes an exceptional passage from a meritorious work, cites it in full, and then slyly suggests that the whole work is of that character. This fraud can never fail to deceive, because the little bit of truth is presented to the senses, the enormous lie is hidden from them. Having exposed, dissected, branded, and, above all, named this fraud, I hoped I had done with it ; but I find I had only scotched the reptile ; it is at me again in the *Athenæum*, January 4, and this time with defamatory suggestions, which compel me either to sue you for libel or to test your character as a gentleman, by an appeal to your honour and humanity. I take the latter course.

A Pseudonymuncule, said to be in the pay of your weekly, pretends that he is an outside correspondent, and his initials are “C. F. ;” and he alleges that he has got a house, and that “The Wandering Heir” was brought to it—by the wind, or by some one who said, “Slander me now this tale ?”—and that he opened this tale at random, and, being familiar with Swift, fell at once on a passage he recognised as adapted from verses by Swift ; and—being not familiar with Swift—is convinced the whole story, or the bulk of it, is adapted from the same source, and any fool could write it, which implies he could write it himself, and so places me at the bottom of the human intellect.

One would think that this was enough. Yet he proceeds to indelicacy, and from that to libel. He undertakes to say, without giving his authority—some printer’s devil probably—that I am paid for this tale by the line, or by the word, or in some form that makes every word I have taken from Swift a commercial injustice to my publishers.

Now, sir, I am an old gentleman, honourably connected with Letters ; you are a young gentleman, honourably connected with Letters. A

THE WANDERING HEIR

Pseudonymuncule has not a character to lose, nor a name that can be lowered; but you and I have both. It is to you, therefore, I must appeal to reconsider this insult. In all my long experience nothing so utterly snobbish as the above insinuation has ever been published about an author and a gentleman in a respectable weekly. What! is a writer, who would not be admitted to my kitchen, far less to my confidence, to be allowed to tell the public, in your columns, that he knows, or thinks he knows, how I treat with my publishers, and to found on that indelicate conjecture a lie, which is a libel?

I feel sure that on reflection you will be sorry anything so unworthy of you has crept—perhaps in your absence—into the weekly of which you are the proprietor, vendor, and editor; and, as I shall expect some expressions of gentleman-like regret from you, I hereby give you the material. Writers of my stamp are not paid, like Pseudonymuncula, by the line; my contract with the proprietors of the *Graphic* was for a fixed sum, but the bulk was not determined. Of course there was a minimum fixed; but they were liberal on their side, and I, who am an artist, and not a mere trader, gave them *nine columns over the minimum*.

My literal use of Swift, honestly examined, is about twenty lines. What becomes of the charge that I take money for every word, and sell Swift's words for Reade's?

You will, I am sure, withdraw this insinuation. The writer has little personal claim on you; for observe, if he is "C. F." in the *Athenæum*, January 4, he is "Cœcilus" in the *Press*, January 4, and a scurrilous trickster in both. I send you his article in the *Press*, that you may see from how unscrupulous a mind comes that libel in your own columns, which I hope you will now disapprove; and, in that hope, I proceed to correct the mere intellectual detraction with good temper. It is founded on two things—1. The sham-sample swindle, which I have defined. 2. On a pardonable blunder.

The blunder is one into which many criticsasters of my day have fallen; but a critic is more scientific, more discriminating. The scientific critic knows there is a vital distinction between taking ideas from a homogeneous source and from a heterogeneous source, and that only the first mentioned of these two acts is plagiarism; the latter is more like jewel-setting. Call it what you like, it is not plagiarism.

I will take the fraud and the blunder in order, and illustrate them by a few examples, out of thousands.

By the identical process Pseudonymuncule has used to entrap your readers into believing "The Wandering Heir" a mere plagiarism from Swift, one could juggle those who read quotations, not books, into believing:—

1. That the Old Testament is *full* of indelicacy.
2. That the miracles of Jesus Christ are none of them the miracles of a God, nor even of a benevolent man—Giving water intoxicating qualities, when the guests had drunk enough, goodness knows; cursing a fig-tree; driving pigs to a watery grave. This is how Voltaire works the sham-sample swindle, and gulls Frenchmen that let him read the Bible for them.
3. That Virgil never wrote a line he did not take from Lucretius or somebody.
4. That Milton the poet is *all* Homer, Euripides, and an Italian play called "Adam in Paradise."

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5. That Molière is all Plautus and Cyran de Bergerac, "en prend tout son bien où il le trouve."

6. That the same Molière never writes grammatical French.

7. That Shakspeare is *all* Plautus, Horace, Hollingshed, Belleforest, and others.

8. That Corneille had not an idea he did not steal from Spain.

9. That Scott has not an original incident in all his works.

10. That five Italian operas are all English and Irish music.

11. That the overture to "Guillaume Tell" is all composed by Swiss shepherds.

12. That "Robinson Crusoe" is a mere theft from Woodes Rogers and Dampier.

Not one of these is a greater lie, and few of them are as great lies, as to call "The Wandering Heir" a plagiarism from Swift.

Now for the blunder. That will be best corrected by putting examples of jewel-setting and examples of plagiarism cheek by jowl.

Corneille's "Horaces," a tragedy founded on a heterogeneous work—viz., an historical narrative by Livy—is not plagiarism. His "Cid," taken from a Spanish play, is plagiarism. Shakspeare's "Comedy of Errors" and Molière's "Avare" are plagiarisms, both from Plautus. Shakspeare's "Macbeth," taken from a heterogeneous work, a chronicle, is no plagiarism, though he uses a much larger slice of Hollingshed's dialogue than I have taken from Swift, and follows his original more closely. The same applies to his "Coriolanus." This tragedy is not a plagiarism; for Plutarch's Life of Coriolanus is a heterogeneous work, and the art with which the great master uses and versifies Volumnia's speech, as he got it from North's translation of Plutarch, is jewel-setting, not plagiarism. By the same rule, "Robinson Crusoe," though Defoe sticks close to Woodes Rogers and Dampier in many particulars of incident and reflection, is not a plagiarism, being romance founded on books of fact. The distinction holds good as to single incidents or short and telling speeches. Scott's works are literally crammed with diamonds of incident and rubies of dialogue culled from heterogeneous works, histories, chronicles, ballads, and oral traditions. But this is not plagiarism; it is jewel-setting. Byron's famous line—

"The graves of those who cannot die,"

is a plagiarism from another poet, Crabbe; but Wolsey's famous distich in Shakspeare's "Henry the Eighth" is not a plagiarism from Wolsey; it is an historical jewel set in a heterogeneous work, and set as none but a great inventor ever yet set a fact-jewel.

And, to compare small things with great—since Science is never so great, so just, so scientific as when she applies her equal laws to things identical in kind, though differing in degree—Swift's verses are not fictitious narrative, but a photograph, painting the inner life of many Dublin ladies at an epoch long gone by; and I—desirous, as an artist, to give touches of true colour to my invention—did well to set that jewel in my *heterogeneous work*, and therein was not a plagiarist, but followed the highest and noblest masters of fiction in a distinct branch of their art.

Fiction is not lying, or Pseudonymuncula would really find it as easy as they pretend. Let any man look into fiction scientifically, for a change, and he will find all fiction worth a button is founded on fact;

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and it matters less than the unscientific suppose whether those facts are gathered by personal experience, or by hearsay, or from the experiences of others, as recorded in manuscripts or printed records of fact. I have used one of Swift's experiences of real life, but please observe under what circumstances. The inner life of Irish people in 1726-40 is a matter so inaccessible and recondite that Macaulay was in open despair over it; and, unfortunately for me, Froude's researches were not yet public. When I write of my own day I have three great resources—experience, memory, and print; but in writing "The Wandering Heir" I had but one source. Then, either I must do as the sham novelists do, drift into reckless blundering, and present for the eighteenth century the nineteenth century daubed with "Fore-gad!" and "Pshaw!" or I must take the scholar's way, and labour hard, grope as only scholars can, and put my labour to some profit. I took the scholar's way—I ransacked Dublin for old records; I raked out things even Macaulay missed; I gemmed my tale with many a recondite jewel of fact; and I used *one solitary passage* from so common a writer as Swift; but then that passage was a gem. I used it without disguise. I positively invited my readers to read Swift. The invitation was noticed in the *Athenæum* of December 27; and, shuffling apart, it was that very invitation sent the Pseudonymuncle to Swift. December 27, I was accused in the *Athenæum* of showing off my learning; and January 4, of disguising it.

Some things, Sir, can never be judged without their alternatives. Suppose I had not used that photograph of an Irish lady's life, what trash should I have written out of the depths of my inner consciousness? It was Swift, or lies; for that phase of Irish life he photographs has left no other trace. No, Sir, to set this unique jewel of truth in my heterogeneous work was no crime, intellectual or moral. My only crime is this: I have written too well. Invention, labour, research, and, above all, a close condensation, to be found in few other living English novelists, all these qualities combined have produced a strong yet finite story, which has fallen like a little thunderbolt among the "*contes à dormir debout*" of garrulous mediocrity. This is the crime that has made Pseudonymuncle writhe with envy and so boil with rage that your weekly did not suffice to his hot hate; he must insult me, *on the same day*, in a weakly (*sic*) that is dying for a kick from me, and will have to die without that honour. My real crime, I say, is indicated in certain lines from the *Times* newspaper, which deserve immortality. Please rescue them from unjust oblivion:—

"There is no vice of which a man can be guilty, no shabbiness, no wickedness, which excites so much indignation amongst his contemporaries as his success. This is the unpardonable crime which reason cannot defend nor humility mitigate.

‘When Heaven with such parts has blest him,
Have I not reason to detest him?’

is a genuine and natural expression of the vulgar mind. The man who labours as we cannot labour, speaks as we cannot speak, writes as we cannot write, and thrives as we cannot thrive has accumulated in his own person all the offences of which a man can be guilty. Down with him! why cumbereth he the ground?"—*The Times*.

I am, Sir—with thanks for your courtesy and politeness in inserting so long a letter—your faithful servant,

CHARLES READE.

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Next week the howls of the *Athenæum* showed me I had hit the Bull's-eye, and the Law was wise in telling us to leave the Shadows of skunks alone, and collar substantial men.

"C. F." replied to this letter, and rather smartly—

MR. READE'S PLAGIARISMS (*Sic.*)

January 25, 1873.

I must beg you to give me a little space to defend myself from an attack made upon me by Mr. Charles Reade in a contemporary periodical. My letter to you of January 4th, on Mr. Reade's plagiarism of Dean Swift, has drawn from Mr. Reade some rather curious language; and to show how inappropriate that language is, I must give some description of myself. I am a quiet woman living in a country village, which I scarcely ever leave. I have never written for the press, nor done any literary work whatsoever; therefore I need hardly add I have never received money for anything written. I am quite unknown to the world. I seldom look at a newspaper or read modern literature. I did not even know until yesterday of the present existence of that periodical in which Mr. Reade reviles me.

Mr. Reade calls me "a trickster, a scurrilous skunk, a pseudonymuncle," and, moreover, says he would not admit me to his kitchen, and that I have told "a lie, which is a libel;" also that I am in the pay of the *Athenæum*; also that what I wrote concerning his plagiarism was "snobbish," whereas he says his own crime is that he has "written too well." I, a woman entirely unknown, find myself becoming famous when a great (?) novelist takes the trouble to answer my letter and call me a *scurrilous skunk*. As to the hybrid word *pseudonymuncle*, I suppose it means a little writer under a false name. I can only say that I am not a writer, as the word is understood, and that C. F. are really the initial letters of my name. You are at liberty to give Mr. Reade my name and address, if he requires them, and if you think that his great anger will not bring him down to our quiet village to frighten a poor lady.

Mr. Reade defends himself by saying that Virgil, Milton, Molière, Shakspeare, Corneille, Scott, Defoe, all plagiarised; but he forgets that they improved what they used, whereas Mr. Reade merely converts good poetry of Swift's into very commonplace prose. There is in the *Anti-Jacobin*, page 86, January 22, 1798, a note (probably by Canning) on the expression "kidnapp'd rhimes:"—"Kidnapp'd implies something more than *stolen*. It is, according to an expression of Mr. Sheridan's (in the 'Critic'), '*using other people's thoughts as Gipsies do stolen children—disfiguring them to make them pass for their own.*' This is a serious charge against an author, and ought to be well supported." The italics are in the original. In my letter of January 4th I did thoroughly support the charge I made.

Mr. Reade styles himself "*an old gentleman, honourably connected with Letters.*" I am a young woman, not connected with letters, beyond the enjoyment and entertainment afforded me by books; but I think I may modestly say to Mr. Reade, in the words of the title of one of his novels, "It is never too late to mend."

C. F.

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THE SHAM-SAMPLE SWINDLE.

To the Editor of "Once a Week."

SIR,—“C. F.” writes at me in the *Athenæum*; says she is a woman, and I have attacked her. Not exactly. It was she who attacked me; played off the sham-sample swindle—to which, by the by, she still clings—by asserting that a solitary and exceptional passage was the rule of my story, and had the vulgarity to tell the public I was paid by the word, and so had done an unfair thing to my publishers.

Now, if to all this she had added that she was a woman, I should only have said, “You had better in future consult with some man, worthy of the name, before you write about authors and gentlemen.”

I now withdraw every opprobrious epithet I heaped in error on this soft, gentle, modest, kindly, womanly creature; and she will understand my letter thus. If a man had written her first letter, he would have been a snob and a calumniator. If a man had written her second letter after reading mine, he would be an incurable liar and shuffler. But, as it is only a woman who has written both—why, it is only a woman.

I observe the sub-editor of the *Athenæum* writes at me in his weekly, though he suppressed the letter he comments on.

He played the same game when I defended Mr. Tom Taylor against unfair detraction in his columns.

Is this gentleman a woman too? To cut all this shuffling short, Sir Charles Dilke displaced Mr. Hepworth Dixon as the editor of the *Athenæum* in order to control it himself. This is notorious. It is equally so that he does exercise a certain control at this time. He is also the proprietor and vendor; he is the person responsible to the law, and is therefore fairly open to such a letter as mine, which treated him with courtesy and appealed to his better feelings—and, I think, not in vain. Time will show.—Yours truly,

CHARLES READE.

Feb. 1.

I beg to add here that, in point of fact, I did not apply those opprobrious terms to “C. F.,” but to some individual unknown, whom I accused of writing not only the letter of “C. F.,” but also the letter of “Cœcilus” in another weekly. See my letter in proof of this.

When you have admired “C. F.’s” wit at my expense, please observe that she makes the public believe “C. F.” is a clue to her whole name, so she is not a Pseudonymuncle; that she is out of the reach of literary envy, is a quiet outsider, reading old authors, and not *troubling her head with modern productions, and has no other reason for concealing her address from me* than the fear that I should go and play the ruffian in her village.

Mr. McColl co-operated with his correspondent by declaring that the letter in the *Press* was not written by the person

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who had written the letter in the *Athenæum*, and concealing that both letters came out of the same house and the same mind.

Thus this veracious, candid pair conveyed to their readers that two pure-minded, independent critics had condemned me fairly on the same day—a coincidence which, if true, was discreditable to me, and to nobody else.

There the correspondence ceased, leaving "C. F." and McColl masters of the field, and Reade a hot-headed, wrong-headed writer, who suspects collusion and trade-malice in fair, impartial, disconnected critics.

So much for the veracity of Pseudonymuncula and the candour of a McColl. Now for the truth.

"Cæcilius" and "C. F." live together in the country. They planned the two letters together, and issued them under different signatures, and made the public believe that I had been guilty of wholesale fraud, and that two patterns of honesty had detected it, each without assistance from the other.

Now if this lady and gentleman had done the right thing, and signed their names to their letters, I should have treated them with due respect, and should never have applied those bitter terms of invective to them which figured in my letter to Sir Charles Dilke; and since I do know them now, I lay aside vituperative terms and confine myself to hard facts.

Who and what is "Cæcilius"? He is my rival in business and in nothing else. He is a novelist. He is prolific, but not popular. His surname has a great and merited reputation, but it has never been able to drag his Christian name after it up the steps of "the Temple of Fame."

Now my Christian name keeps up with my surname. Disgusting!

But that is not all. "Cæcilius" used to write for the *Graphic*, but towards the end of 1872 that market was closed to his prolific but not popular pen.

The novelist, fertile in failures, to whom the *Graphic* was closed for a time, sees another novelist write a story in the said *Graphic*, and learns the *Graphic* has sold a vast number of copies. Thereupon he and his wife sit down and multiply Malice. Under cover of the Pseudonymous they write and publish, not one, but two spiteful, scurrilous letters, denouncing their successful rival as a dunce and a cheat, which letters they were ashamed to sign their names to; yet they attack their brother novelist by name, and pretend *their only*

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reason for withholding their own name is, that the injured person is a ruffian, a man likely to come and make a brawl in their village.

Now neither "Cæcilius" nor his wife can have any personal malice against me. It is an example of Trade-malice on the lower level; and that deep degrader of the literary character, which makes men down into women, and women into adders, that constant temptation, that steady corrupter of the conscience and curse of the soul, Anonymous criticism of rival by rival, is even more to blame than the unsuccessful novelist and his wife, whom that Anonymous system tempted to palm themselves off as critics, and, in that disguise, pull down their intellectual and moral superior—because he was their rival in trade.

Another example. Mr. Trollope wrote an admirable novel called "Ralph the Heir." Everybody praised it, more or less; and nobody found a moral flaw in it, for there was none to be found. I saw gems in it that ought not to be lost to the British Stage, so barren of English life, English characters, and English idioms. I dramatised and produced it. Trollope, condensed by Reade, succeeded with the public by a law of art which is as inevitable as the law of gravity. The independent critics, being gentlemen who are steeped to the throat in French Mediocrity and newspaper dialogue with sentences a mile long, such as man never yet *spake*, did not relish it as the public did; but they were civil and honest in their strictures, and the most adverse found no moral flaw in the production.

Yet four or five newspapers published a wicked and criminal calumny, which, if I had been as vindictive as my foes, would have ended in several indictments at the Old Bailey. They said the play was indecent. The writers of these libels all flattered the actors, and even praised, *at my expense*, a couple of promising novices.

In their criminal mendacity and hatred of the author, coupled with their lickspittle adulation of inexperienced actors, my experienced eye saw at once a little clique of well-known public traitors, bad playwrights, disguised as critics, and conspiring in trade-malice. I said so in a letter to the *Daily Telegraph*. The then editor of that paper, though a good friend of mine, did not believe me. Indeed, he corrected me severely; and so, as usual, poor Mr. Reade was hot-headed, wrong-headed, &c., until the thing came to be

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sifted in a court of law (*Reade v. the Licensed Victuallers*); and then it came out that what I had stated was the exact truth. The play was so pure that Mr. Justice Brett, who read every line, declared he could not find a sentence with any flavour of indecency in it; and the libels originated with a clique of playwrights, disguised as critics, whose habits are notorious. They consort in low clubs and sometimes in public-houses, where the conversation teaches the art of naughty interpretation and distortion of honest words. They publicly demand of the Licenser the most immoral French plays; they praise "*Nos Intimes*," which is a singularly indecent play. They truckle to the actors, and praise each other's farces, stolen from the French, and fly like hornets at every outsider who writes a good play—TRADE-MALICE.

In *Reade v. Licensed Victuallers*, Mr. Richard Lee, a vile playwright, who, in the disguise of a critic, wrote the malicious calumny for which a jury gave me £200 damages, swore in the witness-box that he had no personal malice against me, and hardly knew me by sight. He swore the honest truth; he had no personal malice whatever. I also swore the truth, viz., that he and his fellows acted from trade-malice; and what I swore then upon the gospels of my Redeemer, I now repeat upon my honour as a gentleman. These calumnies all arise out of Trade-malice.

And therefore I earnestly implore the proprietors and editors of respectable journals to profit by these two flagrant exposures of a public abuse, which we all know is being perpetrated on a gigantic scale, and not to allow any playwright to criticise his pals and his rivals *without signing his name*, nor any novelist to criticise his rivals *without signing his name*. There will be nothing new in this. On other subjects all respectable editors take due precautions to keep their columns incorrupt. But why cleanse four columns in a page and let the fifth be a sink of venality and spite? At present, in some respectable and leading journals, the dramatic column is quite behind the Press and its habits; it is a secret instrument of Blackmail, and an openly smoking dunghill of venality, trade-malice, and trade-collusion; all which the editors can stop for ever in a single day, if they care to confer a benefit on their country, and rescue one of the noblest branches of literature, Criticism, from the deep degradation into which it is descending.

By the same rule, if a bad novelist wants to write an anonymous letter and blacken a good novelist, let him send

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it by post to the author's house, as so many cowards do. But no respectable editor should print what comes from so suspicious a quarter, with a request that the writer's name may be concealed from the rival he vilifies.

You have heard calumny call itself criticism; now hear criticism. It is a great rarity, and worth hearing.

"The Wandering Heir" owes nothing to any preceding figment, and so there is no plagiarism in it. But it is written upon the method I have never disowned, and never shall. On that method—viz., the interweaving of imaginary circumstances with facts gathered impartially from experience, hearsay, and printed records—my most approved works, "It is Never Too Late to Mend," "Hard Cash," "The Cloister and the Hearth," &c., have been written, and that openly. My preface to "Hard Cash" contains these words:—

"'Hard Cash,' like 'The Cloister and the Hearth,' is a matter-of-fact Romance—that is, a fiction built on truths; and these truths have been gathered by long, severe, systematic labour from a multitude of volumes, pamphlets, journals, reports, blue-books, manuscript narratives, letters, and living people, whom I have sought out, examined, and cross-examined, to get at the truth on each main topic I have striven to handle.

"The madhouse scenes have been picked out by certain disinterested gentlemen who keep private asylums, and periodicals to puff them; and have been met with bold denials of public facts and with timid personalities, and a little easy cant about Sensation¹ Novelists; but in reality those passages have been written on the same system as the nautical, legal, and other scenes: the best evidence has been ransacked; and a large portion of this evidence I shall be happy to show at my house to any brother writer who is disinterested, and really cares enough for truth and humanity to walk or ride a mile in pursuit of them."

In the present case I will go a little further, and enable the curious reader to trace my footsteps in many places of this story if he likes; and I not only invite, but even presume to advise, young writers to look closely into my work, and into that method to which I owe so much. It is a method by adopting which, and labouring hard in it, as I do, many a young novelist might double his value.

The first strata of facts I had to build my figment on were two reported trials. In one James Annesley was defendant, on a charge of murder; in the other (*Craig v. Anglesey*) he was virtually the plaintiff in a trial at bar for great estates

¹ This slang term is not quite accurate as applied to me. Without sensation there can be no interest, but my plan is to mix a little character and a little philosophy with the sensational element.

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and titles. You will find the first case in "Howell's Collection of State Trials." The second, *Craig v. Anglesey*, is badly reported in Howell. I used the folio report published by Smith & Bradley, Dublin, 1744. This book shall be deposited with my publishers, that any novelist or critic who likes may see the use I have made of it.

The next source of fact was the "Memoirs of an Unfortunate Nobleman," written by James Annesley's attorney. Upon the whole it is a tissue of falsehoods, but there are a few invaluable truths in it. The lies declare themselves trumpet-tongued; the truths are confined to James Annesley's adventures whilst he was a slave in the colonies, and his return home with Admiral Vernon. I used a few of the truths, and shunned all the falsehoods. The "Memoirs," being rather a rare book, shall be deposited with my publishers for inspection.

In the three books I have now named lies half a plot. But only *invention of equal power with the facts* could make it a whole plot. Therefore I invented Philippa, and all her business, and the whole sexual interest of the story.

I tell you this union of fact and imagination is a kind of intellectual copulation, and has procreated the best fiction in every age, by a law of Nature.

To go into smaller details, the Irish schoolmaster and his "tall talk" are from facts supplied in print by Carleton.

The Irish curses I have used are culled, with great study, from three authors, Carleton, Banim, and Griffin, and selected from an incredible number.

The decayed Irish gentleman, "the scornful dog who eats dirty puddings," is fact, taken from "A Tour in Ireland," published 1740, to be found in the British Museum.

The country costumes, the price of salmon, and other particulars are taken from the "Post-Chaise Companion in Ireland" and "Twiss's Tour in Ireland;" the great salmon-leap from "Twiss's Tour in Ireland;" the turf backgammon-board, with a boy for dice, from oral tradition—it was told me forty years ago by an Irish gentleman, who had it from his father.

The incomparable speech, "Arrah, people, people," &c., I had entire from the mouth of an Irishman, who heard it actually delivered in a fair.

The abductions and sham abductions of Irish girls from "Ireland Sixty Years Ago" and Sir J. Lubbock's "Origin of Civilisation," &c., &c.

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In the other Hiberniana of the story I have used the various Histories of Dublin and Cork by Gilbert and others, the *European Magazine*, the "Post-Chaise Companion in Ireland," "Letters from a Gentleman in Ireland to a Gentleman in Bath," rather an uncommon book, and a very rare collection of old Irish journals I obtained by groping that city for them.

The charming series of incidents in which John Purcell figures are from his sworn evidence, and almost verbatim. The abduction of the heir in open daylight is also sworn evidence. See *Craig v. Anglesey*.

The uncle beating his niece, her flight to foreign parts, and his apprehension on a charge of murder is a recorded fact. I got it out of a chap-book, but it has been referred to by jurists in my own day, and I also possess in a ballad called the "New West Country Garland." James Annesley's adventure with Christina McCarthy, her sham penitence, her cajolery and attempt to poison him, were told by James Annesley to his attorney, and printed by him in the "Memoirs;" and I have set that gem of female nature in my story. The discovery of James on board Admiral Vernon's ship by his old schoolfellow Matthews rests on the same basis of recorded fact. The curious advertisement by Jeweller Drummond is an actual advertisement of the day, taken verbatim from the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Banker Drummond's ancestor inserted it.

Elizabeth Shipley's character and her remarkable dream about Wilmington—this and other Wilmingtonia are condensed from Ferris's "History of the Original Settlements on the Delaware," and from Barker's "History of the Primitive Settlements."

But whatever in that part of the story bears upon the flagellation and other punishments of men and women, and the legal relation of the planters to their white servants, has been taken direct, with careful study and precision, from the various "Charters and Acts of Assembly" of each separate State at or near the date of my story. And here my method has kept me clear of the errors of James Annesley's attorney, who says in the "Memoirs" that two of James's companions were executed in the *State of Delaware* for elopement and suspicion of adultery. Now the law in that State inflicted no such punishment. It imprisoned, whipped, and lettered. It did not kill. These colonies were hard upon religious offences, but, on the whole, they did not take life

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half so recklessly as the mother country did at that time; and with regard to sexual criminality, they exacted such difficult *proofs* that their laws on that head were much thunder and little lightning.

The *Anglicana generalia* have been culled with care from periodicals and Books of Fact too numerous to specify. The masculine costume the women wore in the morning rests on Addison, *Mist's Journal*, the *London Journal*, *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1730, *Daily Courant*, and other contemporaneous authorities which are full of detail. The entire reversal of female costume in the evening rests also on contemporary books, periodicals, and pictures.

Lord Anglesey's levée and toilet are put together from *Mist's Journal* and various passages in the "Pictorial History of England."

In my novel of "A Simpleton" there is a dressmaker's bill, 1872.

In "The Wandering Heir" there is a dressmaker's bill.

I got the modern dressmaker's bill by asking three or four ladies of my acquaintance to oblige me with the original accounts. They did so.

I was about to pursue the same plan in "The Wandering Heir," when I found, to my disgust, I could not raise the dead. So I had to ransack libraries—"The graves of those who cannot die" (Crabbe). I found the truth I wanted in "The Book of Costume, or Annals of Fashion," by a Lady of Rank.

The parson of Colebrook charges the best-bred ladies of his day with gross ignorance. I found that in numerous authorities, Lady Mary Wortley Montague's Letters, Mrs. Stone's "Chronicles of Fashion," and, alas! in my own family letters before and after that date. As for their bad spelling, that continued long after the date of the parson's observations. Other ladies spelled phonetically besides Miss Tabitha Bramble. That ladies of fashion at the date of my story had vermin in their heads I knew by oral tradition from two provincial hairdressers living in different parts of England; they were both old men when I was nine, and their grandfathers had been hairdressers. From these artists I learned that every hairdresser of that ancient period, and indeed much later, kept white precipitate by him in large quantities, and dusted the lady's colony freely before he dressed her hair.

That in England and Ireland the men drank hardest but the women gambled most I gained from essays and plays of the time.

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How Dublin gentlemen lived I got from "Barrington's Memoirs," "Ireland Sixty Years Ago," &c. ; and how a Dublin lady passed her time I got from Swift's photographic verses, which carry truth as plainly written on them as Livy and Tacitus carry falsehood.

If I could have raised three ladies of Dublin from the dead I would not have troubled Swift. But I can't raise the dead any more than Mr. Home can, and I have no personal experience of the year 1730, so I took the only remaining source of truth, and interwove printed but reliable fact with my figment.

Now let us conduct that comparison loyally which "Cœcilius" and "C. F." have dealt with more ingeniously than becomes a man's rivals in trade when they are indicting a scholar and a man of fair reputation in his business.

Dean Swift begins with a few preliminary lines, which warn the reader that he is not going into fiction but fact :—

"I but transcribe ; for not a line
Of all the satire shall be mine."

He then describes, not a strict sequence of events, but the actual habits of the ladies.

I, on the contrary, am telling a story. "The Wandering Heir" reaches his father's house. Then, to show the sort of men and women whose door he had come to, I describe, in strict sequence, what the males and the females had been actually doing during the twenty hours that preceded his arrival. In this narrative what *facts* are borrowed from Swift are italicised, and so are the corresponding passages in Swift :—

READE.

"Oh madam ! an' if it please you, where does my father live ?"

"Tis in Frapper Lane, the corner house. What ! will you be going, and no supper ? Nay, then, God speed you. Give me a kiss, sweetheart. So. Your breath is honey. Sir," said she, curtsying to him all of a sudden, "I do wish you well. When you come into your estate, sir, prithee remember Martha Knatchbull, that took your part when fortune frowned."

"Ay, that I will, good, kind lady," said James, still overpowered by her glorious costume ; and so he shuffled off, limping fast, and, in the hunger of his longing heart, forgot his hungry belly for a time.

To give the reader some idea of the house he was going to, I will sketch the domestic performances from 9 A.M. on the previous evening. Lord Altham and friends had a drinking-bout, at the

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end of which he was assisted to bed and his friends sent home in chairs. But the ladies did not drink ; they gamed their lives away. Mistress Anne Gregory received Lady Dace and Mistress Carmichael, and other ladies gloriously dressed, and, at first starting, most polite and ceremonious ; they drank tea, and soon warmed into scandal—*each accusing some other lady of her own especial vice*—till at last they got upon politics. Inflamed by this topic, they soon boiled over ; *voices rose over voices ; not a single tongue was mute a moment ; and such was the Babel that at last the fat lazy lap-dog wriggled himself erect and barked furiously at the disturbers of his peace.* Then a Neptune arose to still the raging voices ; in other words, Mrs. Betty set out the card-tables. Down they sat, and soon their eyes were gleaming and their flesh trembling with excitement. Mistress Anne Gregory held bad cards ; *she had to pawn ring after ring—for these ladies, being well acquainted with each other, never played on parole—and she kept bemoaning her bad luck.* “Betty, I knew how ’twould be. *The parson called to-day. This odious chair, why you will stick me in it ? Stand farther, girl. I always lose when you look on.*” Mrs. Betty tossed her head and went behind another lady. Miss Gregory still lost, and had to pawn her snuff-box to Lady Dace. She consoled herself by an insinuation—“*My lady, you touched your wedding-ring. That was a sign to your partner here.*”

“Nay, madam, ’twas but a sign my finger itched. *But, if you go to that, you spoke a word began with H.* Then she knew you had the king of hearts.”

“That is like miss here,” said another matron ; “*she rubs her chair when she hath matadore in hand.*”

“Set a thief to catch a thief, madam,” was miss’s ingenious and polished reply.

“Hey-dey !” cries one ; “*here’s spadillo got a mark on the back ; a child might know it in the dark.* Mistress Pigot, *I wish you’d be pleased to pare your nails.*”

In short, they said things to each other all night, the slightest of which among men would have filled the Phoenix Park next morning with drawn swords. But it went for little here ; they were all cheats, and knew it, and knew the others knew it, and didn’t care. It was four o’clock before they broke up, huddled on their cloaks and hoods, and their chairs took them home with cold feet and aching heads.

At twelve next day Miss Gregory was prematurely disturbed by her lap-dog barking like a demon for his breakfast. *She stretched, gaped, unglued her eyes, and rang for Betty.* No answer. She rang again, and beat the wall viciously with her slipper. Betty came in yawning.

“Here, child. Let in some light. Nay, not so much ; wouldst blind me ? I’m dead of the vapours. *Give me a dram of citron-water.* So. Now bring me a looking-glass. I will lie abed. *Alack ! I look frightfully to-day. If ever I touch a card again. Didst ever see such luck as mine ? Four matadores and lost codille !*”

THE WANDERING HEIR

"Nay, madam," said Mrs. Betty, who was infected with the tastes of her betters, "with submission, you played bad cards."

"Hoity-toity, wench!" cried the lady; "was ever such assurance! What is the world coming to?" and she packed her off contemptuously, to get her tea and cream.

Betty turned pale with wrath, but retired. Once outside the door, she said, "I'll be even with the jade. I'm as good as she."

Miss Gregory was at her glass when Betty returned with the tea. "*Madam,*" said she, *with a sly sneer, "the goldsmith waits below, to know if you will redeem the silver cup."*

"There, give him that for interest."

"*And my Lady Dace has sent her maid."*

"*That is for her winnings. Never was such a dun. Here, take these ten pistols my lord left for the wine merchant. They are all light, thank Heaven!*"

At two, being half dressed, and the room tidied, but not a window opened, she received the visit of a fop. He paid her hyperbolic compliments, at which you should have seen Mrs. Betty's lip curl, and was consulted as to where she should put her patches; but was driven out, like chaff before the wind, by a creature more attractive—to wit, *a mercer, with silks, patterns, and laces, from Paris; so the toilette was not complete at four, when a footman knocked at the door with, "Madam, dinner stays."*

"*Then the cook must keep it back. I never can have time to dress, and I am sure no living woman takes less."*

However, she soon came down, distended with an enormous hoop, glorious with brocaded skirt and quilted petticoat, and cocked up on red high-heeled shoes; bedizened, belaced, powdered, pomatumed, pulvilioed, patched, perfumed, and everything else—except washed; yet less savage than the men in one respect: the commode and all the pyramidal scaffolded heads had gone out; her hair was her own, and, though long, was compressed into a small compass, whereas the gentlemen had full-bottomed wigs that smothered their heads, contracted their cheeks, flowed over their shoulders, and befloured their backs.

My Lord Altham and two or three other gentlemen were there and three ladies. Lord Altham, a little, dark man with a loud voice, received her with great respect, and told her they waited only for his brother, Captain Richard Annesley.

"Nay, he will not come, methinks," said she. "He and I had words t'other day."

"Nay, then, let the churl hang. Who waits?"

A flaring footman appeared as if his string had been pulled.

"Bid them serve the dinner."

"I will, my lord."

For the conversation during dinner see Swift's "Polite Conversation." You will be a gainer by the exchange; for the discourse at Lord Altham's board was half as coarse and not half so witty.

Soon after dinner the host proposed "Church and State."

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From that moment the ladies were evidently on their guard and ready for flight.

"Parson," says my lord, "I'll tell you a merry story."

The ladies rose like one and retired. My lord having achieved his end—for at this time of night the bottle was his mistress, until it became his master—substituted a toast for his song:—

"The finest sight beneath the moon
Is to see the ladies quit the room."

He then ordered the present bottles and glasses to be exchanged for others that would not stand upright, the stems of the glasses having been knocked off and the decanters being made like a soda-water bottle. This ensured so brisk a circulation that, although they were gentlemen who had all "made their heads" in early life, the claret began to tell, as was proved by the swift alternations of superfluous ire and hyperbolical affection and peals of idiotic laughter; when, in the midst of the din, an altercation was heard in the hall. The disputants were three, and each voice had its own key. First there was a sweet little quavering soprano, appealing to a flaring footman; then there was a flaring footman, objurgating the cherubic voice an octave lower; then came the commanding alto of Mrs. Betty.

SWIFT.

By nature turn'd to play the rake well,
As we shall show you in the sequel.
The Dublin Dame is wak'd by Noon,
Some authors say not quite so soon;
Because, though sore against her will,
She sate all night up at Quadrille.
She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And asks if it be time to rise;
Of Headache and the spleen complains,
And then to cool her heated Brains—
Her night-gown and her slippers brought her,—
Takes a large dram of citron-water;
Then to her glass; and "Betty, pray,
Don't I look frightfully to-day?
But was it not confounded hard?
Well, if I ever touch a card,
Four Mattadores and lose Codill;
Depend upon't I never will.
But run to Tom and bid him fix
The ladies here to-night by six."
"Madam, the goldsmith waits below;
He says his business is to know
If you'll redeem the silver cup
You pawned him first." "Well, show him up."
"Your dressing-plate he'll be content
To take for interest cent. per. cent.
And, Madam, there's my Lady Spade
Hath sent this letter by her maid."

THE WANDERING HEIR

"Well, I remember what she won;
And hath she sent so soon to dun?
Here, carry down these ten pistoles
My husband left to pay for coals.
I thank my stars they all are light!
 And I may have revenge to-night."
 Now loytring o'er her tea and cream,
 She enters on her usual theme;
 Her last night's ill-success repeats,
 Calls Lady Spade a hundred cheats;
 She slipt Spadillo in her breast
 Then thought to turn it to a jest.
 There's Mrs. Cut and she combine,
 And to each other give the sign.
 Through ev'ry game pursues her tale
 Like hunters o'er their evening ale.

Now to another scene give place:
Enter the folks with silks and lace;
 Fresh matter for a world of chat,
 "Right Indian this, right Mecklin that;
 Observe this pattern; there's a stuff;
 I can have customers enough.
 Dear Madam, you have grown so hard,
 This lace is worth twelve pounds a yard.
 Madam, if there be Truth in Man,
 I never sold so cheap a fan."

This business of importance o'er,
And Madam almost drest by four,
The footman, in his usual phrase,
Comes up with "Madam, dinner stays."
She answers in her usual style,
"The cook must keep it back a while;
I never can have time to dress,
No woman breathing takes up less.
 I'm hurried so it makes me sick,
 I wish the dinner at *Old Nick*."
 At table now she acts her part,
 Has all the dinner cant by heart.
 "I thought we were to dine alone.
 My dear, for sure, if I had known
 This company would come to-day—
 But really 'tis my spouse's way,
 He's so unkind he never sends
 To tell when he invites his friends;
 I wish we may but have enough;"
 And while with all this paltry stuff
 She sits tormenting every guest,
 Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest
 In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
 Which Dublin ladies call polite,
 You see the Booby Husband sit
 In admiration at her wit.

But let me now a while survey
 Our Madam o'er her evening tea,

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Surrounded with her noisy clans
 Of Prudes, Coquettes, and Harridans ;
 When frighted at the clamorous crew,
 Away the god of silence flew,
 And Fair Discretion left the Place,
 And Modesty with blushing face.
 Now enters overweening Pride,
 And Scandal ever gaping wide,
 Hypocrisy with frown severe,
 Scurrility with gibing air,
 Rude Laughter seeming like to burst,
 And Malice always judging worst,
 And Vanity with pocket-glass,
 And Impudence with front of brass ;
 And studied Affectation came,
 Each limb and feature out of frame ;
 While Ignorance with brain of lead
 Flew hov'ring o'er each female head.

Why should I ask of these my Muse
 A hundred tongues, as Poets use,
 When, to give ev'ry Dame her due,
 A hundred thousand were too few ;
 Or how should I, alas ! relate
 The sum of all their senseless prate,
 Their innuendoes, hints, and slanders,
 Their meanings lewd, and *double entendres* !
 Now comes the general Scandal charge,
 What some invent, the rest enlarge,
 "And, Madam, if it be a lie,
 You have the tale as cheap as I.
 I must conceal my Author's Name,
 But now 'tis known by common Fame."

Say, foolish females, cold and blind,
 Say by what fatal turn of mind
Are you on Vices most severe
Wherein yourselves have greatest share.
 Thus every fool herself deludes ;
 The Prude condemns the absent Prudes ;
 Mopsa, who stinks her spouse to death ;
 Hersina, rank with sweat, presumes
 To censure Phillis for perfumes ;
 While crooked Cynthia swearing says
 That Florimel wears iron stays ;
 Chloris, of ev'ry Coxcomb jealous,
 Admires how girls can talk with Fellows,
 And, full of indignation, frets
 That Women should be such Coquettes ;
 Iris, for Scandal most notorious,
 Cries, "Lord, the World is so censorious ;"
 And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
 Whispers that Sappho's hair is red ;
 Aura, whose Tongue you hear a mile hence,
 Talks half a day in praise of silence ;
 And Silvia, full of inward guilt,
 Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.

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*Now voices over voices rise,
While each to be the loudest vies ;
They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single tongue one moment mute,
All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very lap-dog barking.
Their chattering makes a louder din
Than Fishwives o'er a cup of gin ;
Not schoolboys at a barring-out
Rais'd ever such incessant shout :
The Jumbling particles of Matter
In Chaos make not such a clatter ;
Far less the Rabble roar and rail
When drunk with sour election ale.*

Nor do they trust their tongues alone—
They speak a language of their own ;
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book ;
Convey a Libel in a Frown ;
And Wink a Reputation down ;
Or by a tossing of a fan,
Describe the lady and the man.

But see, the female club disbands,
Each twenty visits on her hands.
Now all alone poor Madam sits
In vapours and hysteric fits.

"And was not Tom this morning sent ?
I'd lay my life he never went.

Past six, and not a living soul ;
I might by this have won a vole."
A dreadful interval of spleen !

How shall she pass the time between !

"Here, Betty, let me take my drops,
And feel my pulse, I know it stops ;
This head of mine, Lord, how it swims !
And such a pain in all my limbs."

"Dear Madam, try to take a nap."

But now they hear a footman's rap.

"Go, run and light the ladies up ;

It must be one before we sup."

The table, cards, and counters set,
And all the gamester ladies met,
Her spleen and fits recover'd quite,
Our madam can sit up all night.
"Whoever comes, I'm not within,
Quadrille the word, and so begin."

How can the Muse her aid impart,
Unskilled in all the terms of art ?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the shuffle, and the cut ?
The superstitious whims relate
That fill a female gamester's pate ;
What agony of soul she feels
To see a knave's inverted heels !

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She draws up card by card, to find
 Good fortune peeping from behind,
 With panting heart and earnest eyes
 In hope to see Spadillo rise.
 In vain, alas ! her hope is fled ;
 She draws an ace, and sees it red.
In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her snuff-box, rings, and keys ;
 Ever with some new fancy struck,
 Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
"This morning, when the parson came,
I said I should not win a game.
This odious chair, how came I stuck in't ?
I think I never had good luck in't.
 I'm so uneasy in my stays,
 Your fan a moment, if you please.
Stand further, girl, or get you gone ;
I always lose when you look on."
 "Lord, Madam, you have lost codille ;
 I never saw you play so ill."
 "Nay, Madam, give me leave to say
 'Twas you that threw the game away ;
 When Lady Tricksey play'd a four
 You took it with a matadore.
I saw you touch your wedding-ring
Before my lady call'd a king ;
You spoke a word began with H,
 And I knew who you mean to teach,
Because you held the king of hearts ;
 Fye, Madam ! leave these little arts."
 "That's not so bad as one that rubs
Her chair to call the king of clubs,
 And makes her partner understand
 A matadore is in her hand."
 "Madam, you have no cause to flounce ;
 I swear I saw you thrice renounce."
 "And truly, Madam, I know when
 Instead of five you scor'd me ten."
 "Spadillo here has got a mark,
A child may know it in the dark ;
 I guess the hand, it seldom fails ;
I wish some folks would pare their nails."
 While thus they rail and scold and storm,
 It passes but for common form,
All conscious that they all speak true,
And give each other but their due ;
 It never interrupts the game,
 Or makes them sensible of shame.
 The time too precious now to waste,
 The supper gobbled up in haste,
 Again afresh to cards they run
 As if they had but just begun.
 At last they hear the Watchman's knock,
 "A frosty morn—past four o'clock."

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The Chairmen are not to be found—
"Come let us play the t'other round."
Now all in haste they huddle on
Their hoods and cloaks, and get them gone.
But first the winner must invite
The company to-morrow night.
Unlucky Madam, left in tears,
Who now again Quadrille forswears,
With empty purse and *aching head*,
Steals to her sleeping spouse to bed.

You have now the true proportions in which the two heterogeneous works resemble each other. But there is another thing to be considered—the form and construction of the two compositions.

The order of the topics in Swift's verses is—

1. Time 12 to 4 P.M. The lady's morning scene, and her ill-success at cards over-night not presented, but referred to by herself.

2. Dinner-time. The lady's affectation and ill manners.

3. Evening tea. Scandal.

4. Separation of the ladies; ennui.

5. Another meeting for cards. Gaming till 4 A.M.

My order and construction is—

1. Time, nine in the evening till 4 A.M. Gentlemen drinking apart from the ladies, till carried home or to bed. Ladies—Tea—Scandal—Cards—Bed—in an unbroken sequence.

2. Twelve o'clock till seven. Bedroom scene—Mercer—Dinner—The gentlemen's way of getting rid of the ladies—The gentlemen's habits—Precautions to secure intoxication—all in one unbroken series.

Thus I treat the gentlemen's lives, and the ladies', in far less compass than Swift gives to the ladies. This duplication of topics, and entire change of form, and improved sequence of facts are not the method of the servile plagiarist, but of the inventive scholar who has the skill to select and interweave another writer's valuable facts into his own figment.

"C. F." says in her second letter that the great writers whose method I profess to follow always improved what they took, but I have merely turned good poetry into very commonplace prose. This is a double error.

1. Great writers have not always improved the ideas they borrowed. To take two examples out of a hundred: Virgil watered Lucretius vilely with his "*Duo fulmina belli*

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Scipiades ;" and Shakspeare, in "All's Well that End's Well," has in places vulgarised Boccaccio.

2. Swift's lines are not good poetry. They are not poetry at all; they are slipshod doggerel. It is the matter that redeems them; the form is worse than prose. Often the thought is complete in one line, yet a superfluous line is added to effect the rhyme. Now follow the particles of Swift into my prose, and see if you can cut out a line of that prose without diminishing the sense in proportion. The few golden particles of Swift I have taken are therefore not disfigured by being set in the closest prose of the day, and in the improved sequence of a narrative.

To sura up—Fiction is the art of weaving fact with invention. If it were mere arrangement of fact, thousands could write it; if it were pure invention, the young would beat the elderly at it. Instead of that, the young, with all the advantage of their ardent imaginations and generous blood and elastic energy, write flimsy stuff for want of Fact. If Dickens appears an exception, that is only because Dickens ripened early, and was initiated into that sort of Fact which is good material for fiction ten years sooner than other writers.

Of Fact there are three sources—experience, hearsay, printed records.

An individual's personal experience is so narrow that it can carry him but a little way in fiction. We none of us know much except from print.

In writing an historical tale experience and hearsay dwindle, and the printed facts we have gathered, many of them unconsciously, become the main material.

To interweave these in fiction is the same intellectual operation as to interweave the facts we have seen and heard. Whoever denies this is a fool; whoever admits it, yet cannot realise it and apply it to the question of plagiarism, is weak of mental digestion, and, though he may criticise all his life, will never be a critic. To borrow scenes and dialogues from a novel of Swift and put them in a novel would be plagiarism. But to transplant a few facts out of many in a heap collected by Swift, and then, by change of form and sequence, wield them with another topic into a heterogeneous work, this is not plagiarism; it is one of every true inventor's processes, and only an inventor can do it well. It is precisely the same intellectual crime I was guilty of when I took the fact of the turf backgammon-board and the dice-boy from the lips of a

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friend and wove it into my tale, or when, in "A Simpleton," I interwove the numerous facts I had gathered at first-hand in auction-rooms.

Spawn and millet—millet and spawn—without the pair nature cannot produce a single herring, nor art a single fiction worth its weight in sawdust.

And when Fiction adds to its difficulties, when it aspires to deal with the past, to raise the dead from their graves, and make them live, and move, and dress, and act, and speak, and feel again in a strong domestic story, then must ripe learning and keen invention meet, or gross failure ensue. Then must the spawn be more copious than ever, and the millet more strong and vivifying. To this occasion the words of Horace apply particularly :—

"Nec studium sine divite venâ
Nec rude quid possit video ingenium ; alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice."

An artist is seldom a critic, and you may think it presumptuous of me to lay down the law. Permit me to explain. I studied the great art of Fiction closely for fifteen years before I presumed to write a line of it. I was a ripe critic long before I became an artist. My critical knowledge has directed my art, but the practice of that art has not diminished my studies.

Forty years' examination of masterpieces and their true history have qualified me to speak with some little authority.

Nevertheless the lawyers say—

"Aliquis non debet esse judex in propriâ causâ."

That is such very bad Latin, I am sure it must be good law ; so this discussion shall be closed for the present by the judgment of public writers who are, I apprehend, above all suspicion of prejudice in the matter.

Extract from a letter by a Queen's Collegian, Cork, to the Editor of *Once a Week* :—

Having read Mr. Charles Reade's able vindication of his literary fame, I hope you will kindly permit me to offer a remark on the subject. The manners and drawing-room life of the Irish aristocracy in the early part of the last century cannot be reliably ascertained from the "History of Ireland" or from political pamphlets. The only writer of eminence who ventured to describe, with anything like minuteness, the style of living among the upper classes in this country

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at that period is Swift; and his description, certainly, though not elaborate, is life-like and powerful. I do not hesitate to say that, had Mr. Reade neglected to make use of the passage in Swift's poem referred to, his portraiture of Irish upper-class society would be necessarily imperfect, as, in a tale like "The Wandering Heir," in which the manners of bygone times are reproduced, authentic accounts must be referred to. Otherwise, would not the attempt to paint the state of society at a period when it was totally different from that of the present day—in the absence of good authorities—be a mere fancy picture, without a tittle of connection with reality? How, in the name of goodness, could any writer reproduce the spirit of the past in his works without some description by an experienced critic of the period to guide him? It is the shallowest pedantry, in my opinion, on the part of the Pseudonymuncle, to charge Mr. Reade with plagiarism for laudably seeking and using the information he obtained from a work so well known, and so valuable for its picture of contemporary high life, that it may well be called a book of reference. Nor is this proceeding of Mr. Reade's by any means without precedent. Sir Walter Scott freely acknowledges the benefit he derived from forgotten MSS. and ancient poems, as well as from more modern sources. Indeed, he is rather ostentatious in his prefaces as regards his authorities. He made use largely of various documents in writing "The Heart of Midlothian," the foundation of which, as is well known, is a famous Scotch trial. Then, again, in those historical novels depicting earlier periods, such as "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," &c., he has embodied a large amount of antiquarian description borrowed from various records. In "The Fair Maid of Perth" he has made use of Wintoun's old poem on the battle of the clans Quhale and Chattan, and he has ingeniously given part of the verses in the introduction. And surely we cannot call Scott a plagiarist for this! No more can we apply the term to Reade. I have no doubt the literary world, recognising as it does the worth of one of the greatest—if not, indeed, the greatest—of living English novelists, will laugh to scorn the puny snarler who has attempted to injure a noble reputation. Charles Reade is admired in Ireland and America as much as he is in England. He has stamped himself indelibly on the age as a moral reformer by "It is Never Too Late to Mend," a deep student of human nature by "Hard Cash" and "Put Yourself in His Place," and as an enchanting story-teller by his other novels.

MR. CHARLES READE AND HIS LAST CRITIC.

Mr. Charles Reade—as all the world knows, because all the world has read it—has just written for the *Graphic* one of the most charming stories possible, almost as charming as "Peg Woffington." Mr. Somebody Else, whom probably the world does not know, has just found a tremendous mare's nest about it, and has been spreading his wings and cackling over it through two long columns of the *Athenæum*. This is his wonderful discovery:—Mr. Reade proposed to himself, in writing "The Wandering Heir," a different plan to that followed by most historical novelists. He actually tries to represent his characters

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not only dressed in the eighteenth century costume, but talking, thinking, and acting with eighteenth century ideas. It may be surprising to the *Athenæum* correspondent, but that is what Mr. Reade proposed to do. And in order to do it, he turned to account his reading of the literature of the period; and when he has to describe a party of fashionable ladies at cards, he takes Swift's "Journal of a Modern Lady," which every schoolboy knows, and pictures just such another said party as that of Swift's. Moreover, in the conversations of the ladies, Mr. Reade, as the mare's-nest critic discovers, has actually reproduced at least a dozen lines of the great Dean's own words. Here is a precious to-do! We look at each other in amazement. None of our immortal works are safe, then. Here is a man who is actually capable of putting into the mouths of his characters some of the best-known lines in the English language, without acknowledging them. Next he will be taking the Church Catechism, or some other equally familiar work, and making Celia, or Philip, or Jack try to pass it off as his own. Seriously, it seems to me that the editor of the *Athenæum* has made a great mistake in allowing this most ridiculous letter to appear in his highly respectable paper. If you are to throw your time back two hundred years, you have no other way possible but to use the literature of the period. Mr. Reade has gone to the best, and best-known, writers of the time. He takes a poem with which every student in English literature, even the most superficial, is perfectly familiar—one about which the word plagiarism could not possibly be employed—and transmutes it, by the power of his genius, to serve the purposes of his prose. But the scene is Reade's, not Swift's; and it is the merest captiousness to object to the use of a few lines which everybody knows are Swift's, but which fit perfectly with the context. Of course, the question involved is a large one—no other than the right of using the literature of the past. To me it is evident that in no other way can an historical novel, or a novel of bygone times, be written at all; unless—as in * * *—you are content to give your characters nineteenth century ideas and fifteenth century dresses. The *Athenæum* writer remarks at the close—it is exactly what one would expect him to remark—that "if this is how novels are made, surely novel-writing must be an easy art." Very easy indeed. You want nothing but a few years of hard and patient labour, and then—like a spoonful of salt in your soup—just a pinch of genius. But I have got a proposition to make to the finder of mares' nests. If he has not read "The Cloister and the Hearth," I will sketch the plot—i.e., the life of Gerard—for him. I will give him the works of Erasmus and Rabelais, with the whole corpus of early French novelettes, the table-talk of Luther, the poems of Clement Marot, and any other books of the period he may wish to read. I will then furnish him with a bundle of quill pens and a ream of paper, and invite him to write, from these materials—the same as those used by Charles Reade—a rival novel to "The Cloister and the Hearth." Or, if that would take too long, let him, with Pope, Swift, Addison, and Steele at his elbow, be good enough to give the world a novelette. He will find it "very easy," I have not the least doubt, to equal Mr. Charles Reade; and when it is done, I have also not the least doubt that the editor of the *Graphic* will give him, too, a chance of pleasing the quarter of a million people who have bought "The Wandering Heir." Other portions of the works of Swift might be read by the *Athenæum* critic to good purpose,

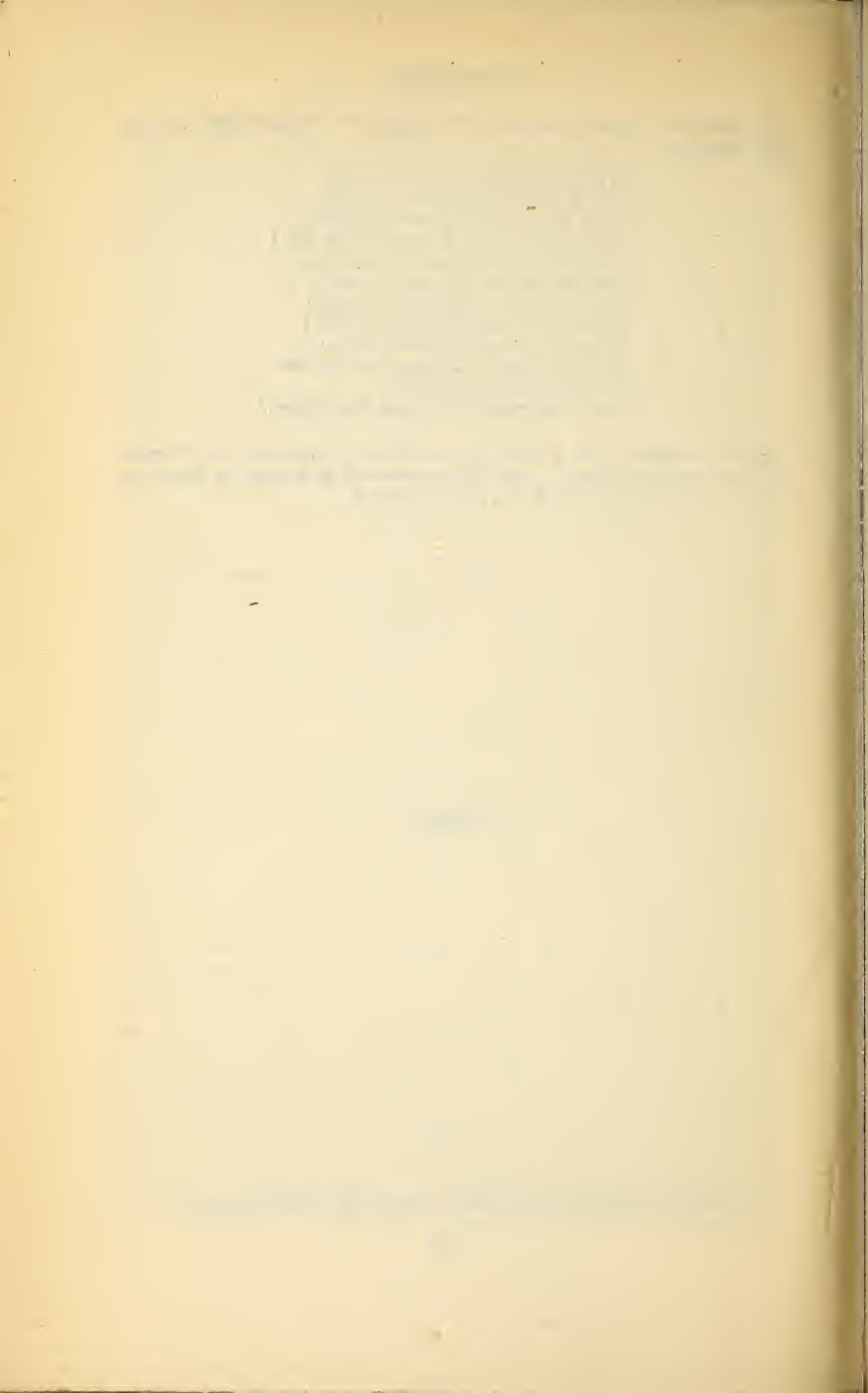
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particularly a few lines—he will easily find them—such as the following:—

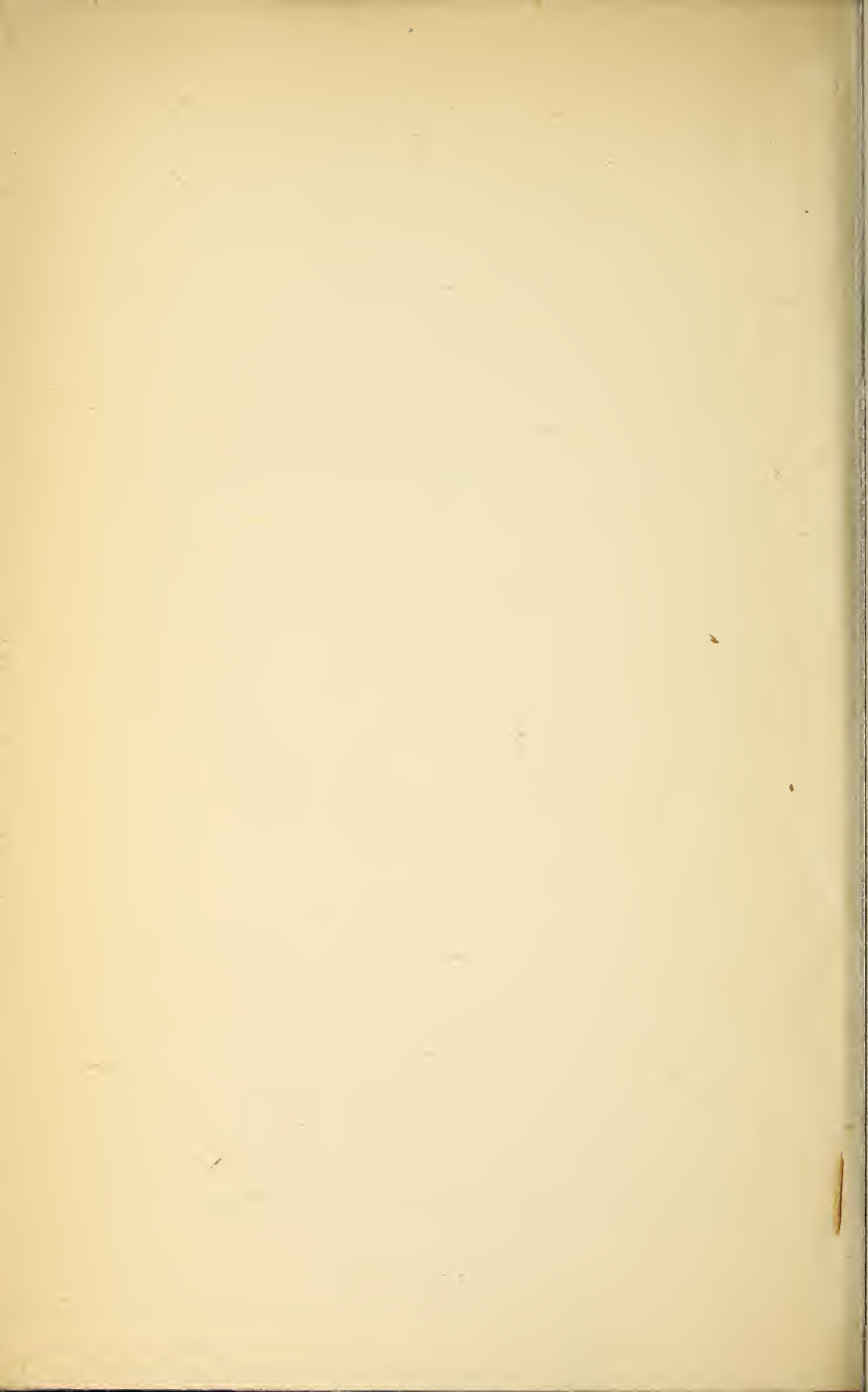
‘ We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals raised above our size,
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low !
What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he ?
But rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in h—ll ?
Her end when Emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings, and hisses.
I have no title to aspire—
Yet, when you sink I seem the higher.”

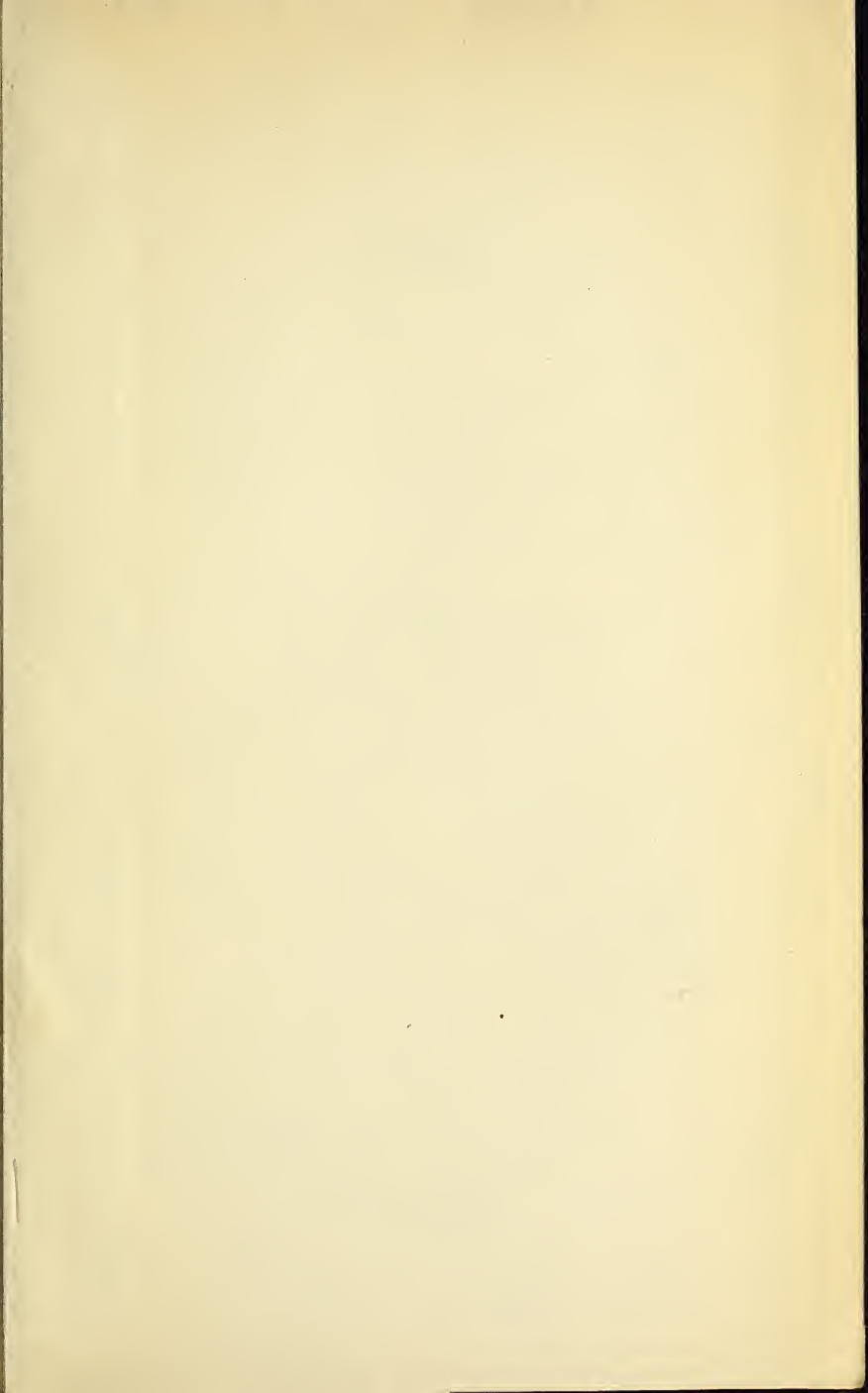
[The foregoing note was in type before we received Mr. Charles Reade's communication. After having received it, we see no reason to omit our own remarks from our present issue.]

THE END.











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